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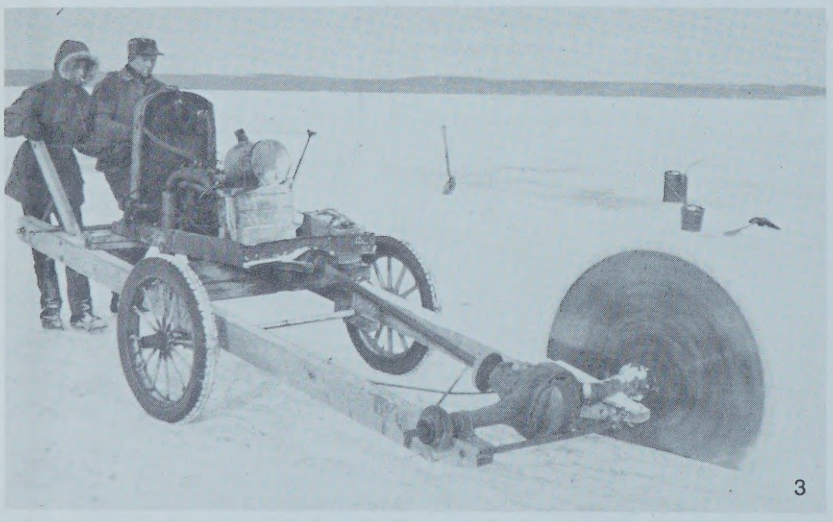

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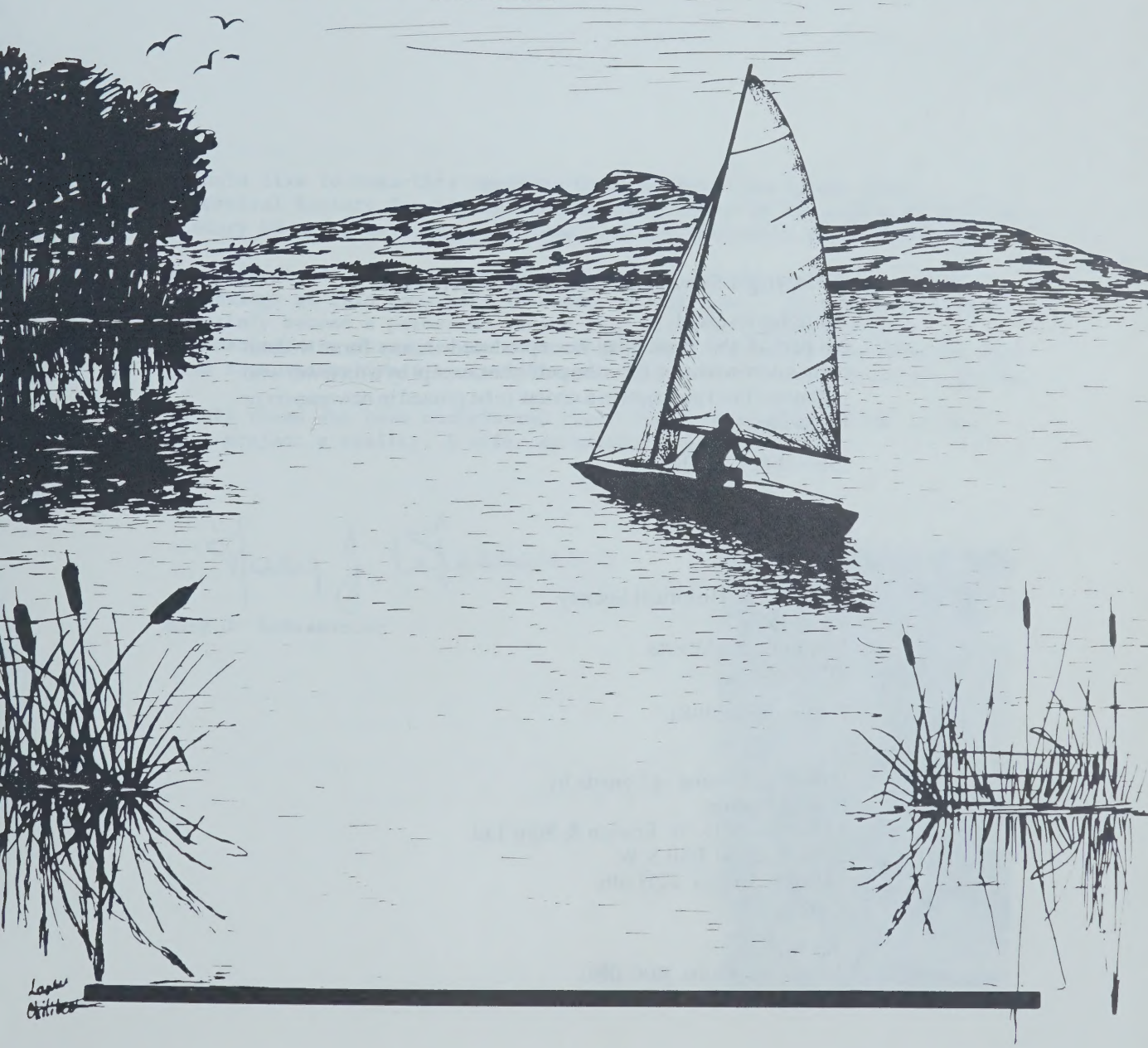

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CULTURE

Office of the Minister

131 Legislature Building, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5K 2B6 403/427-4928

I would like to take this opportunity to commend the Sylvan Lake Historical Society for its initiative and efforts in the publication of a history of the growth and development of the community of Sylvan Lake.

Those involved are to be commended for their strong desire to see the beginnings of this community recorded for all time. This book will most certainly become a permanent record that will enshrine for future generations the strong sense of community and tremendous achievements that have been accomplished by the pioneers who settled in this area of Alberta.

To all those who have contributed their time and energy towards making this project a reality, I offer my warmest congratulations.

Mary J. LeMessurier

Mary J. LeMessurier

HOUSE OF COMMONS
CANADA

West Block, Room 461
House of Commons
Ottawa, Ont. K1A 0A6
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GORDON TOWERS, M.P.
RED DEER

Room 301-B
4805-48 Street
Red Deer, Alberta T4N 1S6
(403) 342-7222

August, 1983

Our history is important.
Preserving our history ought to be a priority.
Joseph Howe once wrote that "a wise nation preserves its records, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."
The name of the town of Sylvan Lake is mirrored in the beauty of the lake of the same name. Both reflect warm and happy memories for the thousands who have passed through as visitors and tourists to share in the bountiful legacy of our Creator.
Sylvan Lake is a microcosm of Alberta and of Canada.
Since its incorporation in 1913 Sylvan Lake has been the centre of the farming community and focal point for thousands of families on their summer outing.
The harmonious mingling of rich human and natural resources provide Sylvan Lake with its continuity and its growth.
I am pleased to be able to share, in some small way, in Sylvan Lake's chronicles of its past and its commitment to its future.

Gordon Towers

GORDON TOWERS, M.P.
RED DEER

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
ALBERTA

Legislature Building
Edmonton, Alberta
T5K 2B6

September 21, 1983

Mrs. Wilma Balfour, President
Sylvan Lake Historical Society
c/o Box 246
Sylvan Lake, Alberta
TOM 1ZO

Dear Mrs. Balfour:

It is a pleasure to extend greetings to all involved in the writing of "Reflections of Sylvan Lake". The seventieth anniversary of the incorporation of Sylvan Lake is a fitting occasion to record for future generations the pioneer experiences of those who settled in the area.

The Town of Sylvan Lake holds a special place in the memories of many Albertans. Your book will provide those of us who have enjoyed summers spent on the shores of Sylvan Lake with the opportunity to appreciate the hard work and tremendous dedication of those individuals who have contributed to the growth of the town over the past fifty years. "Reflections of Sylvan Lake" will be a valuable addition to the growing number of local histories which play an important role in preservation of Alberta's heritage.

My congratulations for a job well done!

Yours truly,

Jack M. Campbell, M.L.A.
Rocky Mountain House Constituency

TOWN OF SYLVAN LAKE

The Beauty Spot of Alberta

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY-TREASURER

BOX 70
SYLVAN LAKE, ALBERTA
T0M 1Z0

PHONE 887-2141

The Town of Sylvan Lake has a rich and varied historical background. Its geographical location and the lake itself prompted many people to move to the area.

It is important now and in the future to have knowledge of our past; to have a written account of this history to refer to, to enjoy, to pass on to future generations is indeed a privilege.

We all owe a debt of gratitude to those many persons who have given of their time and talents to write and produce this recording of the history of our Town and District.

C. P. Blakely

C.P. Blakely
Mayor

President

Mrs. Wilma Balfour, a retired town secretary, headed the Historical Society which was incorporated to prepare a history of the area comprising the Sylvan Lake School District #2595 and the residential and camp areas surrounding the lake itself.

Editor

Mrs. Sheila Jarvin, a retired local school teacher and long-time resident of the community, was secretary of the Historical Society as well as the editor of the book, *Reflections of Sylvan Lake*.

Sylvan Lake Historical Society Book Committees

Editor — Sheila Jarvin
Publicity — Jean McCutcheon, Verna Anderson, Sheila Jarvin (Secretary), Steffie Woima
Finances — Sheila Boomer (Treasurer), Wilma Balfour (President), Jean McCutcheon, Mary Pell
Research — W. B. Parsons, Jean McCutcheon, Jean Palmer, Dorothy Clancy, Steffie Woima, Winnie Cameron, Elsie Hunter, B. W. Inglis
Filing — Sheila Boomer, Wilma Balfour
Proofreading — Sheila Jarvin, Jean Palmer, Selma Murray, Dorothy Clancy, Jean McCutcheon, Wilma Balfour, Steffie Woima, Winnie Cameron, Lil Cody, Verna Anderson, Helen Fisher, Sheila Boomer, Mary Pell, Jean Acheson, Andy Murray
Typing — Sheila Jarvin with some assistance from Margaret Lawrence, Marlene McCuaig, Margaret McCracken and Andy Murray.

The following assisted financially, either through a donation or an interest free loan:

George Acheson, Verna Anderson, Wilma Balfour, Bob Brown, Winnie Cameron, Dorothy Clancy, Lil Cody, Jack Cole, Lil Duffield, Ray Ferguson, G. N. Fisher, Friendship Club, Jack Goodey, Sylvia Hayhoe, Elsie Hunter, Neil Jarvin, Bev Jones, Ev Leedham, Martha Leeti, Loiselle Chapter I.O.D.E., Georgina Marks, Emily McClean, Dave McCutcheon, Doug McCutcheon, Joel McCutcheon, Norma McNamara, Andy Murray, Jean Palmer, W. B. Parsons, Mary Pell, Mary Pijeau, Helen Raivio, Royal Canadian Legion Branch #212, Minnie Sunell, Ellen Stone, Sylvan Lake Medical Clinic, Steffie Woima.

Naming the Book

Congratulations go out to **Mrs. Lila (Murphy) Ribson** of Calgary whose title, "Reflections of Sylvan Lake," was selected by the Historical Society members from among the dozen or so titles submitted.

Designing the Cover

Our sincere thanks and deep appreciation are extended to **Mrs. Laurie (Solberg) Chilibeck** of Sylvan Lake for the cover design. This local, very talented artist is also responsible for the little sketches seen throughout the book for all to enjoy.

Acknowledgment

The members of the Sylvan Lake Historical Society wish to take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge and thank:

New Horizons (Don E. Mayne, Regional Manager), Canada Health and Welfare, for their grant which defrayed the expenses incurred in the preparation of this book. We thank them, too, for honoring us with their Merit Award.

Alberta Culture (Mary J. LeMessurier, Minister) for their grant which helped, in a very considerable way, to make possible the printing of this book.

The Sylvan Lake News (Gary McDonald, publisher, and George Brown, reporter) for their cooperation and assistance, not only in gathering stories, pictures and articles, but also in keeping our project ever in the public eye.

Town of Sylvan Lake for donating $1000.00 of their remaining Alberta's 75th Birthday Celebration funds to assist with the publication of this history book.

Sylvan Lake and District Recreation Director, Christine Lust, for her advice and help in organizing a History Book Workshop (sponsored and staged by Alberta Historical Resources), which gave inspiration and guidance to our workers.

Our president, Wilma Balfour, for opening her home for the use of the Book Committees and for giving unstintingly of her time and energy toward the completion of this project.

And, finally, to all who submitted histories, articles and pictures — we hope you are as pleased with the final result as we are. We did the best we could. We regret any errors or omissions for they were completely unintentional.

The Editor

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"Behold, old things are passed away. All things become new."

II Corinthians 5:17

This book is dedicated to all those who have helped to preserve the past by sharing with us their skills, their memories and their experiences.

Sylvan Lake

Sylvan Lake, your crystal waters
Sparkle in the summer sun,
As athwart your tranquil bosom
Playful wavelets shoreward run,
There to die in soothing music
On the sands so pure and warm,
Where the basking bathers loiter
And the happy children swarm.

See them splash and hear their laughter
As they flounder in and out.
Come their echoes from the woodland
Circling the lake about;
What delight to watch their frolics
In the shallow waters clear:
Not an eddy, not a current,
Not a yawning grave to fear.

All so smooth and gently sloping
To the greater depths beyond:
All so free from weeds or rubble,
Nature's greatest swimming pond.
Cottonwoods about you tower,
Hov'ring aspens lend their shade
And the waving willows cluster
In the deeper, cooler glade.

Round about on loamy meadows
Bend the fields of yellow wheat,
Where you hear the buzz of binder
In the Indian summer's heat.
In the trees the birdies warble,
Overhead the sea gulls scream:
And upon your trackless surface
Humming motors flit and gleam.

Oh! the joy, and oh, the pleasure,
Here to spend the summer day,
Where there's healthful recreation
To indulge in as you may.
Matchless lake, you are entrancing —
Once you bore the name of "Snake,"
But you have been christened "Sylvan"
For the pleasure seekers' sake.

— J. W. Robinson, Oyen, Alberta
Courtesy of *The Sylvan Lake News*
June 25, 1936 edition.

Sylvan Lake: A Resort Town

Sheila Jarvin

Having been a tourist attraction since 1904, the thousands of yearly visitors to Sylvan Lake provide the life-blood of the town's economy and keep it pulsating with extra life and extra activity during the summer months.

Sylvan Lake was originally called Snake Lake by the Indians, then Methy Lake by the explorer David Thompson in 1914, and finally Swan Lake, before acquiring the present name.

The town, situated at the south end of the lake, continues to be one of the most sought-after vacation spots in Alberta. The beach, complete with concrete retaining wall, is now a Provincial Park dayuse area, wth beach and picnic facilities, all of which enhance the beauty of the lake itself.

The Jarvis Bay Provincial Park, a campground two km. north of the townsite, is filled to capacity all season long, attracting countless visitors to the town.

The resort season opens with the Victoria Day holiday weekend. (In years gone by, this weekend signalled the opening of the dance halls and all the food concessions along the lakefront.) When the weather co-operates, several thousand flock to the beach (see photo) to turn their winter pallor to a golden brown and, in some cases, to a glowing red. With the ice barely out of the lake, many take to the still-chilly water for a splash. Sail boats and sail-boards adorn the lake, taking advantage of weekend breezes for the first sail of the season.

Generations of cottage owners and campers have played a part in the growth and development of our resort in the past and, no doubt will continue to do so in the future. But, it is the local council and local detachment of the R.C.M.P. who must cope with the problems created by the sudden influx of many thousands on any given sunny, summer day.

The summer visitors' season comes to an abrupt end at the close of the Labor Day holiday weekend. The silence and solitude of the days that follow are a welcome respite to the local residents.

However, the town does not die; neither does it hibernate. Local attractions include a three-day festival called 1913 Days in June, an Arts and Crafts Fair in July and the New Year's Ice Bowl on New Year's

Sylvan Lake attracts many Victoria Day holiday beach-goers, 1982. Photo by Jerry Gerling, *The Advocate*.

Working with the fleece at the Annual Sylvan Lake Handicraft Fair. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News.*

One of the 200 tidy campsites at the Jarvis Bay Provincial Campground. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News.*

Day. Several motorcycle and car races are held on the frozen lake in winter and Sylvan Lake is famous for its summer hockey school.

Sylvan Lake Summer

by Jack Peach

While my father toiled in the heat of a Calgary summer, my mother took my sister Mary and me to Sylvan Lake for a month on each of several summers. In those days one travelled to "the Lake", as everyone called it, by train. From Calgary to Red Deer, then the train would back out of Red Deer for a couple of miles, they'd throw the switch and the train would go forward again ambling through rolling farmland for the C. P. R. station away up the hill with a panoramic view of The Lake. What excitement! A local taxi would take the family with luggage down the dirt road, across the C. N. tracks that were closer to the water than the C. P., and finally off to the right, through the trees, to Mrs. Dingwall's Boarding

Dingwall's Boarding House, 1917. (Stone house at extreme right.)

House. That's where we stayed. Mrs. Dingwall was a big ample woman whose size matched those of the straight-forward, home-cooked meals she served in the big dining room. There was one enormous table at which everybody sat family style. The table groaned with loaded dishes and everybody had appetites whetted by the lake-fed breezes and sunshine.

All the roads of the village were dirt and the dust scrinched through your toes when you padded along them to and from the sandy beach. The plumbing was "out back" and smelled mightily of chloride of lime and the flies sang an angry frustrated song inside and out.

One year my mother packed all our holiday clothes in a big steamer trunk and forgot the key. She wept in frustration until Mr. Parsons, the C.N. station master who boarded at Mrs. Dingwall's, skilfully picked the lock and saved the day. I had a profound respect for Mr. Parsons. I must have been particularly brattish one year and suddenly he moved in to mend the situation that my mother was grappling with. He took me by the scruff of the scrawny neck, jostled me out of the dining room and, in the quiet of the living room, gave me a firm and threatening lecture. I returned to the table completely tamed and very contrite. The worst part was being made, by my grateful mother, to apologize to Mr. Parsons for being such a brat. And I was a cured brat, believe me. It was

thoroughly humiliating to be told off by a complete stranger. That summer was a fine one, once I'd been pointed in the right behavioral direction!

There was a hotel off on its own out beyond the west end of town and there were acres of reeds and a snaking board walk that ended in a pier, between it and the lake.

It was in the living room of the manager at that hotel that I heard my first gramophone record. It was an Edison cylinder that, operated by a clockwork wind-up motor, turned horizontally beneath a heavy steel needle. The sound emerged scratchily from a big horn shaped like a lily blossom.

To the northwest of the hotel there were the points, First, Second, and Third, fingers of treed land with mediocre beaches along the lake's western shore. Here and there on the points were summer camps, Girl Guides, C.G.I.T., church groups — that sort of thing.

On the main sandy beach you'd find every summer visitor and there'd still be acres of empty sandy beach to spare. Several times a summer someone would organize a sand castle contest. Toiling in the shade of our broad straw hats — cowfeed hats they called them — we little kids would build battlements and turrets and moats until it was too dark to see. Then we'd be herded to bed hoping a sudden summer night storm would not destroy our work before the contest the next day. Sometimes, but rarely, a night stroller along the beach would accidentally crush a bit of a castle but, for the most part, the structure would be standing awaiting normal sandy repairs in the sunny light of judging day. Mary, who was the most imaginative and thorough, won the competition once and received a fine red sand pail and shovel, the pail being well filled with boiled candy of many colors.

Oh yes, I had fun with a sailing barge which Old Mac, the custodian of the rowboats and the pier, made for me of wood. It was christened the "Yaka-Hula-Hickey-Doola" after, I think, the name of a popular pseudo-Hawaiian song. Anyway, I couldn't have been happier at Waikiki. Sylvan Lake, with and without Mr. Parsons, was my idea, during my most tender years, of summer heaven.

— From *Peach Cordial*

Geology and Pre-History of Sylvan Lake

1. Millions of Years Ago

The oldest geological records of Alberta are from the Precambrian Era between 3500 and 600 million years ago. During this period, two mountain ranges were built up in what is now Western Canada, one cutting across Ontario to Manitoba, another in the Yellowknife region. The area between the ranges was covered with an ocean. A continental shelf extended out from the mountain ranges with a deep water channel coursing between. The wearing down of the mountain ranges filled the straits with sands and muds to a thickness of 50,000 feet. When the sands and muds hardened they became Alberta's oldest rocks. During this period the Pacific Ocean, rolling into Western Alberta, formed a large bay into which the rivers now flowing from east to west dumped their sands.

The ocean was pushed out of Alberta during the Proterozoic Era (2400-600 million years ago) leaving the shores of the Pacific in the Cariboo district of British Columbia. But, during the early part of the Paleozoic (meaning ancient life) Era, the ocean returned to Alberta now teeming with life such as snails, sponges, water beetles, etc. The large masses of sandstone we see at the base of the Rocky Mountains were laid down in this period. At this time, Alberta appears to have had a tropical climate and some geologists think that the equator may have run through Alberta some four hundred million years ago.

It is not certain whether the poles shifted and the earth spun on a different axis, or whether Alberta was moved from its tropical position by continental drift when its climate later changed. By the end of the Devonian Period primitive conifers, ferns and rushes came into being, and insects and scorpions followed the plants onto the land as Alberta was lifted up above the ocean level. During this period the Pacific Ocean could not enter Alberta because of the tilt of the land areas. But, by the Permian Era (250 million years ago), the ocean had returned and then receded and the rivers once more flowed from east to west.

About 100 million years ago, we find an Arctic Embayment covering most of Alberta. Eventually, this bay became land-locked and later was connected to the Arctic Ocean by narrow straits somewhat like the Black Sea is today. Fish and marine life became plentiful in this inland sea as well as forests of broad-leafed trees and, later, magnolias, sycamores and fig trees, not unlike those we see today.

Again, about 85 million years ago, Alberta was entirely under water as a result of a rise in the ocean

levels all over the world. When the Rocky Mountains began to rise, huge swampy deltas were formed by eastern flowing rivers. Luxuriant foliage developed in these swamps which provided a habitat for the dinosaurs and other amphibious creatures.

Later on, ice caps formed in the Arctic regions and then began to flow southward. No one knows why this Ice Age began. Four times there were advances of the ice and three times it retreated, leaving Alberta as an ice-free corridor. But, during the last glacial period, sheets of ice 5000 feet thick from the north and east moved through Alberta, leaving Alberta a mass of ice except for the Rocky Mountains and parts of the Cypress and Porcupine Hills.

As the last ice retreated 12,000 years ago, new river channels formed and left blocked drainage systems which resulted in thousands of tiny lakes in Northern Alberta and the pot-hole lakes and sloughs of the prairies. One such lake is known today as Sylvan Lake.

2. The Earliest People in Central Alberta

The first people in Alberta were, of course, the descendants of immigrants from northeast Asia into Alaska. These people were nomads who crossed by the Bering land bridge some 15,000 years ago when this land bridge was up to 1,300 miles wide. They also could have come over on the ice as Bering Strait Eskimos still do today. But the evidence of these first people was largely swept away during the glacial periods. It is thought that newcomers could have travelled southward along an ice-free corridor that existed in Alberta during a recession of the last glaciation.

Beautifully made fine stone points used on spears and later as arrow tips (known as Folsom points, since they were first discovered in Folsom, New Mexico) have been found near Taber, Alberta. These points are some 9,000 years old by radio-carbon dating.

Descendants of these first people, the Blackfoot Indians of Alberta, are the earliest known occupants of the Western Plains of Canada. They are called "Blackfoot" from their own name for themselves, "Siksika", meaning "black feet". Some think the name came from black-dyed moccasins, others from the fact their moccasins were often black from walking through the ashes of the prairie fires. They are an Algonquin-speaking people who are related to the the Bloods and the Piegans.

After the coming of the Europeans to Alberta, the Blackfoot were devastated by disease. Outbreaks of measles, diphtheria and small pox killed all but a remnant of the tribe who had been weakened by famine after the disappearance of the buffalo, their chief food. By the late 1800's, the Indians moved onto reservations and the homesteaders moved into the country. Central Alberta proved to be one of the richest agricultural areas in the world. A knowledge of its geology helps us to know why.

3. The First Europeans to Enter Central Alberta

The first Europeans to come to the western plains were the fur traders. In 1754, the Hudson's Bay Company sent out Anthony Henday to make contact with the plains Indians to try to persuade them to come to the Bay with their furs for trading. He was well received by the Blackfoot in their great camp of 332 tepees, just west of Pine Lake near where the cairn in Henday's honor stands on Highway 2A today. These tents of the Blackfoot could comfortably seat 50 men which gives us an idea of the numbers of this one tribe. They were a prosperous, horse-owning people gaining riches as middlemen for the Cree Indians who did journey to the Bay with furs. They felt it unnecessary to make that long journey for themselves. Henday journeyed west from Pine Lake and is considered to be the first non-Indian to see the Rocky Mountains.

Some years later the explorer and map-maker, David Thompson, passed through the same area on his way to the North West Trading Post at Rocky Mountain House in 1806. In 1813-14, he produced a comprehensive and accurate map of Western Canada on which the present Sylvan Lake and Burnt Lake (then called Cygnet Lake) were one continuous body of water that the Indians had named "Snake Lake" because of the large number of garter snakes found in the sand cliffs near the lake.

Ode to a Golf Ball

Just a little golf ball,
So trim, so clean, so white,
A present for a birthday
To Mrs. Gundry-White.

Just a little golf ball
To drive around the course,
To always do your bidding
And behave itself, of course!

Just a little golf ball,
To sail through summer's breeze,
To never get in water,
And never hide in trees.

Just a little golf ball,
The day its life is done,
That you may very proudly boast,
"I made a hole in one!"

— H. N. Fisher

A September Snow

Draped in shrouds of purest white;
Garments made throughout the night;
Nature grieves this early morn,
So desolate and so forlorn.

Graceful willows bending low,
Clad in mantles made of snow,
Bowed in reverence, as in prayer,
Gently pass and leave them there.

Here the lovely weeping birch,
Branch and head kiss mother earth.
Stately forms in reverence bowed,
Gracefully resigned and cowed.

Poplar's tall and slender forms,
Mourn in silence; how forlorn.
Highest heads bent down to earth,
Virgin mother of their birth.

Ladened branches of the pines,
Droop and hang in graceful lines.
Trunk and head still stand erect,
Defiant monarch to respect.

The gallant, tall and stately trees,
That gently swayed in summer's breeze;
Shelter and shade they give no more,
Proclaiming that life's dream is o'er.

When dressed in summer's glorious gown,
The works of nature are profound,
Now broken down by weight of woe;
Such is a bleak September snow.

No more the birds in spring time song,
Pour forth their melody in song.
Branches were theirs, in days gone by,
Are broken now, and low they lie.

And so in life does sorrow fall,
The common birthright of us all.
And time which brings all things to birth,
Shall bury them, in mother earth.

— H. N. Fisher

The Railways

The Alberta Central Railway
by Michael Dawe

The beginnings of the Alberta Central Railway go back to 1901 when the federal government granted a charter to George W. Smith, William A. Moore and George W. Greene of Red Deer, D. J. Munn of New Westminster, and John T. Moore, Roger C. Clute and John Flett of Toronto. Initially the A.C.R. was authorized to run a line from Coal Banks (a point in Twp. 38, R. 23, West of the 4th meridian) to Red Deer and west to Twp. 39, Range 7, West of the 5th meridian (a spot near Rocky Mountain House). Over the years, however, the A.C.R.'s charter was amended so as to allow it to run its line from the Fraser Valley through the Yellowhead Pass to Moose Jaw with extensions to Saskatoon and the Hudson Bay. In short, it was eventually planned that the A.C.R. would be a "transcontinental" railroad stretching across the whole of Western Canada.

For a long time, there was very little activity with the A.C.R. other than the granting of time extensions to the charter in 1903, 1905 and 1907. This is not to say that the A.C.R. was forgotten. Construction of railroads was politically popular and John T. Moore, the President of A.C.R., had political ambitions. Mr. Moore ran successfully in the provincial election of 1905 and unsuccessfully for the federal nomination in 1908 and for re-election to the provincial legislature in 1909. In each of these campaigns, promises were made that the A.C.R. would be built and a surveyor was even sent out to place survey stakes in politically important areas.

Eventually people became tired of the endless promises about the A.C.R. and the lack of concrete action. Protest meetings were held and petitions were circulated which demanded that either construction begin immediately, or else the charter be sold to another railroad.

In April 1909, the A.C.R. got a tremendous boost when the federal government agreed to grant a two-year extension to the charter and to offer a $6400 per mile subsidy for the construction of the line between Red Deer and Rocky Mountain House.

That following year, parties of surveyors were sent both eastwards and westwards from Red Deer to make a route for the line. In March 1910, a route map was filed with the railway authorities and, in May, brushing and grading began on the section of the line southwest of Red Deer.

In August 1910, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, together with A. L. Sifton, Premier of the Province of Alberta, and G. P. Graham, federal minister of railways, came to Red Deer and, at a ceremony held on the south edge of town, drove the first spike for the A.C.R.

Work on the line continued through 1910. Brushing and grading continued along the right of way and work began on the bridges, including the large one across the Red Deer River. Measures were taken to drain off a large portion of Burnt Lake so as to enable the line to be built over the old lake bed. Several hundred men were hired on by either the company or its sub-contractors and, by the fall, six main work camps consisting of 300 to 350 men each were in operation. Three administrative divisions were set up with a resident engineer in charge of each division. Mr. Robert G. Dawe was placed in charge of Division No. 1 which extended from Pine lake to Sylvan Lake; Mr. George S. MacKay was in charge of Division No. 2 which extended from Sylvan Lake to Evarts; and Mr. James M. Robertson was in charge of Division No. 3 which covered the area west of Evarts. Mr. J. Grant MacGregor, an engineer who had previously worked in Ontario for the C.P.R., was made chief engineer.

Once freeze-up occurred, most of the work camps were shut down. Surveys continued to be made and work on the various bridges carried on. However, the Company found itself to be in grave financial difficulty. Some $300,000 had been spent and few new funds were being received. The federal subsidy of $6400 a mile was only paid out as each mile of construction was completed. Also, the Company had committed itself to a very expensive quality of construction. The grade was to be 4% or 20 feet to the mile with the curves not to exceed three percent. The main bridges were to be built of concrete and steel rather than timber.

The A.C.R. also faced the emergence of competition in the form of the Canadian Northern Western Railway which began construction in late 1910 of a rail line from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House. This competition meant that the A.C.R. could ill afford to delay construction as that would result in the forfeiture of the better grades to the rival line. It also meant that the A.C.R. had a harder time in recruiting men and teams and in purchasing materials. This was reflected in the fact that while the A.C.R. initially offered $2.50 a day for the men and $5.00 a day for men with teams, once the C.N.W.R. started construction, the A.C.R. started to offer $3.00 a day for men and $6.00 a day for men with teams. Such things as oats ultimately cost up to three times more than in other parts of Alberta (i.e. up to 80¢ a bushel rather than 20¢ to 25¢ a bushel).

There were numerous other problems. The years 1910 and 1911 were extremely wet and this made the roads, most of which were quite poor anyway, all but impassable. The heavy traffic brought about by the freighting done by both the A.C.R. and the C.N.W.R. compounded the problem. As an illustration of the seriousness of the situation, an A.C.R. contractor had to use ten horses to get a grader out of the main road west of Sylvan Lake to a grading camp.

By March 1911, the Board of Directors of the A.C.R. decided not to rely on day labor and sub-contractors any longer and announced its intention to contract out the balance of construction. In July, the contract was awarded to Duncan F. MacArthur of Winnipeg at a cost of $25,000 per mile for the seventy miles of construction between Red Deer and Rocky Mountain House. Work commenced almost immediately and, in one week alone, seven new grading camps were established.

This new flurry of activity was short lived. By the end of 1911 the A.C.R. was near bankruptcy and the directors felt that the Company could no longer cope with the problems. An informal agreement was made in December 1911 with the C.P.R. for that company to take over the construction of the A.C.R. line and, in January 1912, the C.P.R. began issuing pay cheques to the workers. In December 1912, a formal agreement was drawn up whereby the C.P.R. leased the A.C.R.'s charter for 999 years.

For a while there was talk of the C.P.R. using the Alberta Central as a main line from the prairies to the Pacific Coast because of the high quality of the grade and because the C.P.R. felt it needed to reduce the heavy amount of traffic on the main line to the south. However, it gradually became apparent that the C.P.R. had no major plans for the A.C.R. line. The grade and right of way were modified to reduce construction costs and construction proceeded at a slow pace. By August 1914, the line between Red

Deer and Rocky Mountain House finally opened for traffic and no further construction took place.

For a great many years there was talk of abandoning the A.C.R.-C.P.R. line. This finally took place in 1980, 66 years after the line was officially opened. Today, the A.C.R. is just a memory with only the remnants of its grade and a few of its bridges as a reminder of its existence.

The Canadian National Railway
by Michael Dawe

In the years 1908 and 1909 rich coal fields were discovered in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains west of Rocky Mountain House. In April 1910, Mackenzie, Mann and Company of the Canadian Northern Railway, together with the German Development Company, formed Brazeau Collieries to exploit these discoveries. Shortly after, plans were announced to construct a rail line from Stewartyn, near Stettler, to the holdings of the new company.

Very little time was wasted in getting started. In August 1910, a route map for the rail line was presented to the federal railroad authorities for approval, even though no significant surveying had been undertaken. This was accomplished by borrowing heavily from the surveys and plans made by the Alberta Central Railway during the preceding winter and placed on file in Ottawa in March, 1910. The proposed route of Mackenzie, Mann and Co.'s line followed the A.C.R.'s route so closely that, in one 30-mile stretch, the two lines were to intersect five times.

The Dominion Government refused to approve this kind of duplication and directed that the proposed line be moved farther north of the A.C.R.'s line. However, approval was given to the planned route from Stewartyn to Range 25.

Mackenzie, Mann and Co. were in no mood to slow down and, by September 23, 1910, grading had been completed to a point just east of Blackfalds, or some 30 miles west of the federally approved limit of Range 25. Parties of surveyors were also dispatched to work on a new route west of Blackfalds and, by November 9th, the surveyors had progressed as far as Eckville.

In late November, Mackenzie, Mann and Co. decided to seek a charter from the provincial government, partly to avoid some of the entanglements with the federal authorities and partly to secure a bonding power of $35,000 per mile. Prior to this, the company had relied on a charter granted to a subsidiary company, the Alberta Midland Railway, and a Dominion charter granted to the German Development Company. Predictably, the bill to grant the new charter caused a stormy debate in the Alberta Legislature, particularly from the M.L.A.'s who were friends of the Alberta Central Railway. Eventually, the charter was granted under the name "Canadian Northern Western Railway Company." A section of the charter expressly allowed the C.N.W.R. to make agreements

Building of the C.N.R. — 1911.

with the Canadian Northern Railway to sell or lease the line.

In February 1911, the surveys were practically completed to Rocky Mountain House and the provincial government agreed to guarantee the bonds of the C.N.W.R. The Northern Construction Co., a subsidiary of Foley, Welch and Stewart, in which Mackenzie, Mann and Co. had an interest, was given the contract for the construction west of Red Deer.

For the months of March and April, the Northern Construction Co. devoted itself to freighting in construction materials before spring break-up. Surveyors were also sent out to put in grade stakes along the line.

At the beginning of May, the Northern Construction Co. began grading and brushing work north of Red Deer and west toward Sylvan Lake. Camps were quickly established all along the line with one located eight miles west of Red Deer and another fifteen miles west. By mid-May, the Northern Construction Co. had some 2300 teams and more than that number of men at work west of Red Deer.

While all this feverish work was going on, the C.N.W.R. was busy locating possible station sites at Sylvan Lake, Eckville and Leslieville. The Canadian Northern announced that it was investigating the possibility of erecting a mammoth summer hotel at Sylvan Lake.

The work on the C.N.W.R. was not without its problems and delays. The years 1911 and 1912 were extremely wet and the roads were very bad, thereby making the movement of men, horses, equipment and construction materials very difficult. The C.N.W.R. often faced legal problems with trespass because of an inability to secure the right of way fast enough. At one point, the C.N.W.R. faced five restraining injunctions from the Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Co. alone.

The C.N.W.R. was also involved in extremely fierce competition with the Alberta Central Railway whose line it paralleled. The A.C.R. sought and received injunctions preventing the C.N.W.R. from crossing its properties, particularly in the Rocky Mountain House area. The C.N.W.R., where possible, put its grade up to six feet above the A.C.R. grades where the two lines intersected.

There were a few incidents of violence between the men of the two companies. In late October 1910, a survey crew of the C.N.W.R. got involved in a prolonged fist fight with an A.C.R. crew, which the *Red Deer Advocate* described as a near riot. Later in 1911, a C.N.W.R. crew tossed, into a nearby slough, several A.C.R. constables who were guarding the A.C.R. right of way. The A.C.R. responded by having the C.N.W.R. men arrested, transported to Red Deer, and left there to find their own way back out west.

By July 1911, the Northern Construction Co. had begun to lay steel. By September 8th, they had reached the Blindman River, where they were held up by a court injunction granted to the Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Company and by the need to build a large trestle across the river valley. By October, the C.N.W.R. had managed to have all the court injunctions along its line removed and the laying of the steel continued rapidly, sometimes at the rate of three miles a day. By late October, steel had reached Sylvan Lake.

Once freeze-up came, the Northern Construction Co. continued to blast some cuts between Eckville and Leslieville. The last of the grading was finished up and a decision was made to lay some of the steel over muskeg in order to help move in supplies for the next year's work. Government surveyors were hired to map out the various C.N.W.R. townsites.

With the coming of spring, construction of the line moved ahead rapidly. In February 1912, R. Jones, Secretary-Treasurer of the Sylvan Dell School District, had the honor of the first passenger ride through Sylvan Lake on the C.N.W.R. By April, steel had been laid as far as Leslieville and, in June, some people were shipping freight in and out over the new line. On June 10, 1912, the line was completed to Rocky Mountain House, with J. H. Bertrand driving the last spike at this point. (It was on Mr. Bertrand's homestead that part of the rail line and the station were located.)

For the rest of 1912 and 1913, the C.N.W.R. was pushed on to the Brazeau coal fields. Ballasting of the track and construction of the station grounds were carried out between Red Deer and Rocky Mountain House. Repairs were made to the track where the rapid construction was all too evident. For example, the trestle at Poplar Ridge sank three feet shortly after it was built.

By March 1914, trains were running every day and regular shipments of coal from Nordegg began to

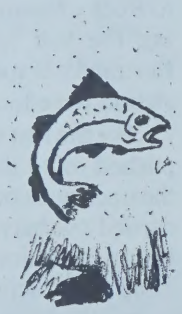
C.N.R. Station.

be made. It was in August, 1914 that the whole line was officially completed.

The C.N.W.R. eventually became part of the Canadian National Railway system and, like the A.C.R. line to the south, it helped the farmers by opening up the country between Red Deer and Rocky Mountain House.

C.N.R. train.

A Boy's Summer 1919-23



by Dr. Bill Parsons

One Sunday afternoon in August of 1983 I decided to drive down Lakeshore Drive from Main Street to Lower Camp. I inched along in the heavy two-way traffic, stopping and starting amongst the pedestrians and loiterers. By the time I had come to the east end of the Provincial Park, less than half-way to Lower Camp, I had had enough. I turned right on the next road and suddenly realized that I was in the area where I had spent the summers of 1919 to 1923. After some searching, I found our old cottage. But what a contrast! Then, it had been isolated by at least two hundred feet on either side. Now it was one of a row of closely-packed dwellings.

Ours was a rather unpretentious cottage: unpainted, with a large living room cum fireplace, two bedrooms, a kitchen, a small screened back porch and a much bigger screened front porch facing the lake. It was here that we children chose to sleep. It was seldom cold, there were no mosquitoes, and we loved to listen to the sounds of the night; and to the early morning glorious notes of the house wren, and the first boom of the night hawks, or "bullbats" as they were called because of the roaring sound produced by their feathers when they dived.

The night hawks often spent much of their day snuggled down in the warm sand on the side of the lakeshore road. How that road has changed! Then it consisted of dirt and sand, and was full of chuckholes. People from Lower Camp who walked to the village often preferred to walk on the beach. Another factor was the danger posed by the younger people with cars who hurtled madly along the road at speeds of up to 20 miles an hour.

Like our neighbors, we had no water at the cottage. There was a shallow cribbed well but it had gone dry. However, it was cooler down in the well pit than in the cottage so some perishables were placed in pails and lowered into the well for short-term storage.

For washing, we carried pails from the lake, a distance of about 100 yards. Part of this trip was on a raised wooden walk which passed over swampy ground. Occasionally in wet weather this ground had free water, but was usually just boggy, with long grass. Today, it is filled with gravel.

For drinking water, we walked to a community pump near Toye's store and post office, a distance of nearly half a mile. A 12-year old was careful not to splash any of the precious cargo in his two pails, and he kept a careful eye on it at home, brooking no waste.

The marshy area between the cottage and the beach was distinctive for two things: the night show and the firewood. After dark, on a clear evening, we loved to go down and stand quietly on the elevated walk. After a few moments there would re-appear the tiny flecks of light which had disappeared when we stepped on the walk. As long as we remained quiet, the lights were there; these were the fireflies, blinking on and off as far as we could see; the jewels of Tinkerbell.

In the swampy area were heavy stands of willow. At the bases of some of the clumps were downed trunks that had long laid in the soggy ground. They weren't rotten, but we used to think they might be like peat, which we had never seen. The thing was that in the fireplace they burned long and hot, far superior to the driftwood we picked up along the beach or the deadfall of cottonwood and poplar.

For refrigeration in the cottage we had an old ice box which was filled periodically when the iceman

came. If it melted before his next visit was due we had the thrill of going a few blocks to the ice house and digging a block out of the sawdust. Then, courtesy the iceman, a friend and I would take hold of the handles of an ice tong and march proudly home. Once in the box, the ice produced its own problems. I, as the oldest child present, was responsible for emptying the large basin that caught the melted ice. I often forgot this and took the cure for bad memory by wiping up the long rivulet of water that stretched across the kitchen floor.

The icebox and the coal oil lamps were the real chore-makers of those early days. No matter how one trimmed the wick, or regulated the flame, the lamps' chimneys invariably coated up with heavy black soot which was messy to remove and left a secondary chore of cleaning the hands.

As well as the iceman, we had another regular caller — the vegetable man — Mr. Svederus, I think was his name. One morning a week his cheery call would be heard well before he reached our cottage. "Vegetables. Vegetables. Carrots, onions, lettuce, potatoes. Fresh this morning." His produce was lovely to look at; his business was usually brisk. He was the fore-runner of today's Farmers' Market.

Beyond the swamp and the road there was a narrow area of native trees and shrubs hiding the beach. Now, this is park, clean and tidy. The beach was wide, and of clean sand. As today, we had to walk out a long distance to reach swimming depth, crossing several sand bars on the way. We had no boat or other facility so we often went down to the boathouse pier where there were more people and a diving board. Frequently there was a softball game on the wide beach and, on some occasions, one of the orchestras from the dance halls nearby was playing. Many of the young blades and flappers of the day would take advantage of the music to dance in their bathing suits in the shallow water.

We had no recreation programs. Mostly we made our own fun. There were two major organized occasions to which we looked forward: the United Farmers of Alberta picnic and the Sylvan Lake Regatta.

At the farmers' picnic there were running and jumping events, horseshoes, and a baseball game. The prizes were money. This got me into trouble. I placed second in the high jump and won 20¢. Two years later I went up to compete in the Police Games in Edmonton. An amateur card was a necessity. When I confessed that I had once received a money prize I met with refusal. I was a professional. It was only the intercession of W. J. MacLean, a Red Deer school inspector and a power in the amateur athletic world, that saved me from being branded as a pro for life.

The Regatta was a big affair: that of 1923 one of the biggest. In May, A. H. Russell, a Red Deer lawyer who had come from the Maritimes, got a group of us young fellows together to teach us how to race a canoe. For a few weeks we were out on the water at 6:00 a.m. for instruction and practice. We did learn to control, as well as to race a canoe and, at the Regatta, some of us won medals. The purchase of these for so many events put the Regatta Committee in the hole, but that's history, and I still have my medals.

Unscheduled were the occasional bonfires on the beach. These were organized by the adults from several cottages but we children always helped scrounge the wood wherever we could find it: driftwood, deadfall or any old planks or wood that had been discarded. Just as the sun went down, the fire was lit so that by dark it had burned down enough to permit cooking the weiners and marshmallows on sticks that had been cut from the willows, and sharpened. Some of the more enterprising cut forked sticks so as to cook two at once. While waiting for the cooking, there was either story-telling or singing of the good old songs; it's a long time since I've heard "Three grasshoppers sat upon three other grasshoppers' backs." Some of the younger children would doze off after they had had their fill of the goodies but the older tried to hold out, or maybe they were kept awake by the ghost stories that came later. Those were happy nights that were often followed by good dreams.

For those who knew how to catch them, there was good perch fishing out from the reeds in front of where the golf course is now. The best of these fishermen was George Fleming, a photographer from Red Deer, who had a cottage on First Point. With his long bamboo pole he seemed to start catching fish as soon as he arrived at the spot, even if no

one else had yet scored. Many watched him in envy; even rowed over to borrow some bait or to ask how he did it. Probably he knew how to find the level where they were feeding, or, more important, he knew how to set a hook in that tender mouth.

There was one resident family in Sylvan Lake we didn't get acquainted with but who fascinated us. That was Captain James and his two boys who lived in a verandahed house between our cottage and the pump where we got water. The father and sons drove about a great deal in a very good car. What intrigued us was that they never took it out of second gear. We wondered and talked about this but we didn't ever get up the courage to approach them to find out why.

Those are my recollections of Sylvan Lake in the 1920's. We didn't know about all the recreational activities the future would bring so we didn't miss them. Sylvan Lake with what it had was a great place for us. We could hardly wait for July 1, which was the day we always arrived there for the summer.

Tribute to the Pioneers of the West
by Winnie Cameron

They came from lands of plenty and many gracious homes to this Western Canada of ours to live in sod houses and start our country as we know it today. It was just by blood, sweat and tears that they built the West so that their families, in years to come, could enjoy one of the finest places in the world in which to live. They did not do this alone, but by each carrying his load and sharing with others the vast amount of work to be done to make our West what it is today.

The Good Old Days
by Violet Johnson

Just for the sake of comparison, let us go back to those good old days and see how some folks managed without modern conveniences and were relatively happy with what they had.

I can only speak from my own experience on the little farm (an acreage by today's standards) where we had three cows, a couple of pigs, some forty chickens and three horses, plus a cat or two. We had no electricity or propane, so coal oil lamps gave us light and the wood-burning stove and heater served for cooking and warmth — and it certainly was warm in the summer! We had outdoor plumbing of course; our weekly bath was enjoyed in the neighbor's sauna on Saturday nights and was also a social get-together with other neighbors. While the grownups sat reminiscing about their pioneering days, we small fry sat on the floor in a corner and listened as if to fairy tales, or we crept into a storeroom with an old Eaton's catalogue, some flour paste and scissors and amused ourselves by cutting out pictures and pasting them onto a sheet of paper, giving the ladies men's rubber boots to go with their evening gowns, etc. This kept us happily occupied all evening and out of the grownups' hair.

Mother sang while she scrubbed clothes on the washboard and I often sat nearby and listened and asked her to continue if she stopped. She also sang to the cows while she milked and often spoke sweet nothings to her house plants, which no doubt made them bloom better. Lard pails were her flower pots and also served as lunch baskets for school.

Flour and sugar sacks were made into bed linen and tea towels and sometimes even curtains, being dyed to match the color of the calcomine on the walls.

Shopping trips to the village were made with horse and buggy or sleigh in the winter time as well as visits to friends if they lived more than a mile from us; yet we would sometimes go on foot if the weather was favorable. Our shopping horse was quite old and trotted at the same speed at all times and, if one did not watch, he would turn in at every gate that was along our way.

The neighborhood children walked two and a half miles to school regardless of weather and time of year. We only missed if we were ill. We were well-

bundled in home-knitted clothing and felt boots or moccasins. We wore long underwear, had no such things as slacks and leotards, but somehow we survived. Comforters were made of pure sheep's wool which first had to be layered a certain way to make a nice thick cover to withstand the frosty nights which even the heater did not quite cope with.

Television, of course, was unheard of and we did not have a radio as they were as yet only a novelty. Our neighbor did buy one as soon as they became available and we went to listen to the mixture of static and music and thought it quite a miracle. These same wealthy neighbors had a car which they drove every week to the nearest city to do some shopping or indulge in the cinema. If anyone asked for a lift with them they were expected to help clean and dress chickens for market. The lady was our local news media and very often could be seen hastening across the field to share a bit of gossip she had heard. That is something that has not changed with the times as every area seems to have a neighborhood gossip.

Administration of Sylvan Lake 1913-1983

by Wilma Balfour

A meeting of the residents of the hamlet of Sylvan Lake took place in Heenan's Opera House, January 24, 1913. At this time there were 50 residents of the hamlet. The meeting decided that the Department of Municipal Affairs should be asked to have Sylvan Lake incorporated as a village.

Those elected to direct the new village were: E. S. Grimson, chairman; A. A. Godden and A. Loiselle, council members; R. Jones, acting secretary.

During the next 16 years those serving as chairman or reeve were: A. Loiselle, Charles Cox, L. F. Kroetch, O. Wesslen, H. W. Wilson, J. Soberg, J. Larsbuck and N. E. Bergstrom.

During the early years as a village, those serving as reeve did not seek a second term until, in 1932, when L. M. Colpitts was elected, and from Minutes and newspaper reports he was called "mayor".

Sylvan Lake was unique in 1913 as it had a bilingual newspaper, the *Sylvan Lake News*.

Those elected to serve as mayor from 1932 to 1946 were:

L. M. Colpitts	1932-1939
Percy Duffield	1939-1945
F. J. Bloom	1945-1946
H. J. Cody	1946 (resigned)
K. O. Wilkinson	1946-1947

In 1946, when it was learned the population was approximately 900, a meeting was called April 22, to seek approval of the electors to request that the Department of Municipal Affairs grant town status to Sylvan Lake. This was granted in June, 1946 and an election was called in February, 1947 for a mayor and six councillors.

Those elected to serve on council from 1913 to 1946 were: A. A. Godden, A. Loiselle, H. Mann, Dr. T. J. Rousseau, L. F. Kroetch, C. Ralston, D. A. Jamieson, F. D. McCrimmon, O. B. Wilkinson, M. Loken, H. H. Jamieson, P. Turnbull, J. A. Untinen, C. Palmer, A. F. Cobb, A. Robertson, P. Duffield, J. Y. Tooley, W. Keith, H. J. Cody, J. Pell Jr. and V. Neely.

Mayors of the town from 1947-1983 were as follows:

K. O. Wilkinson	1947-1955
Robert German Sr.	1955-1959
H. J. Cody	1959-1960
Warren Dunford	1960-1966
Jack Innes	1966-1968
K. O. Wilkinson	1968-1975
R. W. Blick	1975-1979
C. P. Blakely (Mrs.)	1979-1983
Roger Young	1983-

Town councillors 1946-1983: H. J. Cody, Carl Koots, S. McAfee, V. M. Neely, J. R. Pell, E. C. Watkiss. Mr. Koots was ill in hospital and not able to take his appointment. J. E. Cole was elected to fill the vacancy. In 1948, A. Hollands was elected to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of J. E. Cole. W. Crockett, E. Koots, J. Sunell, J. R. Pell, A. Kanten, R. German Sr., O. Tettolowski, C. R. Ritz, N. Jarvin, G. Schill, Carl Cox, R. L. Brown, Joe Untinen Jr., Mrs. Edith Peterson, a retired school teacher,

pioneered the way for women councillors to serve the town, F. Moore, P. Dolling, L. Peabody, P. Arends, M. Keith, Doug McCutcheon and Dr. T. S. Cookson were elected to replace P. Arends and M. Keith when they resigned. Miss G. Mahaffy, G. N. Fisher, L. Nielsen, K. Wilkinson, G. Farthing, P. Dare, R. Anderson, H. Tebbutt, T. Alexander, T. Auchstaetter, G. Bowman, Mrs. C. P. Blakely, E. Dietrich, Mrs. Edna Fraser, W. Gibbs, T. Bradley, A. Krause, R. Young, C. Boychuk, Ted Iverson, J. Jardine, R. LePage, R. Popilchak. It should be noted that some members of council named above served for two and three terms.

Secretary-Treasurers, 1913-1983:

R. Jones	1913-
D. C. Simson	1913-1915
A. A. Godden	1916-1917
E. S. Grimson	1917-1919
A. McCaskill	1920-1936
A. K. Hicks	1936-1939
L. B. Walker	1939-1949
C. B. Pugh	1949-1953
J. V. Meyer	1953-1955
Roy White	1955-1956
D. Balfour	1956-1962
Wilma Balfour	1962-1971
Paul Belanger	1971-1972
Wilma Balfour	1972-1975
Edna Fraser	1975-1976
J. H. Trottier	1976-1977
P. J. Grimson	1977-

In November, 1983, town council approved new job descriptions for Town Office personnel. The tasks remain virtually the same, only the job titles are changed. The secretary-treasurer is now called the Town Manager. As town manager, Mr. P. J. (Rick) Grimson became the first "Chief Administration Officer of the Town" and he will direct, control, and coordinate the activities of the various Town departments.

Some population figures to show the town's growth since 1958 are:

1958 — 1,188
1962 — 1,433
1967 — 1,352
1970 — 1,494 (Census Canada)
1976 — 1,809
1979 — 3,345
1981 — 3,779 (Census Canada)

According to the *Red Deer Advocate*, between 1976 and 1981, Sylvan Lake had a population growth of 105.7% — the largest growth recorded by towns in Central Alberta.

It is now 70 years since Sylvan Lake was incorporated as a village. Many men and women have worked faithfully in the development of the fine town we now have. We are indeed grateful to those who have served the citizens well.

Sylvan Lake's History of Communications and Utilities

by Sheila Jarvin

1. Postal Service

"Come wind, come rain, come sleet, come snow, the mail must go through!" That postal motto must have been a tough one to fulfill in the very early days when the first mail was carried from the Burnt Lake Post Office to Sylvan Lake or from Sylvan Lake to Burnt Lake to end up in Red Deer.

The very first Sylvan Lake Post Office was established by Charles M. H. Archambault in his General Store (which later was Tourist Inn) situated next door to Alexandre Loiselle's first hotel on what is now Lakeshore Drive West (SE 32-38-1-W5). Mr. Archambault was appointed postmaster May 1, 1907.

The mail was picked up from the Burnt Lake Post Office, a distance of eight miles, once a week, by Mr. Archambault or a helper, who travelled on horseback or a horse-drawn vehicle. According to the records, Charles Archambault continued to do this until December 1, 1907 and was paid a total of $32.08. The postal revenue for his term as postmaster was $57.66. (Postage for a letter was 2¢.)

Maurice Roze des Ordons, who took over as postmaster when Charles Archambault went to B.C., continued the weekly round trip to Burnt Lake and was paid $78.33 for the period December 1, 1907-March 31, 1908. Beginning April 1, 1908, Mr. des Ordons made three trips weekly for the mail and, for this and the other duties as postmaster, he received $165.00 per year.

Thus, the post office in Sylvan Lake, as in most of the early settlements in the West, began in a general store, not only for convenience but for economic reasons as well.

Succeeding Maurice des Ordons, June 1, 1909, was Alexandre Loiselle, followed by C. J. Rutter, March 16, 1911.

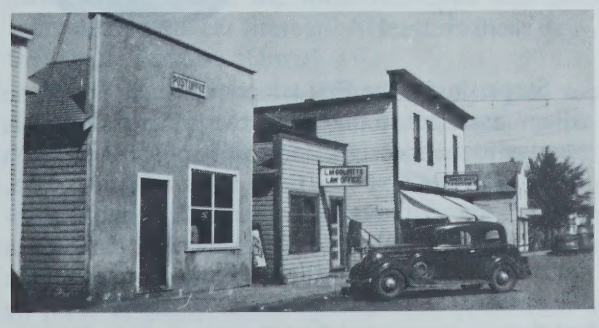
On June 26, 1912, the location of the Sylvan Lake Post Office changed to another general store — that of the Rossé Brothers. This store was at first located in the Dingwall boarding house building. When this building was partially destroyed by fire, Edmond and Joe Rossé built a new store on the corner directly north of their old location. (Now the R. L. Brown property.) Edmond Rossé was the postmaster.

With the coming of the railway, the mail began July 19, 1915, arriving in Sylvan Lake by train from Red Deer. (The Burnt Lake Post Office, having been bypassed by both railroads, was closed.) Mixed trains carried mail daily except Sunday — C.P.R. three days and C.N.R. three days, weekly.

Joseph Rossé took over as postmaster from his brother, February 25, 1915. On April 15, 1915, a war tax of 1¢ increased the postage on a letter to 3¢. This tax was removed July 1, 1926 and the postage was again 2¢ where it remained until July 1, 1931, when it was again increased to 3¢.

Mr. Joe Rossé resigned as postmaster June 13, 1921 and was succeeded by Harry P. Crossfield and then Sidney Norris Jones, May 13, 1924. When Joe Rossé decided to return to Switzerland, Mr. Walter T. Toye bought the Rossé store and was appointed postmaster October 4, 1924. The mail was transported by local dray from the railway stations to the Post Office located in the store. It was possible, also, to mail a last-minute letter by taking it directly to the train and handing it to the baggageman.

When Mr. Toye died suddenly September 3, 1928, his wife, Jennie Belva Toye, became postmistress. Unable to carry on with the store, she sold that business and opened a post office in a small frame building on Main Street where the bakery now stands. That was January 1, 1929. There were about 100 private mailboxes (with combination locks) in the new premises and two wickets. Mrs. Toye became well known in the village as she was postmistress for 22 years, retiring January 28, 1950.



Sylvan Lake Post Office, Main Street.

Mr. George Schill, who had served in the Army Postal Corps overseas, joined Mrs. Toye in the post office in 1946. He was acting postmaster for one year after her retirement and was then appointed postmaster, January 28, 1951.

The tiny old post office building soon became overcrowded and, in winter, the floor was always so cold that the staff had to wear winter boots all day long. Thus, a move to larger, more comfortable quarters in the new Wilkinson Building close by on Main Street (now the May-Barker Building) was welcomed by all in February, 1953. New modern key boxes — about 350 — were made available and soon taken up. The staff was increased to include, besides the postmaster, one full-time assistant and one part-time clerk. During the tourist season, and during the Christmas rush, an extra part-time helper was hired. This was to assist in handling the increase created by the hundreds of post cards mailed by the children attending the various camps around the lake and by tourists holidaying here. Then, too, for many years (before postal rates became high) Christmas cards and parcels swelled both in-coming and out-going mail to the point where extra help and extra hours were required to deal with the sudden increase. Today, the situation is vastly different. Mail order catalogues have largely disappeared; postcards, Christmas cards and parcels have been greatly reduced, and any substantial increase in mail volume at our local Sylvan Lake Post Office is due mainly to a rise in population figures rather than to tourist or Christmas factors.

An improvement in mail service to Sylvan Lake residents started about 1930 when Red Deer established their Rural Route #1 and Mr. William Silverberg, the carrier, suggested including the Sylvan Lake mail bags on his tri-weekly runs. Thus, the mail arrived at the post office early in the morning instead of later on in the afternoon by C.P.R. (The other three days, C.N.R. morning trains dispatched the mail.) Bill Silverberg carried on with this mail delivery

through private contract until rail service was discontinued and trucks took over the entire delivery. (His wife, Emma, carried on for him while he served in the army during the war.) By the time Rural Route #1, Red Deer went daily, mail service by train had been discontinued.

It was September 25, 1955 that Mr. Guido Blasetti, who had been awarded the contract, began delivering the mail by truck to Sylvan Lake and points west, daily except Sunday. The contract was later taken over by Mr. Ted Farrington of Alhambra and the contract is presently held by Mr. Clarence Needham, also of Alhambra.

Mr. George Schill died suddenly February 27, 1963 and Mrs. Margaret (Peggy) Eva McDonald became acting postmistress. Mr. John Harrison Moncrieff, returned veteran, was appointed postmaster August 11, 1963. Postal work was not that appealing to Mr. Moncrieff so he resigned in June 1967. Mr. Kenneth Hirst Bloxham, also an ex-serviceman, arrived October 1, 1967 to take over the duties as postmaster at Sylvan Lake. He remained in that position until ill-health forced his retirement, August 22, 1972. Taking over was Mr. Donald Bruce Harrigan, World War II veteran, who carried on until his retirement December 15, 1981. Mrs. Carla Smith of Red Deer is the present postmistress. Assisting her are first assistant, Mrs. Joyce McCutcheon, second assistant, Mrs. Megan Brzak and part-time staff members Mrs. Louise Shuell and Mrs. Thelma Pauquette.

Mrs. Bernice Johnson was a part-time assistant in our local post office and a familiar figure for over 25 years, having started work September 12, 1955 and retired April 29, 1981. In that many years, Mrs. Johnson became acquainted with countless people and saw a goodly number of changes. Postal rates kept climbing from the 3¢ it was when she started to the 30¢ when she finished. In 1955, registering a letter cost 20¢ plus postage. In 1983, the cost is $1.96 plus postage.

In July 1961, Sylvan Lake's Rural Route No. 1 was established. It runs south and west of town and has always had 110-118 subscribers. The first courier on this rural route was Mr. Robert Dickie.

In 1968, a federal government post office building was started on the corner of 50A Avenue and 50A Street West and, on February 14, 1969, the rented premises on Main Street were vacated and Postmaster Bloxham and his staff began postal service in the attractive new building.

There were now 840 boxes available but, in just a few years, there began a long waiting list as there was no available space to install more. Consequently, a suburban "drop box" service was begun in 1979 with a total of 525 lock boxes set up in three localities in

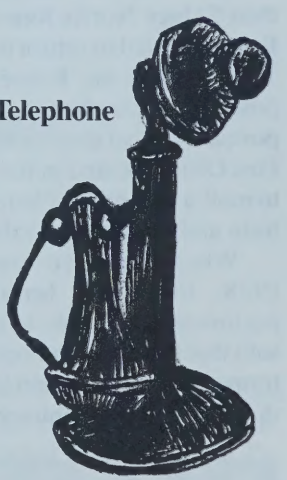
town: Sylvan Heights, Palo Subdivision and Woodland Subdivision. Mrs. Myrna Edmunds became the first suburban courier.

Mail volume is generally down everywhere due mainly to advanced electronic technology and stiff competition with other courier services. However, there has been a marked increase in sale flyers or "junk mail" due to the increased competition among businesses created by the construction of shopping malls in the urban centres.

Our small town post office is still a friendly, personal place to do business and, in my opinion, no recorder, no long distance telephone call and certainly no computer print-out can ever replace the happy feeling experienced in receiving a letter from family or friend.

— With some assistance from E. S. Smith, Bernice Johnson, Dr. Inglis, Joyce McCutcheon and others.

2. Sylvan Lake and the Telephone



Surprisingly, the first telephones were not in the village itself but in the rural area to the south. This was due to the foresight and ability of Mr. Jack Fitch (father of Dan and Bud), an Evarts farmer, who, having had experience with a mutual telephone company in the United States, organized 70 farmers in the Burnt Lake-Centerville area into the Centerville Telephone Company and, in the spring of 1916, he had them connected to Red Deer's telephone system

— owned and operated by the Western General Electric Company. The line was then extended to the Main Street of Sylvan Lake where there were 10 telephones connected:

November 1921
SYLVAN LAKE TELEPHONE LINE
Connected with Sylvan Lake
R 504 Aushentman F.S.
R 503 Co-operative Store
R 503 Dingwall's Boarding House
R 506 Fleming's Drug Store
R 506 Garbett, C.
R 507 Imperial Bank
R 516 Jamieson Bros. Hardware
R 505 Municipality of Golden
R 510 Sylvan Lake Hotel
R 502 Wilson Lumber Co.

In 1920, Alberta Government Telephones (AGT) bought out Western General and it was not too long before they established a "central" at Sylvan Lake. It was located in the Antler Lodge on Main Street with Mrs. Clara Wilkinson the first agent. Most of the Centerville Company, the Sylvan Lake Telephone Co. and the Marianne Mutual Telephone Co. were now connected to the Sylvan Lake switchboard.

At first, only day service was provided — 6:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. — except for one telephone at the Sylvan Lake Hotel which had direct connection to the Red Deer central. Later, when night service was instituted in Sylvan Lake, a cot allowed an operator to get some sleep. An alarm system on the switchboard aroused her when someone was trying to make a call during the wee small hours.

AGT's charge for a wall telephone was $2.00 per month. (The rural phones connecting to Sylvan Lake were all controlled by local farm companies who could set their own rates. A connecting fee was paid to AGT.)

All Sylvan Lake telephone subscribers had to contact the operator to be connected to the number desired. When there was a fire, you phoned the operator who then rang the fire alarm from the switchboard, called the local fire chief and each individual volunteer fireman. At least, in those days, there were no false alarms!

If you needed the town constable at night, you called the operator. If she was not successful in contacting him, she pulled a switch which put the police light on down at the hotel corner. The constable on duty, noting the glowing light, would either call the operator or drop in at the local exchange to learn where he was needed and why.

The telephone exchange was equipped with a manual auxiliary system which the operator switched over to if the power went off. The operator's arm would often be aching from constant hand-cranking of the manual system when barraged with a number of "urgent" calls during a power failure. (The telephone directory clearly asked people to refrain from using their telephones during a thunder storm.)

Sometimes, telephone operators in Sylvan Lake received requests for services beyond the line of duty. For example, it was fairly common for tourists, from as far away as Edmonton or Calgary, to phone the operator to try to gain information about the weather in Sylvan Lake or to attempt to have her book accommodation for them.

One of the agent's, or operator-on-duty's, legitimate tasks, though, was to accept payment, during office hours, for monthly telephone bills since subscribers paid their accounts in person at the local telephone office.

A potentially serious situation occurred early on Sunday morning, December 11, 1938, when the lead cable containing **all** the local lines into the telephone office was completely burned. Cobb's store was on fire and the heat was so intense that it melted the cable on the nearby telephone pole on Main Street. Mr. Walter H. Inglis, AGT Plant Inspector, and his crew from Red Deer worked all day Sunday to install temporary connections so that local service could be resumed.

The very first operators who worked for Mrs. Wilkinson were Angie Karlson and Dorothy Watson. Among the early operators were: Winnie Roberts (second agent), Inez Gutteau, Madeline Hodgson, Betty Albert, Yvonne Cairns, Irene Hanczik (agent), Heather Hodgson, Eileen Jarvin, and Yvonne Flick.

When the number of positions was expanded, the

Local Telephone Exchange operators: Phyl Fleming, Henny Samel, Karon Cumpstone.

following were some of the operators: Marj Weir (agent), Anne Harris, Mary Lou Cumpstone (agent), Charlotte Hayward, June Valli, Pat Flick, Georgina Reitmeier, Phyllis Fleming, Sylvia Buga, Lois Greenlee, Helen McGowan, Karon Cumpstone (agent), Roseanne Komarnicki, Barb King, Gail Hodgson, Mickey Shepherd, Marilyn Duffield, Anne Lightbown, Carol Popilchak and Ann Bystrom (last agent).

Chief Operator, Karon Cumpstone.

Last Sylvan Lake agent for A.G.T., Ann Balfour Bystrom.

With the growth of Sylvan Lake into a town and the subsequent increase in telephone installations, the switchboard expanded from a board operated by one person to a three-position exchange by 1950. In 1962, the Sylvan Lake central was further expanded to an efficient five-position exchange. This dazzling set-up was, however, short-lived. The Sylvan Lake office was converted to automatic dial on January 20, 1963. The agency was phased out, the office was closed, and the Sylvan Lake telephone operator, with her courteous "Number please", was gone forever.

Some further improvements in telephone service followed. Direct distance dialing (DDT) was soon made available as was extended flat rate calling to Red Deer and district. In 1970-71, all telephone lines in town and district were buried underground. (No more disruption of service because of electrical, snow or wind storms.) In 1980, telephone jacks, which give mobility to telephones, were installed in town homes and businesses. Touch-tone phones, a variety of styles and colors, and a choice of purchasing, or renting, your own telephone(s) are all very attractive and convenient features added by AGT in recent years.

The telephone, and its operating company, Alberta Government Telephones, have made a real and lasting contribution, not only to the welfare of the people of Sylvan Lake, but also to the continuing growth and development of the town itself. Thank you, AGT.

— With assistance from Mary Lou Untinen

3. The Lights Go On In Sylvan

It was not until 1920 that there were any electric lights in Sylvan Lake. It was then that D. A. and H. H. Jamieson provided power for lights to a few other homes from their own Delco lighting plant located in a shed behind their hardware store. This experiment being successful, a larger machine was purchased and the power extended to the stores, the Presbyterian Church and the Municipal Office. This private lighting service continued for more than ten years.

The original franchise agreement between the Village of Sylvan Lake and Calgary Power Company Limited was finalized and signed on June 9, 1932. The mayor of the village, N. E. Bergstrom, and the secretary-treasurer, A. McCaskill, signed the agreement. Construction of the line extension and the village power distribution system took place immediately after the franchise was signed.

The original franchise did not include the summer cottages, so the power system to the existing cottages was extended and built one or two years later.

Originally, there was a total of 73 residential and business places signed up for power. Fifty years later, 1982, there was a total of 1,778 power customers in Sylvan Lake.

The power rates in 1932 were as follows: For residential service —
Service charge $1.50 per month
First 30 KWH 10¢ per KWH
Next 20 KWH 10¢ per 2 KWH
All over 50 KWH 10¢ per 3 KWH

There was also a commercial rate and an industrial service rate.

By comparison, the 1982 rate for Sylvan Lake residential was:
Service charge $5.00 per month
Energy charge 4.8¢ per kwh

It is interesting to note that the average residential energy usage per customer, per year in 1932 was 389 kwh. At the end of 1981, the average usuage was 6,777 kwh per year.

The Calgary Power District Office in Sylvan Lake was officially opened in February, 1938. Prior to that, Sylvan Lake was serviced by personnel from their Lacombe office.

The Calgary Power District Managers who served in our Sylvan Lake office were as follows: 1938-1944 Gordon Brown; 1944-1949 Art Plant; 1949-1963 Scotty Jack; 1963-1971 Bob Munson; 1971- Harold Sonmor (present manager).

At night, the splendor of lights in our town can be seen for miles. The network of street lighting with its automatic timing device and pleasant mercury vapor lamps helps to make night life easier and safer for Sylvan Lake citizens of all ages.

Installation of Calgary Power at Sylvan Lake.

At first, Calgary Power obtained its electrical power from the Kananaskis dam near Calgary and served an area in that vicinity. However, over the years other sources of power were constructed and put into operation, the geographical area served with power was broadened to include practically the whole province so that the name, "Calgary Power" had a false connotation geographically, as well as providing some conflicting identity with the City of Calgary electric distribution systems. Therefore, on June 15, 1981, Calgary Power became TransAlta Utilities Corporation. The green and yellow colors were retained but a new logo and symbol came into use.

Finally, life in Sylvan Lake has indeed been aided and enhanced with the advent of Calgary Power and, through the years, the excellent service provided by that company and TransAlta Utilities has been of untold benefit to the town, to its residents, and to its summer people.

— With assistance from William T. James, Public Affairs Department, TransAlta Utilities

4. Natural Gas

Natural gas service first arrived at Sylvan Lake in 1956. An official turn-on ceremony marked the occasion on Monday, November 5 at 7:30 p.m.

Mayor Robert German was master of ceremonies at the turn-on ceremony, attended by a large crowd of local residents and dignitaries. Northwestern Utilities' General Manager Murray Stewart welcomed the town of Sylvan Lake to the company's system and invited the mayor to light the flare. A reception followed the official flare-lighting ceremony.

Northwestern's first official customer count in Sylvan Lake shows that the company had 370 customers by September, 1958. That figure almost doubled to 664 customers by 1971. As of December 31, 1981, the company was serving, 1,557 homes and businesses in Sylvan Lake.

The company's first agent to settle in Sylvan Lake was Stan Bronson, known as "Mr. Big". He lived in the house/office near Main Street. Mr. Bronson was followed by Dennis Cooper in 1957, then Bill Tennant in 1957-59. Howard Tebbutt was the company's last district agent in Sylvan Lake. He moved here from Evansburg in 1967 and continued to serve the community until 1978, when Sylvan Lake became part of the Red Deer agency. Agency Supervisor Gus Mireault oversees the Red Deer agency.

Growth is not the only change that has occurred within Sylvan Lake and the natural gas system in general. Natural gas rates also have increased. Whereas an average residential customer would have paid about $175 a year in 1957, the 1981 cost was about $500. The rising cost of natural gas supplies, inflation and new energy-related taxes account for the largest portion of the increases.

Northwestern Utilities has expanded and developed to keep pace with growth in Sylvan Lake. Throughout the years, the company has endeavored to maintain the tradition it started when service began in Edmonton in 1923; the tradition of service.

— With assistance from Terri Taylor, Public Relations Co-ordinator, Northwestern Utilities Limited

5. Sewer System

Private septic tanks, with their accompanying seepage fields, were never very satisfactory in Sylvan Lake. This was due to the proximity to the lake itself with its accompanying high water table resulting in early spring freezing of the not-too-deep sewer connections. And so it was that Sylvan Lake residents welcomed the installation of the town sewer system.

The work was under the direction of the engineering firm, Haddin Davis & Brown Ltd. of Edmonton and was completed in 1954.

There were two major pumping stations at that time — one on the lakeshore and one at the sewage lagoon which was located on part of a farm purchased by the Town from Chester Soderburg and located east of the town limits.

The system is paid for through both a frontage tax and, if your property is connected to the system, a user fee. A by-law making it compulsory to hook on to the system was hard to enforce without a public water system. So, some "outdoor plumbing" still prevailed, especially in the cottage areas where water was obtained from town wells and hand-pumps. But now, with the installation of a town water system, sewer hook-ups are compulsory and user fees, subsequently, universal.

A lot of the problems with the sewer system in the early stages were largely in the east section of the town, north of the C.N.R. tracks, and were due to the high water level of the lake.

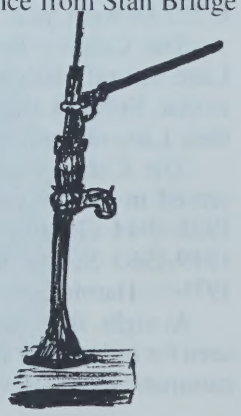
Six more pumping stations were installed and the entire sewer system enlarged to take in the town's new developments: Lakeview Heights, Palo-Clayton Sub-division and Five-O Sub-division.

A lot more modernizing has been done since the recent installation to the town's Industrial Park and now the almost constant problem of flooding in the east end of town has been corrected.

Future plans for the sewer system include adding a 50-acre cell for sewage storage through the purchase of 97 acres more of the farm that adjoins the original lagoon. It is hoped that this addition will fulfill Sylvan Lake's requirements for sewage disposal for many years to come.

— With assistance from Stan Bridge

6. Water System



Unlike the sewer system — which by far the majority of Sylvan Lake's citizens wanted very much — it took years for the Council to obtain the go-ahead for a public water system. Several times, council's plans for its installation were foiled, either by plebiscites or petitions. The reasons, of course, were first, that home-owners had their own private wells which they had individually paid for and which were proving satisfactory and second, they opposed the increase in taxes they felt would surely follow the installation of a water system.

Finally, early in 1979, Town Council decided to "take the bull by the horns", passed a motion and served notice through newspaper advertisements that they were going to seek tenders for the installation of a water system in the town. This time no petitions, no written objections were forthcoming! (Of course, by this time, the condition of most streets was deplorable and residents realized that paving was out of the question if water pipes were ever to be laid. Also, many private water-pumps had been in use for a good number of years and were approaching the replacement stage.)

So, in 1979, the preliminary necessary work was done, that of installing a major storm sewer line on 47th Avenue, which connected together Lakeview Heights, Palo, Five-O and the main part of town.

Bridgeland Engineers of Edmonton were engaged to map out the water system and then tenders were called. The town was divided into six sections and six contracts were involved.

It was a two-year project with work getting underway installing the lines in July, 1980.

The fifth contract involved the construction of a large water reservoir. It was constructed on 50 Street South on a portion of the George Petterson farm. The reservoir's capacity is 1.4 million gallons.

Two new wells were drilled — one on 47 Avenue West and one in the Palo-Clayton Sub-division.

It should be mentioned here that the town's new sub-divisions each had its own water system installed by the developer. Lakeview Heights still uses its two wells and water reservoir but Five-O's one well and small reservoir are no longer in use.

All water systems are now interconnected. As well, 158 water hydrants adorn town streets. They are spaced so that all buildings are within half a block availability. Fire protection has increased almost 100%. Previously, the fire trucks had to load up at the firehall and replenish their supply either there or at the lake — neither one a fast process. Now, with the fire hydrants and, admittedly, newer and better fire trucks, the volunteer fire department is capable of fighting a large fire. A comfortable feeling!

The cost of the whole new water system, which was completed in the late fall, 1982, is estimated at six million dollars. The residents pay user fees (whether the property is connected to the system or not) but no frontage tax. The user fee is fair for everyone, plus it actually covers maintenance and cost payments!

After years of struggling, arguing and complaining, Sylvan Lake residents (both usual and summer) are finally enjoying good water, good pressure, good fire protection and an all-round good deal.

— With assistance from Stan Bridge

Health and Protection

The Medical Doctors of Sylvan Lake

by Dr. B. W. Inglis

There is no official list of physicians who practised at Sylvan Lake. The records of the College of Physicians and Surgeons have been searched and, when compared to the memories of long-time residents of the area, many discrepancies were noted. A more complete list has been obtained from local residents.

The first doctor to come to Sylvan Lake was Dr.

A. C. Tanche. There seems to be some doubt as to whether he actually practiced medicine in Sylvan Lake or only on the small French commune which he founded (located on the present Schenk farm). There is no record of the length of time he stayed on the commune but he did die in France in 1917.

The following is a chronological list of doctors who practiced at Sylvan Lake. Any dates are approximate.

Dr. Adalbert Tanche	1905-
Dr. Thomas J. Rousseau	1913-1917
Dr. Angus L. McDonald	1920-1923
Dr. William W. Nasmyth	1926-1941
Dr. Morris Schreiber	1932-1933
Dr. Arza B. Wickware	1933-1938
Dr. Mervyn H. W. Fizzell	1936-
Dr. A. B. Blumes	1936-1937
Dr. Chauncey A. Miller	1943-1944
Dr. Jack L. Edwards	1946-1951
Dr. Ian Marriott	1952-1953
Dr. Ian M. S. Stewart	1953-1955
Dr. T. Sydney Cookson	1962-1971
Dr. Peter F. Rowell	1965-1974
Dr. Donald Binning	1974-1977
Dr. Brian W. Inglis	1977-
Dr. Ronald J. Smith	1978-

It should be remembered that, while Dr. Nasmyth lived in Sylvan Lake in 1930, he was 80 years old and must have been retired since Drs. Wickware, Schreiber, Blumes and Fizzell all practised from 1932-1938.

It should also be noted that, between 1955 and 1962, Dr. Gibson of Eckville had an office Tuesdays and Thursdays in Sylvan Lake and, during the summer months, the Parsons' Clinic of Red Deer ran a summer office.

People often ask why there is no hospital in Sylvan Lake. Mrs. Bardenhagen, Matron of the Eckville hospital, has given the author this explanation. In September-October 1938, when Dr. Frank Coppock left Saskatchewan (as broke as everyone else), he came to Red Deer and was advised by one of the Parsons brothers to go west as doctors were needed there. He stopped by train at Sylvan Lake and asked the town fathers if they would pay a retainer while he built a practice. He was told that this was not possible so he boarded the train and travelled to the next major stop, Eckville. There he was welcomed, paid a retainer and stayed for 18 years. He reopened the hospital which had been closed for five months because of the economics of the times.

A retainer fee was one of the enticements that the Town Council offered Dr. Cookson in 1962 to induce him to leave Eckville and settle in Sylvan Lake. (The retainer continued to be paid to the doctors until 1977 when the author refused it.) Dr. Cookson, who practised for nine years in Sylvan Lake and still lives here, 11 years later, is a record for medical doctors in Sylvan Lake.

The association of the Sylvan Lake doctors with the Eckville Hospital is another curiosity. Prior to 1962, this was not a prominent feature but it is natural that, when Dr. Cookson moved to Sylvan Lake he would continue his friendly association with Dr. Gibson. Dr. Binning was recruited from Eckville and the author had practiced in Eckville prior to coming to Sylvan Lake.

As in other communities, nurses and midwives have played an important role in providing health care to the citizens of Sylvan Lake. It has been hard to find their names, however, we do know the locations of three nursing homes. These were houses in which women with training in nursing or midwifery would provide care to the sick or pregnant. The early doctors made use of these homes as rail or overland transportation was a dangerous undertaking for a sick patient. The three homes I have found the locations for are: 5038-46 Street, 5103-47 Avenue, and 4731-50 Street.

In recording this history there are errors and omissions and the author would appreciate any information readers may have.

Sylvan Lake and the Red Deer Hospital
by Wilma Balfour

In 1954, the people of Sylvan Lake voted in favor of joining the Red Deer Municipal Hospital District. The town was then obliged to share in the costs of construction of either additions or new buildings but, in return, was asked to elect one member to represent the town on the Red Deer Hospital Board, the election for that member to take place at the same time as other elected town officials. The member is elected for a three-year term. Sylvan Lake's representatives on that hospital board have been: H. J. Cody, Carl Cox, Fred Moore, Dr. Elizabeth Mahaffy and Mrs. Viola Crockett. Mrs. Crockett was elected by acclamation in 1974 and has held the seat uncontested to the present time (1983).

Volunteer Fire Department
by Elsie Hunter

The Sylvan Lake Fire Department, like many departments, had a very humble beginning for it began as a bucket brigade some time in the 1920's.

The first unit they owned was built by the men in 1928 or 1929. It was a 90-gallon water tank mounted on a Model T running gear. The tank was mounted on either side with a compressed air tank which would

The first fire-fighting equipment.

pressure up to 300 pounds on a three-quarter inch hose with a straight stream nozzle. The water tank was filled from the top with a pail. For the winter months, to keep the water from freezing, calcium chloride was added. This unit was pulled by a truck.

During the late 1940's, an airforce crash truck was purchased and put into operation. In 1959, an improved unit was added. The new unit, constructed by Northwest Truck Body of Sylvan Lake, had a 500-gallon tank with hose storage rack and a front-mount pump built on a dodge chassis. This truck had its first run on April 29, 1959 to Rocky Mountain House to assist that department in fighting a fire which broke out in the Edwards and Atlas Lumber storage yards. Fire Chief Gordon Hunter was very pleased with its performance, stating it delivered two streams of water at 100-pounds pressure at half throttle. The pump was capable of handling five hoses, all at 100-pounds pressure.

January 1969 saw the delivery of a King Seagrave unit from Calgary, fully equipped, at a total cost of

The new fire truck, 1969.

$22,707.00. The truck is a 391 Ford tilt cab, has an 800-gallon carrying capacity and a mid-ship double duty pump and draw unit.

On February 29, 1980 the Fire Department accepted delivery from Superior Emergency Equipment in Red Deer of a fully equipped Ford 900, crew cab, 800-gallon midship unit.

In 1968, the County of Red Deer entered into an agreement with the Town of Sylvan Lake to supply fire protection to persons living within a ten-mile radius of the town. However, the arrangement was not working too satisfactorily so a delegation of farmers approached the Town and the County as to the feasibility of stationing a truck in town. The result of the negotiations was the County of Red Deer purchased and stationed a fire truck in the fire hall. This unit is manned by the Sylvan Lake Volunteer Fire Department.

The first known fire chief was Mr. Bert Streatfield, who was appointed by the village around 1930. In October 1936, Mr. Robert Speedie, town foreman, became chief and was replaced in 1949 by Mr. Phil Hodges. Robert Schaer, who had been a fireman since 1930, was appointed chief in 1951. Gordon Hunter, who was initiated as a rookie fireman the night of the Bailey Hardware fire, was appointed in May 1956, remaining until 1961. Andy Murray served as chief in 1961, then resigned due to his heavy workload as town foreman. The position was filled in 1962 by Mike Podgurski, who acted in that capacity until May 1967. Gordon Hunter, deputy fire-chief since 1965, was again appointed chief in May 1967, a position he still holds.

There were some major fires in the early years of the department when fire-fighting was very difficult due mostly to an insufficient water supply: 1928, the hotel (located where the Turbo Station is now); September 9, 1935, Sunell-Untinen Garage and Elks Hall (Garage was where the hotel had been and the hall was to the west of it.); December 11, 1938, the Cobb Block (housing several businesses); January 24, 1950, Bailey's Hardware (built in 1912 by Earl

Grimson) in 50° below zero weather — Emil Wester single-handedly pushed Mr. Larry Colpitt's safe into the street from his law office close to the hardware but a crane was needed next day to return it! Imperial Bank opened its doors so the firemen could get warm and Duke's Cafe (next to Antler Lodge) provided coffee; and, on February 19, 1954, Koots' Store burned (alarm sounded at 1:00 a.m.).

Besides fighting fires, Sylvan Lake's Volunteer Fire Brigade takes an active part in the community: On June 11, 1967, they marshalled the Centennial Parade; also in 1967 they staged the first annual Firemen's Ball; August 9, 1969, the fire department used water hoses to assist the R.C.M.P. in controlling a riot on Lakeshore Drive which involved an estimated 400 people; in 1969 they began their annual assistance to the R.C.M.P. for Hallowe'en patrol; on June 13, 1973 the firemen's 1913 Days' Pancake Breakfast (held in the fire hall) was started and has become a popular annual event.

From June 10-13, 1973, the Sylvan Lake Fire Department hosted the annual Alberta Provincial Fire Chiefs' Convention — a first for a small town. This was a big undertaking but, with the co-operation of many people, it went over in a big way. (There have been some small departments, since, follow suit.) That year, on the second day of the convention, the local men had a fire call in the country. Bob Mathers of Superior Emergency was called upon to assist at the fire with a shiny, new unit he had on display at the convention.

At present, there are approximately 24 volunteer firemen. To facilitate their training and increase their efficiency a system was begun about 10 years ago whereby the brigade was divided into four teams of five or six men each. The captains, Messrs. Willard Wilde, Bob Pickering, Ray Beland and Blaine Jasonson, are each in charge of a team — train them and direct them at a fire. Mr. Don May has been Deputy Fire Chief for over 20 years. If both the Fire Chief and the Deputy are to be out of town, then the Fire Chief previously names one of the captains to take command in case of fire.

Of course, the key to fire-fighting is the telephone. The fire department has five separate fire phones for quick contact and for fast sounding of the alarm (a new, larger siren was purchased in 1968).

In February, 1968, Town Council approved fire protection by our Sylvan Lake Department for the summer village of Norglenwold at a cost of $800.00 per annum.

From its early beginning, the local fire brigade operated out of a large, garage-type addition on the back of the Town Office. When the present office building was established, the old town building, housing the office and firehall, was demolished and a brand new fire hall built in its place. Opened in 1973, the Sylvan Lake Fire Hall is a welcome addition to the town and home to three (two town and one county) flashy, efficient, fully-equipped fire trucks — a joy to look at as well as for the firemen to use.

Over the years, many men have devoted many hours in answering the emergency needs of the general public. Fire calls have no respect for hour of day or weather conditions but, because of their training and commitment, these men always try to respond with speed and diligence.

A Fireman's Prayer

When I am called to duty, God, whenever flames
may rage;
Give me strength to save some life, whatever be its
age.

Help me embrace a little child before it is too late
Or save an older person from the horror of that
fate.

Enable me to be alert and hear the weakest shout,
And quickly and efficiently to put the fire out.

I want to fill my calling and give the best in me,
To guard my every neighbor and protect his
property.

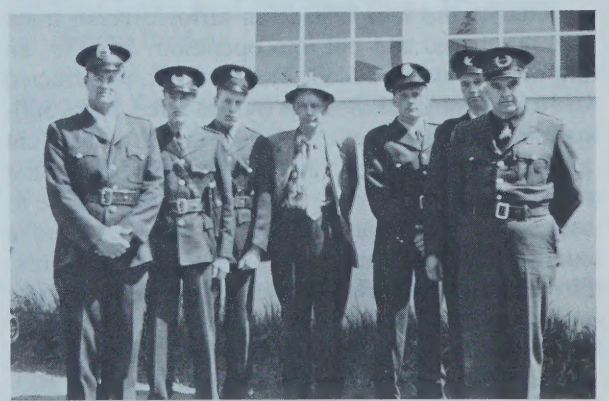
And if, according to my fate, I am to lose my life,
Please bless with your protecting hand my children
and my wife.

Policing in Sylvan Lake

by Jean McCutcheon

The police play an important role in the life of any community but, Sylvan Lake not being your ordinary-type town, police protection is vital to its very existence and growth as a resort.

Looking back over the village and town minutes there were men hired to act as village constables as



Sylvan Lake Police (1959): Bernard Sjare, Leon Ingram, Ray Cooper, H. H. Jamieson J. P., ?, Roy Gathercole, Chief Art Jones.

far back as 1921. Some of the names appearing were: Messrs. Hooper, McCrimmon, Duffield, Steele, Kanten and Speedie. I can remember Lambert Boles acting as traffic control officer on Lakeshore Drive in front of the Boathouse and sometimes at the hotel corner.

The Alberta Provincial Police sent Constable English here for the summer months in 1924 and Constable Robertson in 1926. It is recorded that A. M. Steele was a Justice of the Peace back then and also Percy Duffield. Later, Harvey Jamieson was appointed as J.P. There was a year-round policeman hired in 1936 with the R.C.M.P. assisting during the summer.

Sylvan Lake Police (1960): B. Sjare, R. Gathercole, ?, Joe Gathercole, L. Ingram; seated, Chief of Police A. Jones and Town Secretary D. Balfour.

Constable Gillespie was hired by the town in 1946 and from then, for many yeras, Sylvan Lake had its own local police force. Among those sworn in as town constables during those years were: J. Stark, H. Sayer, Don Voysey, Roy Mitchell, C. Appleton, Art Jones, Dave King and H. E. Stubbington. Robert Schaer was engaged as a temporary policeman many times, beginning in 1951. Extra men were hired as assistant police during the summer, such as, Roy Gathercole, Joe Gathercole, Bernard Sjare, Leon Ingram, Ray Cooper and Paul Vanderhoof.

In 1957 Jack Innes was appointed as Sylvan Lake's first magistrate. As part of his duties, he presided over some of the court cases involving minor offences which were held in the Legion Hall. He served in this capacity until his resignation in 1963.

Sylvan Lake R.C.M.P. Barracks. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News.*

In 1968 Police Chief H. E. Stubbington and his assistant resigned and the town council was able to obtain the service of the R.C.M.P. operating out of Red Deer.

In May, 1969 a contract was agreed upon and Sylvan Lake obtained its own R.C.M.P. force, although they continued to work with headquarters in Red Deer. Then, in 1977, their office was established in the downstairs of the Town Hall with three constables under Cpl. Gary Forbes.

Coinciding with the engagement of the R.C.M.P. and, in keeping with the provincial law which made it mandatory once the population figure reached 1500, a Police Commission came into being. The purpose of the Police Commission is to maintain a liaison between the town administration, the Sylvan Lake public at large and the R.C.M.P. It is a three-person board, appointed on a yearly basis, and entirely voluntary (no pay). It is strictly advisory and, basically, deals with complaints. The first Police Commission was composed of Mr. Cec Ritz, chairman, Mr. Tom Alexander, council representative, and Mr. Gordon Johnson, member at large. The R.C.M.P. are always represented at the meetings by one of their members and one of their stenographers acts as secretary.

An attractive, modern building was constructed on the former curling rink and skating rink grounds and was officially opened in June, 1979. Sgt. Jim Bauer was the officer in charge of the local department which consisted of three men on municipal contract and three for rural policing.

At present, R.C.M.P. Staff Sgt. Glen Abrey has 14 men working with him and, despite the ever present criticism of a small minority, are providing the people of Sylvan Lake with police protection of the highest quality.

Sylvan Lake Senior Citizens' Lodge

The concept of housing for senior citizens in a central type of lodge accommodation was announced in 1958 by the Government of Alberta and soon thereafter Sylvan Lake began its quest for a lodge. Much hard work and many hours, by Mayor Warren Dunford and Councillors and by Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. W. Balfour, in the form of meetings and correspondence, resulted in a beautiful new lodge for 50 residents opened June 18, 1967.

The first local board of managers consisted of Mrs. Gerry Fisher, Mrs. E. C. Watkiss, Rev. John D. Yoos, Stewart Craven, Don May and Bill Marks was secretary-treasurer. Ken Wilkinson was a director of the Parkland Foundation and Reg Newton a second director.

Miss Kathleen Hayes, newly arrived from England, assumed duties as Matron of the new Lodge. Mrs. E. George was the Assistant Matron and Cook, Mrs. N. Kormanicki the Housekeeper, along with some part-time staff.

Over the years, the community has contributed to the Lodge in many ways: furnishings, such as a piano, television, flag, paintings and bedding plants, as well as birthday parties, outings, entertainment of all sorts, Christmas festivities and Spring Teas and Bazaars.

The Lodge Auxiliary was established in the early 70's and continues to coordinate activities and raise funds for special projects in the Lodge.

Mrs. Daisy Halvorson has been the Lodge Matron for the past seven years and was honored for her dedication when named Sylvan Lake's Citizen of the Year in 1981.

Over the past 16 years the Lodge has provided our seniors with a caring and comfortable home, certainly a credit to the community, the government and to the residents themselves, who pioneered our province.

Churches

St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Anglican Church

by Tom and Marg Gibson

On Christmas Eve 1946, an Anglican Church service was held in the Women's Institute Hall in Sylvan Lake, conducted by the Rev. George Lang of St. Luke's, Red Deer.

At a meeting held early in the following year, the parish of St. Mary's was formed and the decision made to build a church. Two lots were acquired on the corner of 50 Avenue and 43 Street — one lot was donated by Mrs. Sidney Terry and the other was purchased.

With financial help from the Diocese and much volunteer labor, the building was completed.

On August 31, 1947, the Right Rev. H. R. Ragg, Bishop of Calgary, dedicated the church and was assisted in this impressive ceremony by Rev. George Lang and Rev. E. H. Lee of Lacombe.

St. Mary's was ministered from Red Deer by the Rev. George Lang with the assistance of theology students in the summer months. The first of these students was Mr. James Clark, who is now Bishop of the Eastern Arctic.

St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Anglican Church.

In the fall of 1954, the parishes of Sylvan Lake, Eckville and Rimbey were joined under one ministry, the priest in charge being the Rev. Gordon Hendra, who resided in Rimbey.

This arrangement continued until 1968 when, under the guidance of the Rev. Randall Ivany, rector of St. Luke's (now Provincial Ombudsman), the parishes of St. Timothy's, Eckville and St. Mary's, Sylvan Lake, were united to form the new parish of St. Mary's and St. Timothy's, ministered from Red Deer.

The Rev. Canon Archie McMullen of St. Luke's, Red Deer, was the priest in charge until illness and death overtook him. At present, the Rev. Albert Collier is filling in until the newly appointed rector of St. Luke's arrives. Mr. Walter Sandusky is rector's warden and Mr. George Burkholder is people's warden.

The Sunday School was first started in 1946 under the direction of Mrs. Robert German Sr. Many children have attended over the years.

A branch of the Little Helpers was formed in 1952. Some of the early members were Rodney Balfour, Catherine Logan, Blake and Kenneth Waet.

The Women's Auxiliary was formed the year the church was built, the first president being Mrs. Ida Brown. This organization contributed greatly to the development and well-being of the church.

Women's Group — Anglican W. A..

In 1948, St. Mary's started the annual flower show and tea. This event has been much appreciated by the whole community over the years and has grown in size and popularity. Since 1977 the flower show has been jointly sponsored by Memorial Presbyterian and St. Mary's and St. Timothy's. The proceeds from the show go to the World Relief Agencies of the two churches.

St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Anglican Church has always extended a warm welcome to newcomers and visitors, including the many summer visitors who attend regularly during the summer months.

Sylvan Lake Apostolic Lutheran Church

There has officially been a Sylvan Lake Apostolic Lutheran congregation since March 4, 1920 but Finnish families of the faith had been active in the area since 1911. Although there was no regular schedule of services in those early years, services were held in the various homes as often as possible. It was quite a task to load the whole family into the cutter or the wagon and travel a number of miles to the meeting place. So, when they did, they usually stayed several days and had several services. But then it might have been some weeks before they went to the next home, whether it was in the Hespero, Condor, Leslieville, Eckville, Benalto, Sylvan Lake or Bentley district.

The minutes of the first annual meeting, after registration, list the officers as: Oscar Hilman, John Sutela, Isaac Porttin and Henry Heikkinen. The deacons were: John Palm, Hans Kannelin and John Sutela, who was also named as pastor. It appears speaking duties were shared with Antti Bellikka, who had also conducted the first confirmation class in the year prior to registration. Some confirmation classes were also conducted by John Sutela, who passed away early in 1933. A number of visiting ministers from various states also came to hold services. At these times the Unity or Young People's Hall was the gathering place. We had become affiliated with the Apostolic Lutheran Church Federation of America about 1932, soon after it was organized, and have been a member congregation ever since.

The 1933 minutes record a list of Sunday School teachers which undoubtedly indicates the first regular Bible studies started in 1935. The 1936 minutes indicate the group would continue under the direction of Mr. Gust Juuti, assisted by Ray Hilman and Walter Staudinger. It was about this time that Ray Hilman first began translating the Finnish sermon to English when English speaking people began attending. This practice continued until about 1951 when Mr. Bellikka was no longer able to preach. Now the main service was in English, followed by the Finnish, if a number of Finnish speaking persons were present. Since 1952 the annual meeting has been conducted and recorded in English. When Ray Hilman moved away in 1955, Carl Juuti conducted the services for a time until he moved away and then Reg Tisdale took over, wth assistance at various times from Harry Hilman and Raymond Hilman Jr. Hans Kannelin also spoke in Finnish, when he was able to be present, until he moved to B.C. in 1965. Now it is only when a visiting minister comes from Finland that a Finnish service is held.

In the early 1950's, when the congregation outgrew the homes, the Gospel Chapel was rented for a time. When it was decided to have Sunday morning services, the W.I. Hall was rented in town until it was possible for the group to buy the former Marianne School in 1958. Since that time, there have been various renovations and additions to render the building more or less adequate for most of our needs.

In 1961-62 we had a full-time minister, Pastor Filmer Siivikko, from Clatskanie, Oregon. He and his wife lived in Sylvan Lake.

Since 1967, Pastor Carl Juuti and his son Richard have shared ministerial duties. They also travel to various centres in Alberta and B.C. to hold services occasionally.

Larger accommodations become necessary when it is our turn to host the Regional Annual Fall Services. At these times we have been fortunate to have been able to obtain the facilities at the Sunnyside Pentecostal Camp. In 1977, judging by the number of meals served, 350-400 people attended the three-day camp services. Again in 1981 we were privileged to host some 450-500 from Alberta, B.C. and the west coast states.

Pentecostal Church/Gospel Chapel

The Pentecostal work first began in Sylvan Lake in 1938 in Mrs. Wright's cottage, "Rondebosch", across the street from the existing church. After a short time, the congregation held their services in the W.I. Hall. In 1941, a building was purchased and moved from Lower Camp to the present building location.

The back end of the bulding was partitioned off for a parsonage. Some time later, more rooms were added to accommodate any pastors with a family. The hardships of those years did not create the most homey atmosphere in the uninsulated, one-walled home. The cold was almost unbearable at times.

In 1956, with a remarkable growth in the Sunday School, a Sunday School Hall was constructed at the back of the church. At this time the name was changed from Pentecostal Tabernacle to Gospel Chapel.

Again, in 1958, the need for more space prompted the men of the church to dig a full basement. This they did by means of pick and shovel and with wheelbarrows hauling the dirt to conveyor belts to the outside. The basement was finished and a new entrance added to provide access to the lower floor.

By this time, the church bulding itself was deteriorating and it became necessary to rebuild the sanctuary. In November 1966, the new auditorium (seating capacity about 130), which was constructed over the new basement, was dedicated to the Glory of God. All the work done up to this point was donated and the church was debt free.

In 1967 the Gospel Chapel celebrated its 25th anniversary which brought many of the former pastors and members back for a visit.

In recent years four acres of land immediately south of the cemetery, have been donated by Mr. and Mrs. George Petterson for future expansion of the work in Sylvan Lake.

The pastors who have served the congregation through the years are:
Hugh Frazer — 1939-40
Miss Mable Hyssop — 1940-43
Andrew Wek — 1944
Miss Gladys Halverson, Eunice Meyer — 1945
Miss Emma Hempke, Miss Mallow — 1946
Rev. E. Peterson (wife, Emma Hempke) — 1946-50
Rev. J. Tyler — 1950-52
Rev. L. Poirier — 1952-53
Rev. S. Johnson — 1953-57
Rev. A. Sorge — 1957-62
Rev. D. Schneider — 1962-69
Rev. H. McDonald — 1969-77
Rev. N. Wynychuk — 1978-81
Rev. S. Johnson — 1981-

The people of Gospel Chapel have been blessed of the Lord over the years. The Full Gospel work continues to go on to build His Eternal Kingdom.

History of Memorial Presbyterian Church 1922-1982

The early pioneers of the Sylvan Lake community and surrounding district gathered first in their homes and then later in the Hazelwood Hotel for worship; from the hotel the congregation moved to the Dingwall Boarding House on 46th Street. The services were conducted either by the people themselves or a student minister. The Interim-Moderator at the time was the Rev. W. G. Brown, minister of Knox Presbyterian Church, Red Deer. Names familiar to the congregation in those early days were E. Grimson, J. Dingwall, Henry Jamieson, Dave and his brother Harvey Jamieson, F. McCrimmon, H. Laycock, C. Cuendet, T. B. Millar, P. Duffield, A. McCaskill, W. Falkner and Chas. Rolston.

The Ladies' Aid Society was formed in 1921 at the home of Mrs. H. H. Jamieson. The Aid, together with the Board of Managers, were able to obtain the property on which the present church building now stands. It was also in this same year, 1921, that the church building was erected; this was done by volunteer labour. In 1922, August 6, the building was dedicated to the glory of God and in memory of the early pioneers of the area; hence the name, Memorial Presbyterian Church. Through the efforts of the ladies of the congregation a pulpit, pews and organ were placed in the church sanctuary. The guiding force behind this activity was the congregation's first ordained minister, the Rev. W. G. McKechnie. Mr. McKechnie, who was blind, was a familiar and well loved personality known from Rocky Mountain House to Red Deer.

Memorial Presbyterian Church, 1922.

Early members of the choir which was formed in 1922 were: W. Burdick, B. C. Learned, P. Duffield. Those connected with the formation of the Sunday School were: Mrs. R. Steele, W. D. McKay and Harold Mann.

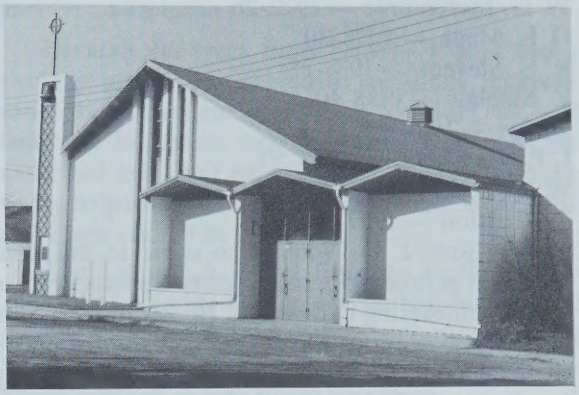
For more than twenty years after the formation of the congregation it represented the only witness to the Reformed Faith within the village and, for twenty-five years, it was the only Protestant Church in town.

The congregation had expanded to such an extent by the 1960's that the Kirk Session realized larger facilities were needed to carry on the life and work of the church. Thus it was November 1962 that saw the dedication of a new Christian Education Building and minister's study. The hall enabled the Sunday School, the weekly church groups and the ladies' organization to carry on in a much more efficient manner.

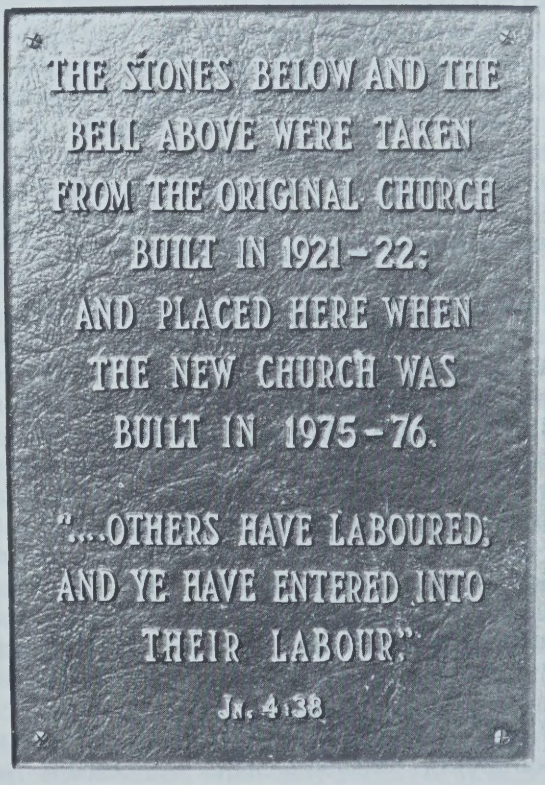
The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in the early 1970's, asked all churches to begin planning a centennial project for the year 1975. The Kirk Session realized, with the increased membership from other charges, our congregation had outgrown our original church. They, therefore, decided a new church would be our centennial project.

The annual congregational meeting of January 1974 approved of this project. Our congregation immediately became a working unit towards this end. Church groups gave unstintingly to calf projects, walkathons, teas, bazaars and annual turkey suppers to further the completion of our new church.

There was a sadness among the community as we began the demolition of this old landmark that had stood for so many years. June, 1975 saw the removal of the old church making way for the beginning of our new building. Gordon Dickau of Ponoka was engaged as contractor. The congregation responded generously to the need for volunteer help. Upon the completion of the building itself, they once again contributed overwhelmingly to the furnishings. This new sanctuary was dedicated to the glory of God on April 11, 1976.



Memorial Presbyterian Church, 1976.



The corner stone, Memorial Presbyterian Church.

The past years have seen many changes in the life and work of this congregation and the passing years have taken their toll in the ranks of those who started the work in those early days. However, their efforts have been well rewarded, for the fruits of their labors have produced a strong and thriving congregation today. The Sylvan Lake Memorial Presbyterian Church has had the privilege of serving as a holiday church for a great number of people from all parts of Canada and beyond our borders.

Over the years the pulpit was served by the following ministers:

W. G. McKechnie — 1922-26
O. E. Mann — 1928-30
R. S. Stevens — 1931-38
R. Sinclair — 1938-40
J. Hart — 1940-43
I. P. MacSween — 1943-50
W. McLeod — 1950-51
T. Roulston — 1952-55

The Rev. J. D. Yoos, who came to this congregation in June 1956, has given twenty-six years of his life ministering to this area. He has responded to the spiritual needs of two generations, is an eminent citizen and church leader and a man who is greatly loved and admired by all.

The Ladies' Aid Society, Memorial Presbyterian Church

Sylvan Lake in 1920 was already well known as one of Alberta's beautiful resorts. Tourists stood and admired the blazing sunsets, the colorful waters, the turbulent waves, even as we do today. There were those with great foresight who saw a wonderful future in this area. A place where they could make a living for their family, see their children educated and worship in the religion of their choice.

It is July 1920; let us take a stroll down main street of this village of 225 inhabitants. We will begin at the C.P.R. station on the hill where the centre of activity seems to be. The train has just pulled in and many people are disembarking. A group of 40 young C.G.I.T. girls, bubbling with excitement, have just stepped off with their leaders and are heading to the old Y.M.C.A. campground for a week of camping. Other tourists are wending their way down the board sidewalk to the hotel where they will spend a restful holiday. Let us follow along. The Imperial Bank was already here and, across the street, Jamieson's Hardware and a Real Estate Office. Why is there such a line-up? You say that cottages are in great demand and they will pay as high as $100 a month, incredible! We are passing Hillburn's Drug Store. Further east, you say it is rumored a church will be built. How impossible in that quagmire! As we stroll along we see the Municipal Office and the Telephone Exchange across the street. Here is the City Cafe and Laundry. Suddenly I hear an anvil ringing. Why, of course! There is the Blacksmith Shop. What is happening along the lakeshore? Oh yes, another car stuck in the sand. Just a little west of Main Street stands the hotel, very majestic in appearance. Presbyterian Church services are held each Sunday in this hotel with Rev. McKechnie as minister. What a future I see for this bustling community!

The pioneer women of the Presbyterian congregation were from homes with very strong religious convictions and they were concerned about a church for their community. Thus it was, they gathered together on January 5, 1921 at the home of Mrs. Harvey Jamieson to organize a Ladies' Aid Society to work towards a church. The first officers were: President, Mrs. Faulkner; Vice-President, Mrs. Jamieson; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Lynnes; Organist, Mrs. Johnson. A working convener and visiting committee were appointed. Sixteen members paid the 50¢ membership fee and they agreed to meet on the first Thursday of each month. The secretary was requested to write for a set of by-laws.

The working convener was a person with tremendous drive and initiative and, through their teas, concerts, chicken suppers and booths at the Benalto Fair, they raised substantial funds. At the end of their first year they had raised $854.08. The following year $950.00 was paid over to the church trustees towards their new church and, on August 6, 1922, the new Presbyterian Church was dedicated to the glory of God. A truly remarkable feat was accomplished in a very short period of time.

The Ladies' Aid continued to take the initiative in forward movements of the congregation and, in 1924, began the furnishing of the church. A pulpit chair, in memory of Mr. Faulkner, was purchased and in August new pews were ordered. Electric lights were installed in 1926 by D. A. and H. H. Jamieson. A house was moved in, in 1930. It was to serve as a manse. The Ladies' Aid paid for all repairs on this house and made it liveable for Rev. and Mrs. Stevens. By 1934, the Ladies' Aid felt rewarded for their continuous drive for funds as the church and manse were both free of debt.

At the annual meeting on January 2, 1936 this resolution was presented: Resolved that, in future, this organization be known and recognized as "The Ladies' Aid Society of Memorial Presbyterian Church, Sylvan Lake."

A quarter century has slipped by and the Ladies' Aid continued its untiring efforts in church work. The Aid looked after insurance on church buildings.

Where did the money come from? It was a commitment many of these ladies made to work for their church. They dedicated their lives to this end. Teas, bazaars, concerts and suppers were planned throughout the year to raise funds.

The Evening Guild was organized in 1958 to work in conjunction with the Ladies' Aid. The heavy load carried by the Aid for so many years was indeed lightened when this new ladies' group was formed.

A very beautiful church hall was built in 1962. A dedication service was held on November 8. A new project now presented itself for the Ladies' Aid and Evening Guild: furnishing the hall and kitchen. The hall has played a very wonderful part in the work of our church. We remember and appreciate all the memorable occasions held there. There were so many happy, joyous, exciting times: wedding receptions, anniversary celebrations, annual turkey suppers serving five to six hundred persons. Then there were the sad moments, too, when we met with families who had lost loved ones. There have been Presbyterial and Synod meetings as well as our Sunday School and church groups for whom our hall was originally built. Oh yes, the Ladies' Aid have provided a landmark in our town and community that has been enjoyed by all.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada was to celebrate its Centennial Year in 1975. Accordingly, in 1973, our congregation approved the building of a new church as its centennial project. Once again, the Ladies' Aid, with great drive and determination, literally turned over thousands of dollars toward this building. This beautiful church was dedicated on April 11, 1976.

The Ladies' Aid now meet in a very comfortable Social Room in the lower hall of this new building. They continue to meet on the first Thursday afternoon of the month with a membership fee of fifty cents. There are twelve registered members. They give most of their money to the Board of Managers to be used as needed. Donations are also given annually to Missions and Camp Kannawin. They support church groups that need financial assistance and also community projects. Our Aid still has a very active visiting committee.

Sixty years has taken its toll of charter and former members. They are fondly remembered and admired for their devoted service.

Proverbs, chapter 31 v 31: "Give her of the fruits of her hands, And let her own works praise her in the gates".

The Ladies' Aid are grateful for having the opportunity to serve the church and community in the past and look forward to many more years of service.

Memorial Presbyterian Evening Guild
by Jean McCutcheon

The Evening Guild was organized in October, 1958. Young mothers and working women felt there was a need for an evening group. The first meeting had nine ladies present with the roll call growing to 26 that year. We meet the first Monday of each month except for July and August. Our officers generally serve a two-year term but longer if willing. Many have occupied different offices on the executive.

Devotions at our meetings were led by our minister, the Rev. John Yoos, for many years but now our members take turns.

Through the years from 1958-1978 ours was a working group. We catered to weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, etc. as often as possible. We held (and still do) annual turkey suppers, Christmas bazaars and teas, and pancake suppers. Our purpose was to help toward building a new church hall in 1962 and a new church in 1976.

The Ladies' Aid and Evening Guild bought stoves and a fridge for the church hall kitchen and there is a good supply of dishes, cutlery, tables and chairs in the hall. The ladies also furnished the Fellowship Room in the church basement.

The Guild started the Memorial Fund in 1962 and one of our members still takes the donations but the fund is administrated by the church board.

We sponsored Explorers and then Children of the Church (C.O.C.) while they were active in our church. We send a child from the Sunday School to Camp Kannawin, help with the annual spring clean-up there, and take our turn serving coffee after church services. April is the month we hold the birthday party at the Sylvan Lake Senior Citizens' Lodge. We also donate three gifts toward their Christmas party.

Some of our members help with canvasses for Cancer, Heart, Red Cross and Bible Society each year.

The Evening Guild started the "Time Out" program in our church in the winter of 1977 and it is still going. A lot of work by a few members went into its beginning. The C.W.L. now help financially as well as being in charge of the nursery. The Ladies' Aid also donates funds to us each year. One of their members has been a faithful helper. At "Time Out" we have speakers and films and invite women of the church and community to attend, become acquainted, and enjoy the fellowship.

We took our turn at producing *The Orbiter*, the monthly newsletter of the Women of the Church (formerly Women's Missionary Society or W.M.S.). Margaret Bystrom is our representative to W.O.C.

meetings held in Red Deer and this year (1983) took over the duties of president.

Since our new church was built and our town has expanded, our congregation has grown as well. Now the church board does not need as much financial help as in former years so we are not as active a group.

Our records only go back to 1968. We have no pictures of the first officers and members. Even though we have little recorded history, we feel we have been a big help to our church in the struggling years. We have had our ups and downs, and our disagreements, but, all in all, it has been good. We enjoy the fellowship of our monthly meetings. We have our fun times too — a cook-out in June and a Christmas party. Hopefully, we will be active in our church for many years to come.

The Senior Choir of Memorial Presbyterian Church

by Mary Pell and Lil Cody

For the earliest record of the Memorial Presbyterian Church choir we have to rely on the recollections of some of its earliest members. The year of its beginning was about 1922. First members were: W. Burdick, B. C. Learned, Percy and Nellie Duffield. No doubt there were others, but we have no record of them.

For the opening of the new church building in 1922, the first reed organ was purchased by the Ladies' Aid for $100.00. Mrs. Nellie Duffield was the first organist and R. Cutlan Sr. choir leader. After 17 years of service, this organ was retired to the Sunday School Hall, later to be sold.

The second organ, also a reed, was bought new in 1939 by the Ladies' Aid for $260.00. Our organists in the past years would have the most vivid recollections of the exceptional fitness necessary to pump out the chords from those marvellous instruments, now a thing of the past. This reed organ was traded in on the first electric one, purchased by the Evening Guild in 1960 for $1400.00. In 1976 the choir had an opportunity to buy a Baldwin organ at High River. It was in good condition and we got it on sale for $1800.00.

Memorial Church's first choir (no gowns).

Those early years were the days before choir gowns. The members wore coats and hats as they led the hymn-singing on cold Sunday evenings. The coal furnace that was supposed to supply the heat for the church was not alway reliable. It would sputter and smoke for a while then, all of a sudden, a blast of hot air would come up through the register.

At one time the organ was lowered into a pit in the centre part of the loft so that the organist would have a better view of the choir. This enabled her to watch the taking of the offering, in a "rear view mirror" atop the organ and, on a nod from the ushers, knew when to start the offertory hymn. It became necessary to put an electric heater in the pit beside the organist and organ to keep both functional during the cold winter evenings.

In 1943 our leader, Mrs. Dodds, and choir members decided we should wear gowns. How to acquire them was another matter. We appealed to the congregation and the town merchants for financial aid. It was through their interest and generosity we were able to collect $58.00. With this money we bought the material for the gowns and collars. We had a work bee with Ann Bloom in charge. She managed to borrow a gown and cut a pattern from it. She also did most of the cutting; the rest of the members helped with the sewing and pressing. The final results were very rewarding. We had 26 black taffeta gowns with white detachable pique collars which served us well for 27 years.

Our choir room in the old church was something else. Imagine a room about eight feet by seven feet, a door at one end leading to the sanctuary, another door at the other end leading outside. A cupboard six feet high and two feet in depth kept the gowns and music neatly stored. There were cracks about the floor and window. There was no escape from wintry gusts as each member arrived and opened the outside door. We had to find a place for coats and winter boots, slip into a gown and, with music in hand, stand in line waiting for the signal (the ringing of the church bell) to enter into the sanctuary. Nevertheless, this remarkable choir of 18 — 28 in number would emerge smiling and happy to lead the congregation in song. The minister, necessarily and wisely, awaited the choir in the safety of a front pew.

It must be concluded that the members of the choir in those good-old-days were good-natured folk indeed. We are proud to tell that we still have some of those in our choir today who have remained constant for 25 years or more.

Not all the efforts of this choir were confined to regular services here. Every Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving or other special event within the church brought out the members with renewed dedication to prepare something "special" for the occasion. They have also sung in other congregations such as Evarts, Markerville, Centerville, Benalto, Rocky Mountain House and Red Deer. The choirs have participated in Palm Sunday and Mass Choir Rallies within the Presbytery since their inception and in the Kiwanis Christmas Carol programs in the Memorial Centre, Red Deer. The members have very fond recollections of the wonderful hospitality accorded them on these visits.

Although we may sometimes think it was a lot of hard work, members more readily remember the good times they have enjoyed in fellowship together. Some of the earliest memories include going to Adie Kanten's after choir practice and being served a tasty lunch by his mother. Then there was Christmas caroling, the home-made doughnuts and coffee at "Cheerio Cottage" with Mr. and Mrs. Jack May hosting. There were wiener roasts at Camp Kannawin and barbecues at Helen and Gerry Fisher's. A never-to-be-forgotten first and last progressive dinner at the home of Harry and Alice Durward for the main course, a six-mile drive through the worst snow storm of the year to the home of Faith and Oscar Johanson for dessert and coffee. In more recent years we have greatly enjoyed gala Christmas parties and, after practice, coffee times as guests of the Evening Guild in the church hall. We always enjoy the barbecue at the home of Doris and Charlie Turner, which has become an annual occasion just before summer recess at the end of June.

A new church was built in 1975-76. We decided to raise funds for the furnishings for the choir loft. We had a bake sale, white elephant sales, a booth at the Christmas Bazaar and spring concerts. We also received many cash donations.

The choir members now enjoy the use of a well-furnished and spacious room in the church basement to prepare for the service with ample room for gowns and music.

Looking back now over the years, we have been so very fortunate to have had a great number of dedicated people. Some have had formal training in leadership, singing, playing the organ and piano, but the majority of them just loved music and loved to sing.

The present Senior Choir members are grateful for the privileges we enjoy as members of this congregation and the opportunity to serve our church and our Lord.

Sylvan Lake Roman Catholic Church History (1900-1983)

contributed by E. J. Dietrich with the help of material from Father Henri Voisin P.S.M., the Red Deer Archives, the Archdiocesan Archives and fellow parishioners, 1982-1983.

The initial portion of this history (1900-1916) was taken from notes kept by Father Henri Voisin P.S.M. This journal, written in French, recorded the early history of the Catholic settlers of the Sylvan Lake area and the events which affected their lives.

There was no settlement at Sylvan Lake before 1900 and no road between Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. Among the first colonists, who came from Eastern Canada and the United States, were Catholic families: the Loiselles, the Fauchers, the Dominiques, the Dallaires and the Monettes. They came during the depression, in a rainy season when the area around Burnt Lake was covered with water and the 16-mile trip from Red Deer sometimes took three days. The travellers had to follow a trail which lay along the south and west sides of the hills near the C.N.R. tracks.

In 1903, a small German-Swiss colony was established on the west side of the Lake, one mile north of the main west trail. An elderly German-Swiss lady, Mrs. Agatha Huerleman, and her sons, Joseph and Albert, obtained a section of land in this area. M. M. Wester, Joseph Heinrich and August Angerhn completed the little colony. Halfway between this colony and the Loiselle homestead lived a French-Swiss bachelor named Joe Rosse. Irvin Palmer now lives on the Rosse homestead.

During 1904 the colony was visited by two priests. The first was Father C. Dobois O.M.I.; the second was Father Van Den Dacle O.M.I., who was in charge of a vast district stretching from Hobbema to Calgary. That same year, Father Henry Voisin and Father P. Bazin, priests of Ste. Marie de Tinchebray (in France) arrived in Canada. In November 1904, Father Voisin was stationed at Innisfail, a mission almost without Catholics. On Christmas Day, 1904, Father Voisin said Mass in a $14' \times 20'$ unfinished plank store in Red Deer.

The following is an adaptation of an account of Father Voisin's first eventful trip to visit the Catholic families of Sylvan Lake.

On December 26, 1904, Father borrowed an old horse, whose teeth could not tell his age and, saddling the poor horse, started his trip. The temperature was between 30° and 40° below zero that morning, but the sun was shining and "the soul of the missionary was full of confidence." With a stiff-legged horse and an inexperienced horseman (wrapped up in a fur coat), Father found his trip very long. He had left Red

Deer at 9:00 a.m. and was still wandering around lost in the woods north of Burnt Lake at 3:00 p.m. Eventually, he arrived at the Dominique homestead. Father spent that evening with a newly-arrived French couple. The young lady had arrived in Red Deer the day before and had come from the station in a cutter to the homestead near that of the Dominiques. Although she was protected by buffalo robes, she almost froze her feet in the elegant French shoes she wore. It was amusing to see the bewilderment of the stylish little Parisienne on the primitive farm of our homesteaders.

On December 27, Mrs. Dominique consented to take the priest to the Catholic families of the district. Two little cayuses were hitched to the cutter. The corpulent hostess took her place, covering herself with blankets, while her companion vainly attempted to occupy what little space was left on the seat (with half of himself out of the cutter).

About midday they arrived at the Adelard Faucher home — a newly constructed one-room log house which was filled with numerous children. Night soon fell and all nestled down as best they could. Next morning Father said Mass in that house. Later that day, Father and Mrs. Dominique crossed the lake on the ice and snow. The cayuses went slowly and, in the middle of the afternoon, they arrived at the German-Swiss colony and were welcomed by Agatha Huerleman who spoke only German. Father could not speak her language, nor understand it either. Their communication was limited to signs and, laughter, when the impossibility of the signs was evident.

Leaving there they travelled on a very narrow trail, barely the width of the cutter and scarcely visible, at some distance from the Lake. The trail led through thick bushes, between two lines of lofty poplars which grew very close to one another. The trail opened into a small clearing where a log hut stood, the home of Mr. Joe Rosse. The travellers stopped here, accepted the gracious offer of a cup of coffee, then left again and were immediately swallowed by the trail as they proceeded east.

The next place was Mr. Alexandre Loiselle's farm, located behind the hotel — the only commercial building in Sylvan Lake. At that time, Mr. Loiselle and his young family lived on the farm.

They started out again, almost at nightfall. It was soon dark and they could hardly discern any sign of the trail. Mrs. Dominique did not want to risk getting lost and decided to stop at the nearest place. This was the farm of Mr. Julian Armeneau, a Frenchman married to an English girl.

The next day, December 29, Father Voisin arrived back in Red Deer. In the years that followed, the priest stationed at Innisfail was in charge of a vast district and visited Sylvan Lake only at rare intervals.

Some French people from the "old country" came to reinforce the little group at Sylvan Lake. Among these were a Mr. Raymond and Mr. Charles Archambault. Then came a Mr. Lans, who built the first store at Sylvan Lake. Mr. August Loquet, his sister and a Mr. F. Gerard also came at this time. This little group all settled near one another on the west shore of the Lake, two miles from the store, in a wild area which had a special charm.

In 1905, Father Voisin built a church in Innisfail and, in 1906, he built a temporary chapel in the south part of Red Deer. It is said he had to shingle the chapel by himself because the roof was so steep that his volunteers would not work on it.

In 1908, Father Voisin P.S.M. took up his permanent residence in Red Deer and built a priest's residence and the first part of the Convent. These were the first buildings on the north side of the Red Deer River. A few months earlier, Father Voisin made a trip to France to secure the services of the Daughters of Wisdom (order of Sisters) and to raise the necessary funds for the buildings and the establishment of the Convent. On the same trip, he brought back priests of his order whom he located at Castor, Stettler, Carstairs and Trochu.

In 1908, as an acknowledgement of the services rendered by his order of the Priests of Sainte Marie of Tinchebray (P.S.M.) in Central Alberta, Father Henri Voisin was received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Pius X and was granted a papal autograph.

From 1909 to 1912 Masses were said at the following places in Sylvan Lake and area: Mr. Archambault's store, Mr. Faucher's farm and the homes of Mr. Gerard and Mr. Loquet. In 1910 the Chambon family and Mr. Bellefontaine arrived and the priest was promptly welcomed into that hospitable home.

Father Voisin's journal records that, until 1911, improvements at Sylvan Lake were slow. Then the railway tracks of both the C.N.R. and C.P.R. reached here and Sylvan Lake began its fugitive hour of prosperity. Properties were sub-divided; streets were marked out and the sound of carpenters' hammers resounded in the air as plank houses appeared on the soil. Soon Sylvan Lake developed in three different areas; the first two each had a hotel, store and pool room; the third had a combined post office and store.

Now that there were plenty of hotels, stores and places of amusement, Father Voisin decided that the moment had come to "enliven the completely materialistic atmosphere by the salutary presence of a church", in order to consolidate the Roman Catholics in the community. A corner of the hillside, the site of the present church, was donated by Mr. Alexandre Loiselle. In June, Mr. Emile Hermary from Red Deer arrived with all the necessary equipment to start the chapel.

The first Roman Catholic Church Sylvan Lake, 1912.

The walls of the church were being built in July 1912, when a wind storm almost tore them down but, eventually, the exterior of the church was finished. On August 15, 1912, the modest church was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and was given the name of "Our Lady of the Assumption."

In 1913, the elderly Mrs. Huerleman returned to Switzerland after seeing Joe married to Marie Heinrich on September 22, 1913. This was the first wedding in the new Sylvan Lake church.

Father P. J. Chauvin, who was to be in charge of the new congregation, said Mass and immediately organized a regular monthly service. After benediction a basket social was held in Mr. Alexandre Loiselle's large hotel. The little group and their church had a fine start! Mr. Alloys Kroetch improved the looks of the new mission — so much so that it tended to take on the form of an independent parish and led to the start of a rectory. The modest presbytery, constructed behind the church, was found to be too small and was at once doubled in size. The church was finished with fine pews made in Calgary. Two statues, donated by Mr. Alexandre Loiselle, decorated the bare interior of the unfinished church. A concert was held in 1914 to defray expenses.

In May 1915, Father Henri Voisin once more took charge of Sylvan Lake when he succeeded Father P. J. Chauvin. In July 1915, the little mission had its first visit from an archbishop — Archbishop Legal — and six people received the sacrament of confirmation.

In July 1915, regular weekly catechism lessons began for the first time under the direction of Miss Charlotte Kroetch.

"Now the boom period", commented Father Voisin, "with its immeasurable prosperity had come to an end." The latter part of 1915 saw a continual exodus of the population of Sylvan Lake in general, as well as parishioners in particular. Half of the houses were empty! One third of the parishioners were gone! Many of these people, rich in land and hopes, now found themselves on the threshold of poverty. In 1915, Mr. Alexandre Loiselle succeeded in collecting only $60.00 on a sum of $6000.00 owing him. Some years before, Mr. F. Gerard refused a cash offer of $17,000.00 for his land. In 1916, he lost his land because he could not pay the taxes! As if financial distress was not enough, sickness and operations added more stress and expense.

Father Voisin concluded his notes with the following: "These lines have been written in February 1916, after a week of radiant summer sunshine, succeeding 40 days of bitter continuous cold, of which we keep a sad souvenir."

Rev. Father Henri Voisin of the Priests of Ste. Marie de Tinchebray served Sylvan Lake until 1924 when he, and the other priests of his order, left the Edmonton Archdiocese. During that time he was assisted by Father Paul Renut P.S.M.

In 1924, Father J. R. MacDonald replaced Father Voisin as parish priest in Red Deer and served Sylvan Lake from there until 1927. During this time, he was assisted by the following priests: Father Rupert O'Neill, 1924-1925; Father J. O. Sullivan (probably his first posting after his ordination on May 28, 1925), 1925-1926; Father M. Harnett, 1926-1927.

In 1927, Sylvan Lake ceased to be a mission and became a parish for the first time when Father M. Harnett P.P., formerly an assistant in Red Deer, became the first parish priest at Our Lady of the Assumption Church. He remained in that capacity until 1929. Then Sylvan Lake was once more served from Red Deer by Very Rev. Joseph MacDonald P.P. until 1932. During this time Father MacDonald was assisted by the following priests: Father J. O. Sullivan, 1929-1930; Father A. McLellan, 1930-1931. In 1932, Father W. P. McNabb P.P. replaced Father MacDonald as parish priest in Red Deer and served Sylvan Lake until 1941.

Father S. G. Stewart P.P. came to Sylvan Lake and became Our Lady of the Assumption's resident parish priest. In 1946, he moved to Rocky Mountain House and, until 1947, served Sylvan Lake from there. From 1947 to 1950, Sylvan Lake was once more served from Red Deer by Father W. P. McNabb P.P. During this time, he was assisted by Father P. McCorkell (1949-1950).

Father Benegnus Rizdorfer O.S.B. (Father Benny) came to Sylvan Lake in July, 1950 and remained until March 1951. In 1951, Father Bazil Butts P.P. came to Sylvan Lake and Our Lady of the Assumption Church once more had a resident priest.

Father Finley R. MacDonald P.P. replaced Father Butts in 1955 and stayed until 1960. He was replaced

by Father Duncan J. MacDonell. Father MacDonell was assisted during his stay by Father A. Prendergast (1960-1961). On August 1, 1963, Father J. O. Sullivan returned to Sylvan Lake for the third time and became pastor of Our Lady of the Assumption parish, replacing Father MacDonell who, after leaving Sylvan Lake, joined the mission team in Peru to assist in the operation of a parish which was under the auspices of the Archdiocese of Edmonton.

Father Sullivan saw the need for a new and larger church. There was a real design problem because of the influx of summer visitors, but a good plan was finally developed. In the fall of 1964 the old church, which had served the parish for 52 years, was demolished and construction began. The rectory was moved and it became the residence of Barry and Jeanine Cordon. Father Sullivan stayed in the summer residence of Ben Ronellenfitch while the church was being built. The new church was finished in the spring of 1965 with the official opening being held on March 7 of that year. Over 250 interested persons visited for their "open house". Dedication ceremonies took place on May 23, 1965. The church was blessed by His Grace Archbishop Anthony A. Jordan of Edmonton. Father Kroetch, dean of the Red Deer Deanery, assisted at Mass and Father Butts of Drayton Valley preached the sermon. Father Sullivan was highly praised for the work undertaken by him in organizing the building of the church. Other former priests who were able to attend were Father Stewart and Father MacDonald of Camrose. Monsignor Rooney of Westlock was also a guest. Father Leo Sullivan of Calgary, brother of Father Joseph Sullivan, was guest speaker. Mayor Warren Dunford, on behalf of the town of Sylvan Lake, spoke briefly to congratulate the people of the parish. Also, on this occasion, the 40th anniversary of the ordination of Father Sullivan (May 28, 1925) was celebrated.

Our Lady of the Assumption Church and Rectory, 1965.

On March 17, 1967, Father J. O. Sullivan passed away in the rectory at Sylvan lake at 70 years of age. Following a Requiem Mass at Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Sylvan Lake, and a Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral in Edmonton on March 21, Father Sullivan was laid to rest in the Holy Cross Cemetery in Edmonton.

During the summer of 1967, Sylvan Lake parish was served by priests from Sacred Heart parish in Edmonton, Sacred Heart parish in Red Deer (Father Thomas Kroetch) and St. Joseph's Seminary (Father C. Nearing).

On September 5, 1967, Father Michael Heffernan P.P. came from Hardisty to serve at our parish. After having been without a parish priest for six months, Father's arrival was welcomed. He was greeted, however, with a seemingly insurmountable debt on the church buildings. But, with money-raising projects, generous contributions from parishioners and summer visitors and a priest who could operate on a limited budget, the mortgage was paid in full — two years before it was due.

In 1968, Father J. J. O'Halloran (age 76) retired from Our Lady of Grace parish at Castor, where he had served as parish priest for 42 years, and came to make his home with Father Heffernan at the Sylvan Lake rectory.

Father Heffernan placed great emphasis on parish and community "family". Along with the spiritual duties of his parish, over the years he became involved in many projects which involved the whole community — leadership training, the Red Cross swim program, the drug scene and recreation programs. During the summer months he successfully directed Our Lady of Victory Camp at Gull Lake. His musical talent and ability occasioned many enjoyable social functions which often included many members of the community.

On June 19, 1975, the parish gathered to help Father J. J. O'Halloran celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and also his 83rd birthday. Archbishop Joseph MacNeil, over 30 priests and religious personnel from throughout Alberta and his many friends were in attendance. Father had now been retired in Sylvan Lake for seven years and still managed to take an active part in the parish.

On August 15, 1976, the church of Our Lady of the Assumption was filled to capacity when parishioners and guests congregated for the ceremony of the official burning of the mortgage on the church building. On this feast day of the patroness of the church a Mass of Thanksgiving was offered, during which the mortgage was symbolically burned on the altar. Later, everyone proceeded to the Tournament House for a formal celebration.

On August 26, 1976, Our Lady of the Assump-

Burning of mortgage on altar, 1976. L to R: J. Psikla, Father Heffernan, E. Dietrich.

tion parish hosted a farewell social in honor of Father Heffernan, prior to his leaving Sylvan Lake. A large crowd of parishioners, clergy and members of the community gathered at the Tournament House to show their appreciation of all that Father had done during his nine years at Sylvan Lake. With presentations from the parish, the C.W.L., the altar boys and others came many wishes for blessings and happiness in his new parish. Mayor R. W. Blick, representing the Town of Sylvan Lake, presented Father with an inscribed plaque recognizing "services generously offered to the people of the Town of Sylvan Lake." In late August, Father Michael Heffernan left Sylvan Lake to assume his duties at his new parish — St. Paul's in the Beverly district of Edmonton.

In September 1976, Father Theodore Rosmahel arrived in Sylvan Lake to be the new resident parish priest.

Father J. J. O'Halloran was honored June 1, 1980 on the occasion of the 55th jubilee of his ordination and his 88th birthday. After Mass, celebrated by Father, his former parishioners, members of the clergy and his many friends joined him in the parish hall for a pot-luck dinner and a program of presentations and messages. His delightful sense of humor was glimpsed often throughout the afternoon and the standing ovation evidenced the esteem in which he is

Junior Choir and Father O'Halloran on his 90th birthday.

held. On his 90th birthday, the parish once again gathered to help him celebrate. Even though his steps are a bit slower, he still says daily Mass in the church and helps out in the parish when he can.

After six years at Our Lady of the Assumption parish, Father Theodore Rozmahel received a posting to Vegreville in August 1982. To bid him farewell, parishioners, friends and guests from the camp assembled at the parish hall on Sunday, August 8. Father was thanked and commended for his work and dedication at Our Lady of Victory Camp which he directed for the past six years.

Once again Our Lady of the Assumption parish is without a resident priest. At the present time, the parish is being served by the priests of St. Mary's in Red Deer, Father Paul Kingston C.S.C. and his assistant, Father Hugh McGillivray C.S.C.

The Catholic Women's League (CWL)

In the early years of Our Lady of the Assumption parish, before the organization of the Catholic Women's League, a group of ladies under the guidance of the parish priest, Father Joseph MacDonald, formed an organization known as the Altar Society. The first president was Mrs. Clara Wilkinson and secretary-treasurer was Mary Heinrich. This was in 1929. Mary remained in that capacity for 10 years when that position was taken over by Mrs. Isabel Daley. The Altar Society took on the responsibility of fund-raising for the upkeep of the church, the care of the altar and the church linens, providing food and heating fuel for the priests, cleaning of the church and priests' residences.

Yearly functions were many, the main ones being the fowl suppers and the St. Patrick's teas, bazaars and bake sales. In the early years, with no church hall, the suppers were held at the Prom Hall operated by the Henry Hussfeldts, later on at the Mayflower

Restaurant, the Antler Lodge and the Legion Hall. During the late 1930's, Mrs. Hagerman, president, relates that after travelling far and wide for donations of chickens, the fowl supper price per plate was 35¢!

In February, 1961 the Catholic Women's League, under the auspices of the Archidiocese of Edmonton, was formed. The first president of the newly formed group was Mrs. Kay Komarnicki, first secretary-treasurer was Mrs. Isabel Daley and the spiritual director was Father Duncan MacDonell. Since its formation, the CWL in Sylvan Lake has maintained an average yearly membership of approximately 30 ladies.

Spiritually, an extensive program has been upheld, using directives and guidelines provided by the Diocesan C.W.L.: bereavement programs, Evenings of Recollection and religious programs. Members have acted as choir leaders, religious education instructors and particpants in the Sunday liturgy.

In other areas, the C.W.L. has voiced its disapproval in the form of petitions and letterwriting, on controversial subjects which contravene Christian beliefs and principles. The league has always supported Scouting and Guiding programs and programs for senior citizens. It has supplied scholarships and funded many charities. It supports the missions in northern Canada and also in Central America by the sponsorship of a foster child.

In the early 1970's, due to the large debt on the new church, fundraising had, of necessity, to be increased. A catering convener was added to the executive and catering to the functions in the community became a common occurrence. As a result, over $12,000.00 was donated toward the reducing of the debt. The Irish stew supper and raffle held every year on March 17 has become a very popular tradition as well as an invaluable source of revenue.

The standing committees of the C.W.L., Christian Family Life and Communication, complement each other in fostering better family life and more openness and dialogue among all members.

Sylvan Lake Seventh Day Adventist Church

The Sylvan Lake Seventh Day Adventist Church had its early beginnings in the Burnt Lake-Centerville Districts where members of that faith, the O. D. Fitches, Thomas Thompsons and Rasmussens met in their homes for Sabbath School and Church. As more such families moved into the area, the Burnt Lake School was used and, in 1942, a new church was opened in that district, first called the Red Deer Seventh Day Adventist Church and then renamed the Burnt Lake Seventh Day Adventist Church, January 4, 1945.

In 1969 the members felt the need of a church in Sylvan Lake. Lots were purchased at the corner of 47 Avenue East and 46 Street. Work started in 1970 with Ted Andrews, Wilfred Kenzle and Pastor John Anderson as the main carpenters. Again, the members gave their loyal support in work and in cash.

The church opening was held March 13, 1971. At that time the baptized membership was over 70. Now, in 1983, the church membership has grown to 123 baptized members. Also, many interested persons attend regularly.

Sabbath School starts at 10:00 a.m. and the recorded membership is 145. Everyone is welcome to attend the following classes: Cradle Roll, Kindergarten, Primary and Junior. Each division has individual rooms with their own leaders, teachers and programs. The youth and senior classes meet together except for the lesson study when the Youth have a separate class. All ages are welcome to attend the church worship at 11:00 a.m.

The Sylvan Lake Seventh Day Adventist Church operates a private school for grades one to nine. For a few years, the classes were held in the church basement. In 1975, a new school, Sylvan Meadows Academy, located on land a few miles southwest of the town donated by Mr. and Mrs. Duke Bell, was opened. The enrollment is about 30 pupils.

Community services sponsored by the Sylvan Lake Adventist Church are: the Neighborhood Bible Club, Vacation Bible School, Five-Day Stop Smoking Plan, Natural Way to Weight Control and Nutrition Cooking Classes. These are open to everyone in the community. Each Christmas, the ladies of the church provide a dinner and program to all the senior citizens of the area.

History of Sylvan Lake Schools

by Steffie Woima

Before 1911, children of the early settlers of Sylvan Lake, attended either the Kuusamo School to the west of the present town, or the Finland School to the east. The present Main Street of this town was the eastern boundary of the Kuusamo School and the western boundary of the Finland School. In 1909, the name of the Finland School was changed to the Sylvan Lake School.

Sylvan Dell School (about 1914–1916): Teacher — Miss Gudmundson. From L. to R. — Back row: Martha Bloon, ? Bloon, Arthur Loiselle, Edward Kaila, Vaino Pastobak, Elmer Leeti, Kenneth Wilkinson. Second row: Hilma Pastobak, Ida Kaila, Hilda Pastobak, Hilda Pass, Nina Faucher, Elmer Faucher. Front row: Haydee Vandurme, Irene Vandurme, Aime Vandurme, Alex Dingwall, Morris Bloon, Harvey Kaila, and Isaac Kaila.

The Sylvan Dell School District, No. 2595, was organized on September 30, 1911. It consisted of Sections 20, 21, 28, 29, 30 and 31; the N.W.¼ of Section 22; portions of Sections 32 and 33 lying south of the lake in Township 38, Range 1; the portion of S.E.¼ Section 4 lying south and east of the lake; the fraction of Sections 5 and 6 lying south of the lake, Township 39, Range 1, West of the Fifth Meridian. The total area of this new school district consisted of 5,528 acres.

Mr. C. J. Rutter was the first chairman, and Mr. Julien Armeneau and Mr. C. E. Cox the trustees. Mr. R. P. Jones became the secretary-treasurer. This gentleman had the distinction of being the first person to ride as a passenger on the Canadian National Railway.

On February 19, 1912, the site for the Sylvan Dell School was selected, one-half mile south of the present Sylvan Lake Hotel. *The Alberta Gazette* of March 19, 1912 records that permission was granted to borrow $800 for the purpose of purchasing a school site, building and equipping the schoolhouse.

The Sylvan Dell School opened on September 23, 1912, with Miss Harriet L. Smith of Saint John, New Brunswick as teacher.

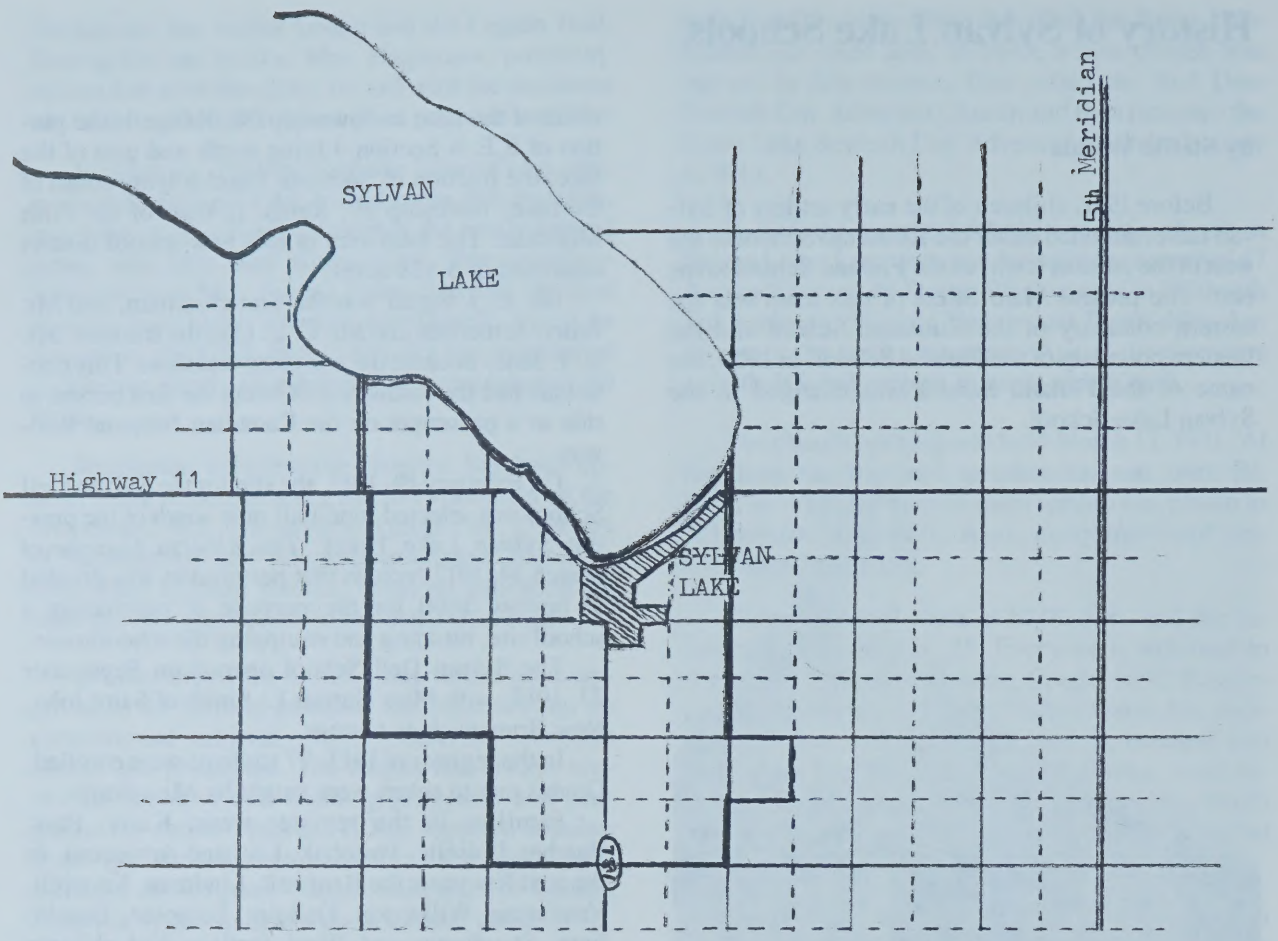
In the register of 1913, 27 students were enrolled. Grades one to seven were taught by Miss Smith.

Families in the register were: Kaila, Pass, Faucher, Loiselle, Pastobak, Liiti and Armeneau. In the next few years the Bardwell, Lindman, Knoepfli, Vandurme, Wilkinson, Dallaire, Lemoine, Dominique, Staudinger and Wold families had children going to school.

On May 11, 1915, upon recommendation of the school inspector, Mr. J. F. Boyce, the Sylvan Dell School was renamed the Sylvan Lake School, while the school east of town became the Norma School.

In this particular year, school was held from June to August. Grades one to six were taught and there was an enrollment of 25. It was noted that the school inspector had visited the school on June 9, 1915. On June 2 and July 14, attendance at the school had been very poor. The reason given was very heavy rain. Gerald O'Connor, the teacher at this time, kept a daily record of the weather in the register.

In 1920 a new two-room school was built at N.E. 29-33-1-W5. The school land contained almost 21 acres. When the school opened in 1921, Mr. Coffee was the principal and Miss Maud Baker the primary teacher. Later, another room was added to the back of this building. At the front of this school on the peak of the main roof, a short, square steeple housed a large cast iron bell. It was the duty of one of the teachers in that building to grasp the two-inch rope firmly and pull. The pealing of this bell signalled the beginning of school or the end of recess. It must be



SYLVAN LAKE SCHOOL DISTRICT #2595

(Established September 30, 1911)

admitted that often the puller was not as punctual as the electrically controlled systems are now.

The original one-room schoolhouse was sold, in 1924, to Mr. Brodie. He moved this building across the C.P.R. tracks and converted it into a creamery.

The Sylvan Lake October school report was published on Thursday, November 14, 1935 in *The Sylvan Lake News*. It listed each student's mark, from highest to lowest, in grades three to eight.

Sylvan Lake continued to grow and more school rooms were necessary. In 1938 a two-room high school was built. Mr. Glen Paul was the principal. Grades one through eleven were taught and there were 170 students on the registers. One hundred of these pupils were in grades six to eleven. This white stucco building was later moved and became the Central Apartments.

The school population continued to increase. The primary children attended school in the Legion Hall, the W.I. Hall or Rosse's Store on 2nd Street East. The remaining students attended the two schools on the hill. High school students were bussed to the Lindsay Thurber Composite High School in Red Deer. In 1947, to ease this situation, the Unity Hall from southwest of town was moved onto the school grounds. This provided another two rooms, a total of seven classrooms altogether.

On August 1, 1956, many local school boards became a thing of the past when the Sylvan Lake School District was included, by Ministerial Order, in the Red Deer School Division, No. 35. Now the Sylvan Lake School became the centralized school for the outlying districts of New Hola, Centerville, Norma, Burnt Lake, Marianne, Pine Hill and part of Kuusamo. Mr. Jack Innes of Sylvan Lake was elected as trustee to the newly formed Board of Education of the Red Deer School Division.

With this influx of children, conditions again became so crowded that school was held in various places — the basement of the 1947 school, Norma and Centreville Schools, the W.I. and Legion Halls.

A much larger school was imperative and, in 1959, the first part of the present school was built. It had twelve classrooms, an enrollment of 300 students and grades one to ten were taught. Mr. R. W. Blick was the principal. Students from the rural areas were bussed to this central school. High school students in grades 11 and 12 continued to travel by bus to the Lindsay Thurber Composite High School.

A two-storey building was added to the existing school in 1962. Grades one to twelve were taught, but some junior high school students still travelled to River Glen School in Red Deer for Household Economics and Industrial Arts.

In this same year, the white frame building was moved, renovated and now serves as the Sylvan Lake Town Hall.

As a memento of the past, the cast iron bell was mounted on a cement base in front of the new school. Unfortunately, it disappeared one night and has not been seen nor heard of since.

Fire drills were and are a part of the school routine. During the Cuban Crisis in 1962 our schools experienced a first. Air raid drills were held! All were thankful when peace prevailed and these frightening drills were discontinued.

In 1963, the County system was formed and the school became a part of the County of Red Deer. Mrs. C. Pat Blakely became the trustee for the town and continues in this capacity to this day.

There were 552 children and staff of 28 teachers in the Sylvan Lake School in September, 1967. Mr. R. W. Blick continued as principal.

When areas south and east of the town were developed, the population was almost tripled in the space of a few years. Again the school was bulging at the seams and more classrooms were needed.

In September 1979, the doors of a new twelve-room elementary school were opened. It was built on seven acres of land and situated at 33-38-1-W5.

A name was necessary. The Board of Education decided to call this school Sylvan Lake School No. II. The existing school was to be known as Sylvan Lake School No. I. A great uproar ensued over the numbering. Some stated that it reminded them of the "good-old-days" when they had to hold up one or two fingers to go to the washroom. The Board rescinded their decision and requested input from citizens. The older school then became known as the H. J. Cody School, while the new one was named the C. P. Blakely School.

Mr. H. J. Cody, a well-respected teacher, taught school for 41 years, 36 of them in the Sylvan Lake School. He started teaching here in 1935 and taught until his retirement in 1971. For several years he was the principal. His specialty was teaching mathematics, but some of his former students remember him better for his "Cody grip". Two students were settling a difference of opinions with their fists, unaware that Mr. Cody had walked up behind them. The fighting ceased immediately when he clasped each student behind the neck, one with each hand.

The C. P. Blakely School was named after Colleyne Patricia Blakely, a Sylvan Lake trustee in 1963. She was accorded this honor for her leadership as Chairman of the Board of Education from 1967 to the present time.

In March 1979, a fire, deliberately set, caused over a quarter of a million dollars damage. The main entry, staff room, the gym and a classroom were extensively damaged. No classes were held in the Junior and Senior High School area for a week. With a great deal of reorganization and working under difficulties, the school year was completed. Many a student has secretly wished the school would burn, but most had a different reaction when the event actually happened. Credit must be given to the many students who voluntarily helped to clean up the mess.

Plans had been completed to renovate the school to accommodate Industrial Arts, but as a result of the fire, an addition to the existing building was approved for Household Economics and Industrial Arts.

In September 1982, there were 314 pupils, from grades one to six at the C. P. Blakely School. All the rural elementary students and those residing east of Main Street attend this school. Because of a shortage of space at the H. J. Cody School, over 60 students in Grades four and five, living west of Main Street, also attend the C. P. Blakely School. Mr. Wayne Nylin is the principal and there are 15 teachers.

Grades one to twelve are taught at the H. J. Cody School. Elementary school children living west of Main Street, plus the rural and town Junior and Senior High School students attend this school. About 637 students are enrolled in this school. There are 28 teaching stations with 34 teachers on staff. Mr. Robert Swabey is the principal.

As this school is jammed to 100% capacity, there are plans in the near future to build another elementary school. The H. J. Cody School would then become a junior and senior high school.

It is unfortunate that much information about our early schools is lost as neither the old minute books nor the old school registers can be located.

In 72 years many changes have taken place. From the one teacher with many grades, there are 49 teach-

ers with, in most cases, one grade per teacher. From 27 pupils in 1911, there are almost 1000 in 1983. Teacher qualifications have changed drastically from one-year teacher training at a Normal School to a Bachelor of Education Degree after four years at university. From one frame building housing a cloakroom and classroom, we have gone to school complexes with a multitude of classrooms, gymnasiums, libraries, offices and so on. In the early days, a barn sheltered the horses used for transportation by some, while now parking lots are provided for students' and teachers' vehicles.

These comparisons denote some of the vast and dramatic changes which have taken place in the schools. May future changes continue for the betterment of the education of our children.

School Fairs
by Elsie Hunter

Promoted by the Department of Agriculture, under the direction of the Schools of Agriculture, the Alberta School Fairs originated in 1926 or 1927 and were held at various points throughout the province, one of these being Sylvan Lake.

These fairs were full day events — the afternoon taken up with several sports activities — and were held every September. They were discontinued in the late thirties because of the slumping economy, better known to many of us as "the dirty thirties".

Schools of the area participating were: Sylvan Lake, Burnt Lake, Norma, Durham, Rainy Creek and, I believe, Kuusamo, Marianne and Centerville. Like many of your large fairs of today, there were displays of art, penmanship, sewing, baking, canning, woodwork, grains, vegetables, calves, colts, chickens, pigs — you name it and it was there.

Items entered were governed by rules set up by the Schools of Agriculture (e.g. recipes for baking, animals born within a certain period, etc.). The student entering was fully responsible for training and caring for an animal, preparing grains and vegetables, doing his/her own baking and sewing, and so on. I recall one year my elder brother, Warren, and I entered in most all the competitions and, for apple pie, he got First and I placed Second. Oh, well!

A girl and a boy receiving the highest points for entries was chosen from each fair and rewarded by being able to spend one week during the following July at the Olds School of Agriculture, all expenses paid. I, a Durham student, was honored to be chosen from the Sylvan Lake School Fair in 1931. Arthur Pickering, a fellow student, was the boy chosen the same year.

The first fairs held in Sylan Lake were held in the hotel which stood where the Turbo Service Station is now. Later, the original Curling rink building (on the site of the present R.C.M.P. building) was made available and the school fairs were held there.

Organizations

The Sylvan Lake Art Class
by Jean Palmer

The Sylvan Lake Art Class was organized in the fall of 1955. Three interested senior students, who had been attending classes in Red Deer, started proceedings.

The Government of Alberta Department of Extension had employed Mr. Harry Wohlfarth, later Professor Wohlfarth, a painter from Europe, and began organizing Community Art Classes throughout the province.

We had a very large class — about twenty-six. Students came from Benalto, Eckville, Evarts, Withrow, and the country as well as from town.

Interest was great and our first art show was held in the Sylvan Lake Hotel front porch. Mr. and Mrs. Wohlfarth were in attendance. The paintings were very good, considering most of us were greenhorns and not in our early childhood.

We worked first with watercolors, then progressed to oils and some plastic black and white. With the black and white we did much modelling of

faces and still lifes, learning to meld our colors into attractive combinations.

Our first fees were two dollars. The course consisted of seven lessons, a month apart, which commenced in the late fall. We met each week to paint and Norma McNamara was our supervisor.

The Women's Institute Hall, used as a schoolroom, was our first studio. Later, we met in the east room of the old school and then in Sam Davidson's classroom and/or the library in the new school.

As some students came from a distance, we usually served lunch after class. Professor Wohlfarth often demonstrated his lessons, which was very helpful. As the oils were wet, we lined our paintings up on the picture rail in the library. The school students were interested in viewing them the next day.

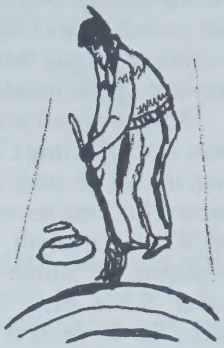
Our second art show was in the Legion Hall and the work showed much improvement. Professor Wohlfarth was again in attendance. Visitors from Red Deer called and there was great excitement when a painting by Ella Rhodes was purchased.

The professor spent much time travelling from one assignment to another — a class almost every day. When the work-load became too heavy, the smaller and least accessible classes had to be omitted. As we fell into this category our class disbanded. We had the choice of attending at Lacombe or Red Deer, to which city some of us journeyed. We attended classes for several years until the Red Deer College Art Department was established, at which time Professor Wohlfarth's classes ceased.

We are not in possession of all the records, but names that come to mind include: Norma, Bill, and Ann McNamara, Mary Hedemark, Gladys Dunford, Marie Gutterud, Penny McCutcheon, Tyynne Blair, Florence Tooley, Ethel Grosert, Dorothy Periche, Martha Stewart, Mary and Bob Pell, Fred Yeo, Nancy Sjare, Anna Jaminette, Alma Sterling, Betty Nielsen, Laura Holsworth, Ella Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Pattison, Mary Reaume, Stephie Woima, Dorothy Clancy, F. L. Flater, Mrs. Wilkes, Isabel Daley, Annie Martin, Neil Elli, Beverly Crockett, Gayle Blair, Marlene Martin, Bonnie Komarnicki, Hilda Edwards, Bruce Lane, Wendy Cramer, Heather Cookson, Beth Bloom, Al Cottreau and Jean Palmer.

Sylvan Lake Curling Club

by Bev Nepton



From the minutes of the Sylvan Lake Curling Club dating back to 1928 an interesting story evolves. To add further to the minutes, discussions with old timers of the Curling Club who were on the past executive dating back to at least 1940, the following history can be gleaned.

In the spring of 1928, the curling members gave approval to purchase Block 11, Plan 1549 AJ from A. Loiselle for the total purchase price of $400.00, terms to be $50.00 down and $50.00 per year at 5% interest. This land is the present site of the R.C.M.P. building and the Lions' Playground. A Ways and Means Committee was formed to look into the financing of two sheets of ice and a possible skating rink. Over the years, there were various agreements between the Curling Club and the Skating Club, for example: to rent the land at $1.00 per year for five years; to assist the skaters to build and finance a building (changing room); for $25.00 per year to cover lights, water, etc. that skating would be free to all. In 1929 the Curling Club organized their first New Year's Eve Dance which became an annual event for the community until 1974, when it was decided to rent the hall to other organizations for this event. The only year during this 45-year span, according to records available, that the dance was not held was in 1942, when a motion was made to cancel it until after the war. During the 30's there was also a tennis court built on the Curling Club's land. In 1934, they sold lots 1-8 to the Knights of Pythias with a stipulation that this land was to be used solely as recreation; who in turn passed the land on to the Lions' Club with the same stipulation. The secretary's report for the 1936-37 season stated "that the Club has a fine piece of property and, in time, should be an invaluable asset to the village."

Over the years the prime concern of the Curling Club has always been that all members of the community be able to curl, that the fees should never be out of the reach of the general population. With this point of view, the Curling Club during the 1930 era went into the wheat business, accepting payment of dues at 50¢ per bushel for #2 wheat and down to 35¢ per bushel in 1932. During these years, too, rural curlers could pay their dues with cords of wood used for heating the building during the winter.

Space will not permit naming all executive members of the Curling Club through the years, but mention should be made of the original and of those who served for long terms. The first executive consisted of: W. W. Naismyth, president; F. L. Appleton, vice-president; H. Shroun, secretary; A. McCaskill, treasurer. Some early long-term executive members were: L. B. Walker, 11½ years, and C. Turner, 8 years, as secretary; F. L. Appleton, 6 years, H. Norminton, 7 years, and D. Edwards, 10 years, as treasurer.

Imperial Bank Curling Trophy winners and runners-up: Bank Mgr. E. Sissons, Wm. Crockett, Jack Cole, Bill Marks, Ken Wilkinson, Andy Hollands, Geo. Johnson, Percy Thresher, Chas. Turner, and Bank Accountant H. Norminton.

Recorded in the minutes of March 30, 1939 was the first mention of setting up a trust fund for a new curling facility. It is worth mentioning that, at this time, there were in the neighborhood of 30 rinks waiting to curl on two sheets of ice. Skips were voted on and drew their rinks from a hat. Rovers' (spares) names were posted on a list and if you wanted to curl you had to be in the building and be prepared to go on the ice if your name was called from the list.

The building fund for a new curling rink continued to increase slowly during the war years by purchasing War Bonds. Prizes during this period were War Stamps and functions held were on behalf of the Canadian Red Cross Society National War Appeal. Curling continued as the Government advised "that, in spite of war, all sports should continue, if possible."

At a meeting of the Sylvan Lake Curling Club held on May 19, 1944, it was unanimously agreed that the club would transfer the Curling Club property to the Town of Sylvan Lake as trustee.

During the late 1940's and early 1950's, the purchase of the present site was made by private citizens for the purpose of a new curling rink to be built on the land. The price paid was considered to be outlandish at the time, being in the neighborhood of $1,000.00. It was during this period that the Sylvan Lake Memorial Community Center group was formed for the purpose of building a community center and curling rink combined. The December 10, 1950 minutes read from the treasurer's report that, "all money had been turned over to the Community Centre and the Club was now broke." Within a short period of time after the land was purchased it also was turned over to the Community Center and the purchasers were to be reimbursed for the cost. The Community Hall is the portion that is built upstairs in the curling rink. It is indicated that a lot of blood, sweat and tears went into the building of this facility not only by the Curling Club but also by the Lions, Legion and private citizens.

The volunteer labor, the time, the efforts put forth by curling members is not recorded, but this does give an indication of why the present executive feel that the Curling Club does have certain entitlement to the present site and location. It is worthy to note that we are sure and do acknowledge that the other clubs and citizens of Sylvan Lake also put into this project equally as much, especially the Lions.

In 1963, the Sylvan Lake Memorial Community Center was disbanded and all assets they had acquired during their existence were turned over to the Town of Sylvan Lake, including full title to the land which the town had held in trust since 1950.

At the same time, the Sylvan Lake Curling Club incorporated under the Society's Act and a lease agreement was signed with the town for rental of the facility for the next 20 years at $1.00 per annum.

The minutes of the next ten years were not available but, from conversation with present members and past executive, it is understood that the membership in the Curling Club dropped off considerably and it was impossible to make ends meet, so the Executive asked the town to take over.

In 1974, curling saw a renewed interest and, with the increase in population in the town, the club has again begun to build and become a viable recreation group in the community.

During 1975-76 plans were drawn up to enlarge the hall area and, after starting, it became uneconomically feasible to continue due to the present

condition of the building, so plans had to be scrapped.

The Chamber of Commerce, during this period, was sponsoring a Winter Carnival and asked the Curling Club to participate. This was the origin of the Carnival 'Spiel which still continues to date as an annual town event. It turned into a 24-hour 'spiel when it became so popular that this was the only way to accommodate all the entries.

The 1913 Days' Bar-B-Q was organized to honor the senior citizens and continues today in co-operation with the service clubs as an annual event.

Sylvan Lake Friendship Club

by Helen Raivio

The senior citizens of Sylvan Lake held a meeting and made the decision to work toward the building of a hall for seniors. On November 6, 1974 the organization was registered with the Societies' Act of Alberta, under the name of "The Sylvan Lake Friendship Club", society number 50008039. The club then purchased the land from the Women's Institute and proceeded to make plans for the building of a new hall on the property. A building committee was appointed by the members and given authority to work towards this end.

The building was financed by three grants from the governments. A grant of $4,000 from New Horizons and two grants of $7,500 and $20,143 from the Alberta Recreation Parks and Wild Life Departments. Money was raised by the combined efforts of the members, who worked in the town Information Booth for three summers, held bingos, flea markets, raffles and other enterprises to raise the matching amounts of grant money. A great deal of help was given by friends in the form of donations and loans.

All of this, plus the moral support we received, the efficient work of carpenters and workmen, made it possible for the senior citizens of Sylvan Lake to have this centre for recreation and fellowship.

The hall is also rented for anniversaries, receptions and any activity which meets the approval of the majority of Friendship Club members.

Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E.

by L. Kathleen Johnson

I.O.D.E. (Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire) was founded in Canada in 1900. It is a national Canadian women's organization with over 600 chapters in cities, towns and villages in every province and both territories.

As this movement grew, ladies in Sylvan Lake decided to form a chapter and, thus on February 6, 1935, the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. was formed with the following officers:

Regent — Nona A. Prosser
1st Vice Regent — Margaret E. Jamieson
2nd Vice Regent — Emily Dodds
Secretary — Marjorie Evernden
Treasurer — Emma L. Keith
Echoes Secretary — Edith Jamieson
Education Secretary — Eliza Densmore
Standard Bearer — Emily Speedie
Councillor — Louisa M. Reed
Councillor — Eleanor Hicks

The National Chapter initiates its own projects, provides direction and establishes education services and citizenship programs in which all chapters may participate. And so with the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. these aims and objectives have been carried out through the years.

During the war years the members sold War Bonds. They raised money to help buy a plane. Everyone worked hard and "made do" as well as each one could.

Sylvan Lake Chapter provides academic and music awards locally. The chapter has always fulfilled its commitments to scholarships at the Provincial and National level as well.

Volunteer service and assistance at Citizenship Courts in Red Deer is given and a donation made to the Parkland School every year.

At the national level the Chapter has helped in a special Labrador project; in post-graduate scholarships for Canadian students at a Commonwealth university; in a $12,000 I.O.D.E. Fellowship in Physiotherapy for post-graduate study to mark the

International Year of Disabled Persons and in the International Peace Garden, which marked its 50th anniversary.

At the provincial level, we help pay for handibuses for transportation of the disabled; a $10,000 trust fund for nurses to train in oncology; opticons for blind students and vu-phones for the deaf.

The Sylvan Lake Chapter raises money by means of bake sales, rummage sales, articles for the packing room in the service section, raffles and fees in order to pay for its educational, citizenship and service programs.

I.O.D.E. float for Sylvan Lake's Alberta Jubilee Parade, 1955.

We have honored two of our members with life memberships in the I.O.D.E.: Emily Speedie, who was a charter member and now resides in the Valley Park Manor in Red Deer, and Emily McClean.

In 1985 this Chapter will celebrate its 50th anniversary. It is the wish of each member that we can continue to carry on the work of I.O.D.E. for many more years.

Loiselle Chapter I.O.D.E.

by Marie Schlahs

The Loiselle Chapter I.O.D.E. received its charter May 18, 1978 at a ceremony hosted by the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. at the home of Mrs. George Acheson.

The new chapter was named after the pioneer family who homesteaded land west of Main Street in 1899. Mrs. Laura Reid, granddaughter of the Alexandre Loiselles, makes and donates a crazy quilt for our chapter to raffle each year.

With funds from a New Horizon's grant, our chapter set up a beauty room in the Sylvan Lake Lodge and, every Friday afternoon except over Christmas, some of our members wash and set, cut and perm hair for the Lodge residents. There is no charge but donations are frequently given and, with this money, the chapter has purchased a slide projector and screen, a record player, a shelf unit and several books (including a large-print dictionary) for the Lodge library.

From this small project of doing hair on Fridays, the members now help with the Spring Tea and Bazaar and Christmas party at the Lodge and host the February birthday party there.

Another project the chapter has undertaken is hosting the children's Pet Parade during 1913 Days Celebrations.

Each year, Loiselle Chapter donates to the C.P. Blakely School Library, the H. J. Cody School shop for materials, the Parkland School in Red Deer, A.C.T. Telerama, Camp HeHoHa for the handicapped and has adopted a grade seven class in Labrador where books are sent each year.

For the past two years, the chapter has made up 75 baskets of Christmas goodies which are delivered to senior citizens who live alone.

During I.O.D.E. week in February, the Loiselle Chapter hosts a Wine and Cheese Party and invites members of the Sylvan Lake Chapter and others as special guests. Throughout the year, the members enjoy their I.O.D.E. work and try to help out in the community where needed.

Knitterbugs

A group of women formed this club in the fall of 1940 to knit articles for the servicemen overseas. Wool was supplied by the Red Cross.

They met in the various members' homes every Monday evening to knit and to chat. The many young women whose husbands were overseas found it a great way to get acquainted.

Of course the lunch also was an enjoyable part of the meeting. Such a variety of delicious food was concocted in spite of rationing.

Some of the first members were: Jessie Cyr, Jean McCutcheon, Lil Cody, Mary Pell, Marg Dodds,

Helen Dingwall, Annie Simpson, Winnie Paul, Lil Duffield, Hulda Kanten, Vicki Quam, Kay Hale, Martha Minton, Winnie Ralph, Vivian Cragg, Jessie Cameron, Vernita Baker, Helen Fisher, Lou Colpitts, Stella Walker, Paula Gaunce, Hazel Sambrooke, Vera Williams (Wells). Vera later started a group in Benalto.

The "Knitterbugs" all enjoyed these evenings so much that they continued to meet for many years after the war had ended to knit or sew for themselves.

Elks' Club

The Elks' Club was one of the earliest service clubs formed in Sylvan Lake. It was organized in the early 1920's and consisted of about 20 members. Their meetings were originally held in the dance hall, "Oriental Gardens." This building later became the property of that lodge and was called "The Elks' Hall."

The Elks were active in the community, raising money by means of minstrel shows, concerts and dances. With no movie theatres or television shows, those affairs were the life of the village during the winter.

Then came the disruption that accompanied

Sylvan Lake Elks. Back row: Carl Jaminette, Ed Pastobak, Eustace Kingsep, Sophus Jorgenson, Joe Martin, Charles Reid, Fred Appleton, Frank Bardwell, Mike Czuczuk. Front row: George Daley, Larry Colpitts, Percy Duffield, Jim Graham, Bert Streetfield, Jack Whyte and Ed Lofgren.

members' enlistment in the services — active and reserve — and the club found itself with too few members to carry on. Consequently, in the early 1940's the Elks' Club ceased to exist as an organization in Sylvan Lake.

Presently, quite a number of Sylvan Lake residents belong to either the Elks' Club or Royal Purple of Benalto and have contributed in no small way to the charitable work carried out annually by those organizations.

Sylvan Lake Lions

The Sylvan Lake Lions' Club was chartered October 18, 1954 with 25 names on the charter. These members were as follows: Ian Stewart (1st president), Wm. Crockett, Frank Colvin, Barney Springman, Ted May, Rev. T. Roulston, Ray Reigner, Cec Ritz, Otto Tettolowski, Jack Cole, Ernie Koots, Cyril Bloom, Don May, Bob Lawrence, Gordon Hunter, Bruce Lane, Dale Mannix, Gerry Fisher, Al Lawrence, J. Innes, Bob McNamara, Frank Johnson, Jim Simpson, Bob Brown and B. Learned.

Of those original 25 members, the club still has five active charter members who are as follows: Bill Crockett, Jack Cole, Gerry Fisher, Dale Mannix and Don May.

During the past 29 years many members have come and gone but the club has remained active in community services. Thousands of dollars have been raised for various local projects such as the Lions' Playground, Arena, Community Hall above the Curling Rink, children's Christmas candy bags and party and many others too numerous to mention.

The present club consists of 34 members with Bob Stevens as president and Gordon Bignell as secretary.

Royal Canadian Legion, Sylvan Lake

The Sylvan Lake Branch #212 of the Royal Canadian Legion was chartered October 30, 1946, with the following notation appearing on the Charter: Messrs. I. J. Gillespie. C. Duffield, C. Palmer, G. L. Rosse, G. Fisher, J. Whyte, C. F. Nelles, R. Speedie, P. Duffield, C. Reid, J. W. McIntosh, A. H. Cyr, V. Pastobak, A. Lewis, W. Pass, J. Tooley, L. M. Colpitts, B. C. Learned, C. L. Dunford, together with other duly qualified persons with them associated at Sylvan Lake, Alberta, to be a branch of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League.

The land and original structure where the Legion Building now stands was owned by the Knights of

Pythias who, when they decided to disband, donated the property to the Sylvan Lake Improvement Club who eventually turned it over to the Great War Vets who were veterans of previous wars. This is thought to be about 1921. By 1925, the name was changed to Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League. This name continued until 1959 when it was changed to just Canadian Legion and then, in 1961 by an Act of Parliament, the name was again changed to its present title. The original building was remodeled by closing in the front porch to enlarge the front and later an addition to the other end to form the kitchen and washrooms.

Over the years this Legion building had many uses, some of them being: Legion meetings and functions; rented for other association and organization meetings, for bridal showers, for dances, well-baby clinics, funeral receptions, court house, school, polling booths and, no doubt, many others.

Some of the many objectives and accomplishments of the Legion are: a) for over 20 years, the annual trip to the west country every December for Christmas trees with the proceeds from the sale of these donated to the Polio Fund; b) the Ice Derby, with tickets being sold guessing the time and date the ice would leave the lake; c) the veterans' and dependents' welfare, always foremost, assured assistance when a home was lost or damaged by fire or other misfortune; d) Christmas hampers provided comforts for the sick or hospitalized; e) other benefactors were the Boy Scouts, the Senior Citizens' Lodge and awards and trophies for academic achievement in the Sylvan Lake High School.

The War Memorial was erected by the Great War Vets and unveiled by Maj.-Gen. Griesbach, July 1935. Each year, on the 11th of November, a Remembrance Day Service is held and wreaths are placed on this cenotaph.

On April 3, 1981, the old building was demolished and a basement was excavated. Shortly after, the cement basement walls were poured and the present building was moved onto its new location. Considerable work was done by many dedicated members and community-minded individuals. One thousand dollar debentures were sold, mostly to members, to raise the required cash for the project. On June 27, 1981, the doors were opened for the first social in the new building. There was still considerable work to be done but those dedicated people never stopped until the building was completed. We are proud of this facility and both the members and community in general will be ever indebted to those who gave of their time, effort and financial assistance to make this facility possible.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to The Royal Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., Branch #212

by Jean Palmer

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Royal Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., Branch #212, was formed at a meeting in the Legion Hall on March 29, 1949, with a donation of $20.00 from the Legion. The following officers were elected: President, Jean Palmer; First Vice, Jean Heikkinen; Second Vice, Wilma Balfour; Secretary, Ethel Staudinger; Treasurer, Gladys Thresher; Standard Bearer, Joyce Waet; Pianist, Alice Schaer; Executive: Elsie Peterson, Mary Faulkner, Elaine King, Margaret Cameron, Bernice Cole, Jeanette Koots; Auditors: Mrs. McCrimmon, Mrs. McCune.

Dues were $1.00. Meetings were to be held on the first Tuesday of the month at 8:00 p.m. in the Vets' Hall. The first regular meeting was planned for April 12 as it was expected that the charter would have arrived by then. The president was instructed to purchase a minute book, a treasurer's book, and a book for roll call. The following committees were named: Ways and Means, Dorothy Schill (chairman), Alice Schaer; Press reporter, Lillian Duffield; Membership, Mary Faulkner, Alice Schaer, Dorothy Schill; Poppy, Jean Palmer, Mrs. Haise, Mrs. McCune; Sick, Ellen Armeneau, Jean Heikkinen, Mary Faulkner.

These names appear on the Legion Auxiliary Charter: J. Waet, A. Schaer, E. Peterson, M. Faulkner, E. King, M. Cameron, B. Cole, J. Koots, A. German, L. McCrimmon, J. Palmer, J. Heikkinen, W. Balfour, E. Staudinger, G. Thresher, E. McCune, E. Hunter, D. Schill, H. Sambrooke. There were other charter members but space on the charter itself did not permit anymore.

At our meeting on April 12, Mrs. Towers, President of Ladies' Auxiliary, Provincial Command, was present and officially organized our branch, initiated the members, installed the officers and presented the badges.

We were asked to get 25 blood donors for the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic in Red Deer, April 27, 1949. Jean Learned attended to this.

In the early years we held meetings through the summer, but later passed July and August by.

In our first year we served lunch at the Legion dance on November 11, 1949. The charge was thirty cents. On many more occasions we did likewise. I recall the coffee was five cents, doughnuts five cents, and sandwiches were thirty cents.

We frequently held work-bees, making drapes, cleaning cupboards, and the hall. The kitchen needed attention often. For our card parties we made covers for the tables as well as lunch cloths. Financially we contributed to chairs, tables, and often to improvements in the hall. The men held work-bees also and often our projects were shared. We were indebted to many outside of our membership for help in our work, and the help was usually offered.

Our projects included: 1) The Hospital Fund, which provides goodies and necessities for veterans in hospital at Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving. We first donated to this fund in 1950 and still do. 2) The Scholarship Fund, which helps the children and grandchildren of ex-service men to further their education. 3) The Polio Fund, which provides help for those patients who are still with us. We have one local project: Mrs. Mary Moore's Special Learners' Class.

For many years we remembered a local service man who was hospitalized. We sent him a parcel at Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving. Likewise, the wife of another service man who was institutionalized for years was remembered. At one time we tried to send parcels to all district service personnel, but the numbers and the district grew too large and we had to discontinue that.

Over the years we have contributed to many organizations but finally had to confine ourselves to Legion work. We felt we individually supported most fund-raising projects. Special local appeals we tried to help were: Eckville Hospital cardiac equipment, bleachers in the arena, and shelving in the local library. Our funds were limited.

On our tenth anniversary an open invitation was extended to veterans and their wives to attend a banquet, at which Rev. Flagg dedicated our flags. St. Mary's W.A. catered and the Rimbey Ladies' Auxiliary presented their Klondyke entertainment to a full house.

On Remembrance Day, for some years, the hotel was host after the parade. Doughnuts and coffee were served. Later, our members served, usually in the W.I. Hall which was offered for the occasion. The Legion supplied coffee and doughnuts and soft drinks for the children. The last few years the firemen co-operated and the refreshments were served in the Firehall.

In 1960 we held our first bingo, continuing the practice for many years. It was our only source of revenue.

The hall was upgraded periodically with the co-operation of Legion and Auxiliary. Many work bees were held then, as now, and new chairs, card tables, dining tables, etc. were procured. In 1963, a hot and cold water system was installed. The Town generously let us connect to their water supply. Washrooms were added to the new addition at the back of the hall and Mr. Merle Ramsey and his committee supplied the labor.

For several years Legion picnics were held at Lacombe, Frontier Lodge, and Sunhaven Beach. Perodically we held social evenings and, at Christmas for some years, we held a festive evening for members, their wives, and husbands. To this we also invited Senior Citizens. The Legion mèmbers provided the rides necessary. We sat down to a laden table with candles and decorations, and sang carols.

When the Senior Citizens' Lodge was opened our donation was for table covers. As do other organizations, we provide the gifts asked for their annual Christmas party.

At our Christmas party in 1968 Mrs. Peter Cameron was presented with a sterling silver spoon and a letter of commendation for her long years of dedication to the Auxiliary. She was our oldest member. We also honored the Peter Camerons on their 65th wedding anniversary with a gift.

We have been to many Legion rallies, held in the spring of the year. Lillian Duffield was our first convention delegate and journeyed to Lethbridge with her husband, who was a delegate from the Legion. Mrs. German was a Zone Commander. For the Auxiliaries, the zones were later abandoned.

To celebrate Charter Night members went to dinner in the Club Cafe in Red Deer on April 8, 1969, to note twenty years of service. There are only three charter members in our branch now: Elsie Hunter, Elsie Peterson, and Jean Palmer. Some have passed on, a few live elsewhere, and some have dropped out. It is a custom to present an Auxiliary spoon to an active member moving away. In 1972, Mrs. German was presented a silver spoon with Auxiliary crest for dedicated service.

A few other dates worthy of note: 1953) Jean Palmer received the first Past President's badge. 1957) Cookbooks were published — again in 1981. 1978) Mrs. Hazel Braithwaite was inducted into the Agricultural Hall of Fame at The Calgary Inn. 1978) Jean Palmer was made Citizen of the Year at 1913 Days 1981) The Legion Hall, for so many years the scene of public and private meetings, baby clinics, elections, dances, showers, Magistrate's Court, and a school room, was demolished. A larger and more modern building was moved on to the premises and includes a full basement with washrooms, kitchen

and a banquet hall. The hall upstairs is used for meetings, dances, and bingos. 1980) We held our last bingo and dropped participation in 1913 Days after the 1981 celebration. 1981) Mrs. Vick was presented a silver spoon with Auxiliary crest as she could no longer attend meetings.

The new Legion Hall is a very attractive facility and with much hard work and co-operation between the Legion and the Auxiliary should prove very worthwhile. The Auxiliary is assisting in any manner it can. At present, the ladies attend the refreshment counter on Bingo Night. We have done some catering and are furnishing the kitchen as we can. Some of our members have put in many extra long hours outside of meetings attending to problems that concern our branch.

The Auxiliary has honored Alice German and Jean Palmer with Life Memberships. Thanks ladies.

Our charter bears the title: Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, Branch #212, April 13, 1949.

The Women's Institute — Sylvan Lake Branch

At a meeting in the Municipal Office on November 2, 1925, the Sylvan Lake Women's Institute was organized by Mrs. H. R. MacDougal of Penhold, Director of District #3 of Alberta, assisted by Mrs. William Greer, Convenor. There were twelve ladies present all of whom agreed to become members, namely: Mesdames Faulkner, McCrimmon, Dingwall, Appleton, Mann, Jamieson, McKechnie, McCaskill, Steele, Bardwell, McWhitter, and Lindsay. The officers were elected by ballot and were as follows: President, Mrs. H. S. Mann; First Vice, Mrs. M. B. Faulkner; Second Vice, Mrs. H. H. Jamieson; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. F. D. McCrimmon; Press Reporter, Mrs. A. McCaskill; Directors, Mrs. J. A. Dingwall, Mrs. A. M. Steele and Mrs. J. McKechnie. Several more members were added to the list as the years went by and the total number through to the present time amounts to over two hundred and thirty names.

Through the years, a great deal was accomplished by these energetic ladies. The first one was the putting up of flags in different places but, through time, this was stopped as some persons wanted the flags more than we did and so they kept disappearing. Then the pier, or dock, was built out from the boathouse. This pier was used by the public from 1928 until 1953 when it was not considered safe anymore and was dismantled. The building of the W.I. Pier was quite an occasion as Mr. R. B. Bennett, a prominent lawyer from Calgary, was asked to come and cut the ribbon; a good crowd was in attendance and it was a memorable day. Mr. Bennett later became the Prime Minister of Canada. A new pier was built by the town, but high winds caused the ice to shift this second wooden pier out of place, so a beautiful green sod landfill has replaced the old structures and is a real asset to the town.

Women's Institute Hall, 1934.

The next feat was to get a hall in which to hold meetings. Many are the stories told of the trials and tribulations that were endured before the building — which was hauled from the east end of town — was installed in its proper place. For many years it was used by the Scouts, Brownies, music teachers, school — as a classroom — churches for social gatherings, wedding receptions, card parties, town annual meetings, elections and so forth. In the summer of 1974 the W.I. was approached by the newly-formed Friendship Club about the taking over of the W.I. Hall but, as it was for sale, they finally decided to buy it and agreed to pay $1000.00 for the building. Both parties were agreeable to this so the hall and property were sold to the Friendship Club and the deed turned over to them. The W.I. gave a donation of $300.00 to the Friendship Club when they later decided to replace the old building with a new one. A fine large building now stands on the lots that were home to the W.I. members but they still have the privilege of using the new structure when they so desire.

Pleasure blended with work as there were many suppers put on once a year for our husbands and families as well as the ones for weddings, funerals and for special guests. Handicrafts were always noticeable too, several fine quilts taking first prize more than once; the beautiful tablecloths embroidered with

W.I. members displaying prize-winning Jubilee quilt, 1967.

the A.W.I. crest on them still grace our tables at various functions. A beautiful trophy donated by Mr. B. C. Learned in memory of his wife Jean, who was a prominent and valued member of our society for a long time, has been won by our Institute many times and is kept in a glass case in the building.

The laying of a wreath at the Cenotaph has been done every Remembrance Day. It was always good fun to ride on the floats we entered in the various parades as well as having lots of games and treats at our parties for members.

Many of the older members have passed on and are laid to rest but the younger ones are still carrying on with a good membership doing their bit for home and country by buying books for two local schools, giving $100.00 to the Terry Fox Fund, and giving a big television set to the Red Deer Hospital. We still have the annual bazaar in the late fall. Through the years a large sum of money has been raised by this splendid organization amounting to over $30,000.00, which has been mostly spent in the local community.

Very special days were the ones when we celebrated our anniversaries — 15th, 25th, 30th, 40th, 50th and 55th — which were enjoyed by all who were able to attend. We are now in our 57th year in Sylvan Lake and we send greetings to one and all who read this and especially to those who have at one time been a member of this branch of the Alberta Women's Institute.

Service Men and Women

Lawrence Armeneau

George Armeneau

Donald Brown

Raymond Bardwell

Richard Cameron

Thomas Cameron

Cenotaph.

Douglas Balfour

Cyril Bloom

Campbell Byers

Jack Conaty

Gerald Parkinson

Alex Dingwall

Clifford Duffield

Donald and Leona Fletcher

Gordon Hunter

William Jackson

Walter Jamieson

Neil Jarvin

Armand Kauppila

Jack Leicht

Harold Leicht

William Marks

Albert Martz

John Martz

Bruce McClean

Russell McClean

Doug McCutcheon

David McCutcheon

Edward Miller

Guy Miller

Roy Miller

Byron Miller

Willard Miller

Herbert Miller

Clarence Morrow

Harvey Murphy

Glen Paul

Lloyd Conaty

Arthur Peterson

Max Simpson

Jack Speedie

George Schill

Norman Speedie

Lloyd Staples

Jean Tooley

Verna Tooley

Richard Tooley

Burge Toye

Charles Vanson

Al Walcott

Charles Watkiss

John Cordon

W. W. Nasmyth

Charles Palmer

Victor Pastobak

Robert Speedie

Lloyd Staples

Jack Tooley

Our Roll of Honour

Active Service 1914-1918

F. L. Appleton
Murray Bigam
W. A. Biss
Tom Bradshaw
Wm. Brown
G. E. Carter
D. Castleman
H. Chambon
W. Clark
L. M. Colpitts
Geo. Coverdale
G. A. Daley
S. DeBarathy
Chas. Donaldson
C. L. Dunford
J. Edwards
G. Eisenhauer
E. Garnett
R. German Sr.
I. J. Gillespie
M. J. Greenaway
A. K. Hicks
F. Jarvis
L. Johnson Sr.
S. Jorgenson
U. Kingsep
F. P. Kovacs
A. J. Lewis
C. B. Lindsay
H. J. Leake
B. C. Learned
N. Leitch
J. W. McIntosh
W. D. MacKay
Emil Mattson
W. W. Naismyth
C. F. Nelles
Chas. S. Palmer
Wm. Pass
O. C. Peterson
Vic Pastobak
Chas. Reed
Merle Ramsey
Wm. Reid
Robert Speedie
J. Spinks
R. S. Stevens
F. Tanqueray
J. Y. Tooley
D. Welch
Chas. Weston
J. S. Whyte
Douglas Wyatt

Our Roll of Honour

1939-1945

This list contains only the names of those who, to the best of our knowledge, resided at Sylvan Lake prior to enlistment.

F. L. Appleton
Arthur Ada
L. D. Armeneau
G. W. Armeneau
K. Arlint
R. A. Bardwell
L. Bellefontaine
Harold Bergstrom
Wm. Blair
Cyril Bloom
Allan Boles
Wm. Brown
F. V. Bunce
C. E. Byers
Elton Cairns
Gordon Cairns
Dick Cameron
Tom Cameron
C. Carscadden
Bruce Castleman
W. E. Clark
J. H. Collins
Genevieve Conaty
Jack Conaty
Lloyd Conaty
Max Conaty
Morgan Conaty
Roy Cutlan
Alex Dingwall
Orton Dodds
C. H. Duffield
D. J. Elder
H. L. Elder
Arnold Elle
Marcus Elle
Pat Fadden
Max Falkner
Leona Fletcher
Orville Fletcher
Wm. Gardiner
Edgar Garnett
Ed Grutter
James Hanczik
G. Hallgren
Wm. Heikkinen
Augusta Heinrich
H. Hendrickson
A. K. Hicks
A. R. Hilman
J. Holsworth Jr.
R. Jack
Wm. Jackson
Cy Jacobs
Geo. Jacobs
Walter Jamieson
Marcel Jamoye
N. Jarvin
Louis Jaspar
L. Johnson Jr.
A. Kauppila
Alban Kaye
Gilbert Kaye
Helen Kaye
Milton Kaye
Norman Kaye
G. D. Keith
Betty Kraft
Helen Kraft
U. Kingsep
Ray Kirk
Hugh Learned
H. L. Leicht
Lillian Lewis
Lloyd Lewis
Alfred Loiselle
Ralph Loiselle
Merle Loiselle
Leo Marjanen
J. C. Martin
Albert Martz
John Martz
Hugh McCaskill
Bruce McClean
Russell McClean
Sandy McCrimmon
Don McCrimmon
D. F. McCutcheon
J. D. McCutcheon
Colin McIntosh
Jack McIntosh
J. W. McIntosh
Bob Miller
Byron Miller
Frank Miller
Guy Miller
Herb Miller
Roy Miller
Willard Miller
C. F. Morrow
Harvey Murphy
Ken Murphy
Tom Nelson
Chas. Olssen
Frank Parker
Glen W. Paul
Les Perkinson
Thelma Perkinson
Oneill Pijeau
Alex Reid
F. Robak
G. Roberts
Frank Rockwell
Gaston Rosse
Joe Rosse
Allan Salonen
Geo. W. Schill
Bruce Simpson
Max Simpson
Norman Speedie
Jack Speedie
G. N. Talentyre
J. F. Tanqueray
Jean Tooley
J. Y. Tooley
R. N. Tooley
Verna Tooley
Louis Torsti
Burge Toye
C. J. Vanson
Elizabeth Walker
Marjorie Walker
Mildred Walker
Chas. Watkiss
Chas. Weston
Robt. Weston
A. M. Wolcott

Prayer for Victory

by Major Dick Diespecker — Canadian Army

I stood upon a hill in the fall of the year,
A lovely hill, soft and still green
With the breath of summer.
And the sun reached long golden fingers
Into the valley floor,
And lighted the autumn-painted trees
With the fires of God.
This was peace.
But over the ridge there was no peace,
Over the ridge was war . . .
Ghastly and bloody;
The quick and the dead,
Whirling in a mad blasting conflict . . .
Ripping the skies
And the earth,
And the churning sea . . .
And our men were there,
They were fighting and dying;
Sweating in the desert and the jungles;
Wheeling through the clouds;
Drawing their deadly beads
Under the choppy waves
Of a dozen seas . . .
This was war . . .
Bitter and uncompromising;
Gloves off and no holds barred;
Kill or be killed;
Exterminate, stamp out and smash forever
The threat to freedom.
This was the dark, hard road to Victory.
And I thought,
When Victory comes . . . what then?
I looked up . . .
And saw the face of God . . .
Dear Lord, when Victory comes,
When the guns are silent,
And the bombs stop falling,
And the seas are clean and fresh and safe;
When the dying shall scream no more;
And the starving are fed;
And the soft green moss
Covers the tragic scars of ruined cities . . .
Then dear God, make us worthy of Victory.
Give us the strength to keep our pledge
To make a better world . . .
Not the world we've known,
The world of power against power,
The world of breadlines and bitterness,
A world that would not let a man work,
A world that watch unmoved,
While the beasts of aggression
Swallowed the little people one by one;
A world that lived divided,
Where everyone locked his door against his neighbor,
Where the mad were strong,
And the wise were weak . . .
Give us the strength to take Victory,
Quietly and with gentle hands,
And mould a great new friendship . . .
To take it like a garden,
Ripping the weeds
From the rich, black earth,
Burning them in the fires of Truth,
So that never again
Will there be a Hitler or a Mussolini,
A Himmler or a Goebbels;
Never again a blitzkrieg;
Never again the bitter treachery
Of Pearl Harbor;
Or the tragedy of Coventry;
Or blood running in the hills of Bataan.
God give us strength
To set our own house in order. . .
To open our doors in friendship,
To set all men free;
To live, not alone,
With the door locked,
And the windows barred,
Watching through shutters,
The bitter struggles of the little people,
This time, dear God,
Let every nation take its rightful place,
In the world of men,
Free and untrammelled . . .
Bonds of friendship but not chains of bondage;
Let the strong be wise,
And the weak, protected,
Let the sun light the darkest street,
And the rain of wisdom
Wash the slums of the earth,
Into vague memories,
Let the wheat grow,
And the fruits ripen,
And dear Lord, let them be eaten,
Not left to rot or burned or buried
While men starve for want of them,
Give us strength and wisdom,
Truth, honesty, and faith;
Maintain our anger against aggression,
And give us humility before you,
Dear Lord.
Give us the power and the purpose
To make children laugh;
To give work to the men who fought for us;
And comfort to the women who suffered;
And peace to the aged. . .
Hope to the devastated,

And release to the enslaved,
Food to the hungry,
And strength to the weak,
Let this hilltop be the world,
Soft green and eternally at peace,
With the leaves drinking life
From the Sun;
And the long blue horizon
Dusted with smoke
Of a million peaceful hearths,
And the breeze vibrant and bright
With the laughter and song
Of a million voices.
Dear Lord of heaven and earth,
Give us these strengths
When Victory comes. . .
Guide us to peace,
Forever and ever,
Amen.

— Courtesy of the 6th Victory Loan edition by The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Montreal

Fl. Lt. Tom Cameron

Flight-Lieutenant Thomas H. Cameron was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in February, 1944. He was presented with this award for his outstanding gallantry, courage and devotion to duty at all times. After completing his service in the Mediterranean Theatre of war he became part of the European force. He enlisted his services in the Far East conflict, expecting to go there after VE Day. Unfortunately, he met his death before leaving for the Far East. Ironically, his thoughtfulness toward others brought about his death. His friend, whose plane Tom was testing, related to Tom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cameron, the circumstances leading to Tom's death. If he had not offered to do this good turn for his friend, events might have been different. The plane crashed near Rotterdam, Holland, three days after VE Day.

Flight Lieutenant Thomas Cameron, D.F.C., lies buried in a cemetery in Rotterdam, Holland.

Our War Brides — Some Memories

Compiled by Elsie Peterson

I do not know how the name "war brides" originated, but it was a term that applied to girls from other countries who married Canadian service men.

There were quite a number of these girls who came with their husbands to Sylvan Lake and district and, considering that the resident population of Sylvan Lake was about 900 in 1946, the war bride influx was impressive: Mesdames Ellen Armeneau, Wynne Brink, Vera Conaty, Molly Davies, Dickie Ferguson, Jean Heikkinen, Joan Johanson, Edna McClean, Eve McCune, Jean Nyman, Betty Parkinson, Win Parkinson, Joan Perkinson, Elsie Peterson, Toni Podgurski, Betty Robinson, Audrey Sole, Nora Stark, May Torsti and Joyce Waet. Some of these women have written of their experiences when they first came and their accounts appear below.

It was a big change in lifestyle for us all, but I believe that all of the war brides stayed and persevered the changes and are not sorry they did so, and are, like myself, proud now to be called Canadian.

Ellen Armeneau

I came to Sylvan Lake 36 years ago. I sailed on the "Aquitania", June 23, 1946 from Southampton, England. Leaving my family over there was very hard. I had never seen my dad cry but he did that morning, as did my mother, my three sisters and one brother. All were thinking I would never get back. The boat took about one week to reach Halifax, then three days were spent on the train. I really enjoyed this and I never dreamt that Canada was so large.

We were told not to go far at the whistle stops and also to watch how we spent our money, not being used to Canadian money.

War Brides, Ellen Armeneau, Mae Torsti, Wynne Brink, Jean Heikkinen, Betty Parkinson, Dickie Ferguson.

At a little town in Quebec, we had a stopover for half an hour. I saw a pretty dress in the window of a small shop. Since it was Sunday, the shop was closed but the lady knocked on the window, pointing to the dress. A few of us went in. It was a green dress — my favorite color. Inside of 10 minutes, she held it up to me and stated, "Will just fit!" I paid $12.00 for it and was never sorry as I wore it a lot.

We arrived in Calgary, me with my new dress on. No George! Then, there he was, in a new gray suit looking so different. It was six months since he left England. A band was playing at the Calgary station. The tune was, "Let me call you sweetheart". That became a favorite of mine from then on.

The weather was beautiful when we finally arrived, in George's new gravel truck, at Sylvan Lake. He had purchased the truck with his veteran's pay. We went to George's parents' house, where I was made very welcome. Lydia Jarvin was the first person I met there.

Saturday night was a big night for us. We would shop for groceries, then go to Watkiss's theatre. After the show, we would go to Watkiss's cafe for coffee.

Everything was new to me. People were so kind and then I had my husband, what more did I want? He had bought a second-hand chesterfield, a set of everyday dishes and a tea pot. Four wooden chairs and a table had been left with the house. There was also a bed. We were happy. I also had the best neighbors move in next door, Andy and Selma Murray and family. We could not have wished for better people.

A few more war brides came about the same time. We would get together and talk and laugh. They were happy days.

Wynne Brink

I was very fortunate because I came to Canada accompanied by a very good friend, Molly Davies. She and I had met our respective husbands, Harvey Brink and Art Davies, when their company, the 3rd Canadian Provost Corps, was moved to our home town of East Grinstead, Sussex, England. They were friends and, when the war was over and they were repatriated back to Canada, they decided to buy a dairy farm in Sylvan Lake and run it in partnership. Needless to say, Molly and I were delighted. We were even more delighted to learn that we would be travelling together to Canada on the S.S. Aquitania.

There were 1400 war brides on board, plus some returning servicemen and R.A.F., 3000 of us all told, but we were strictly segregated. It took five days to complete the journey to Halifax and, once there, we were made extremely welcome. An army band was on the dock and welcomed us by playing, "Oh, Canada", followed by "Here comes the Bride." Another ship, the S.S. Lady Nelson, was tied up behind us and it contained 61 war brides. So there were 2000 of us, all bound for various destinations from one end of Canada to the other. It was just amazing how organized everything was. From the time we left our homes in England until we reached our destination in Canada, everything went so smoothly.

As we crossed Canada, our train stopped at various places dropping off war brides to their new families. In one place, Smith Falls, just one girl got off and not only were her husband and relatives waiting for her but the whole town had turned out to welcome her.

Something that fascinated me about that trip across Canada was the size of the country and the cars. It was hard to believe a country could be so huge and every time I would glance out of the train window and see a car travelling alongside, I was amazed at the size of them. They were so much larger than European cars and springier. I later learned the reason for the good springs after bouncing over some gravel roads — they certainly needed good springs. The frame houses were also very attractive, not just because they were made of wood, but they were painted in such attractive colors — so different from English stone and brick houses.

The train arrived in Calgary at 9:00 a.m. and Harvey was there to meet me. While he attended to my trunk and luggage, a family friend and I were taken by a Red Cross worker to a large room. While there, a young man sat down next to me and began to ask me a number of questions. Believing him to be a Canadian official I answered all his questions. When he asked, "What is the first thing you would like to buy in Canada?" I immediately replied, "I would like a hamburger and a pair of very high-heeled shoes with sling backs and open toes." He seemed very interested and, after a little more conversation, he very politely left. Next evening, the family friend brought home the *Calgary Herald* and there was my story on the front page! My first day in Calgary and I was front page news. Several of those newspapers found their way to England.

A few days later, Molly, Art, Harvey and I travelled to Sylvan Lake. We arrived during the afternoon and learned we had been invited to Ada and Bruce Hagerman's for supper. We were buying a dairy farm from them. No doubt due to severe food rationing in England, Ada Hagerman's laden supper table was a wonderful sight. That lady was a truly wonderful cook and very hospitable. She and Bruce made us so welcome and were kind, warm and friendly — we were never strangers to them. We all

stayed the night with the Hagermans and next morning we left for our farm.

Our men had been busy remodelling the house and building a barn and milkhouse and we girls were very pleased with the result, especially the house. After inspecting and approving every room, I asked, "Where's the bathroom?" Dead silence. Harvey then took me outside, pointed down a path to a small building and said, "There!" And so began life in Canada.

We had to literally learn how to cook and how to operate the wood and coal stove. Our men had to suffer but our cooking skills gradually improved, due mostly to the help of good neighbors such as Molly Lindman and Ada Hagerman. We went on to planting a garden and learned how to can the vegetables and make pickles. What a sense of accomplishment we felt after mastering all these skills!

We really didn't have much time for leisure activities during this first year but, as the summer wore on, more and more war brides began arriving in Sylvan Lake. The two we became the most familiar with, in the beginning, were Ellen Armeneau and Joan Perkinson. Their husbands, George and Bill, used to bring them out to the farm for visits. Also, during that first summer, all the "brides" were brought together by some of the ladies' clubs in town. We were entertained by the I.O.D.E. members, who made us feel very welcome. Another afternoon, we were all invited to the W.I., where we were introduced to all the ladies, given a sumptuous tea and each was presented with a W.I. cookbook, signed by Mrs. B. C. Learned and Mrs. Bob Pugh, president and secretary. The cookbook was a lifesaver and I still use it.

I realize now how fortunate we girls were. We arrived in Sylvan Lake complete strangers, not only to each other but to the whole community, but we were never made to feel like "outsiders". Everyone was very friendly and went out of their way to make us feel part of the community. Consequently, we all adapted to our new life and settled in to make ourselves completely at home in Sylvan Lake. Some of the girls moved away with their husbands to other parts, during the first year or two, but most of us remained and formed our own club. We would meet in each other's homes once a week to talk, laugh and share experiences. I know that we helped each other to get over feeling homesick and, throughout the 10 years I lived in Sylvan Lake, the girls were among my best friends. I still keep in touch with most of them.

Reflecting back, without a doubt, I found the first year to be the hardest. There was so much to learn and a great deal of adapting to do and trying to live for the first time in one's life without a mother or father or family to turn to in times of trouble and need, or even just to chat and visit with. But coming to Canada and becoming a Canadian was my own choice and there was never any question of running back home to Mom and Dad when things were tough. They say the English are a stubborn race of people, as indeed they are, and I think most of us were raised to believe that you don't give up, but you have to fight that much harder when the going gets rough. To the best of my knowledge, none of the war brides of Sylvan Lake returned to England other than to visit. Now, after 37 years, we are probably far more Canadian than English. No doubt still proud of our English heritage, but our lives, families, and hearts are here. We've found our place in Canada — a truly wonderful country.

Vera Conaty

I married Jack Conaty in England in September 1945, then becoming an English war bride. I came to Canada and to Sylvan Lake in June, 1946.

Many things seemed quite different and I can tell you I was very scared, lonely and homesick, not knowing what to really expect. But, I was very fortunate to have married into a very caring family; right from the first they tried to make things as easy as possible for me. One thing I realized from the beginning, I had to slow down in my speech because it seemed I was forever repeating myself. I never realized before how fast we talked.

Jack's mother took me around to meet her friends and they were all very pleasant towards me. It was delightful to go into the stores and see all the different types of foods and clothes to choose from and to know that I did not have to produce coupons for them. I remember going into the drug store and asking for a block of chocolate, but we soon got that straight, from then on it was a candy bar.

Then one time I went into Mrs. Rosse's store and asked for an "antelope". I really meant a cantaloupe. She never let me forget that. We had a little chuckle every time we met. Whenever I made a big purchase I would find myself doing some fast calculations in my head, into pound sterling, to make sure I was getting my money's worth.

There were many things, I could go on and on, like the first time that I tried corn on the cob. I just loved it, but I did not think I would because then, at home, they fed it to the pigs. There were so many little things that were so different from what I was used to.

But, if I had my chance to go over my life again, I would choose to have it exactly the same. Canada has been very good to me. I have had a very good

marriage. Oh, we have had our problems like all married couples, but we have managed to get through them. We had three lovely children of which we are very proud and seven wonderful grandchildren. So, as you can see, I have really put my roots down here. I'm very proud to call myself a Canadian.

Dickie Ferguson

I met my husband, Ray Ferguson, in September 1945. We were married in Holland in September 1946 after he had obtained his discharge from the army. I came from a very close family and the idea of moving to Canada was very frightening for me so Ray decided he would stay in Holland. His first job there was with the railway, driving a bus, before he started his own taxi business in 1947.

In July 1950, Ray went home to Canada for a visit and wrote, "Sell everything and come to Canada. It is so much better here." I knew he was right because, after four years, it was hard to even buy a tire for our car. So I decided that, since he has given me four years living in Holland, so I must try, for his sake, and see if I can like it in Canada.

At the end of September 1950, I arrived in Montreal where Ray's step-mother, Mary, picked me up. We rode the train together to Emonton. Canada was beautiful and so big, especially compared to Holland, which is so small and yet not everyone wears wooden shoes! (Like we used to think that Canada was all cowboys and Indians!)

We lived in Edmonton where Ray was in the police force until Fred Sesink, a friend from Holland, came over and together they bought a taxi and dray business here in Sylvan Lake.

So, my first impression of Sylvan Lake was in February, 1951 and all I could think of was, "My goodness, it is so small. There is nothing here!" But I was wrong.

Oh yes, the town was small but I met so many people with big hearts, who were kind, understanding and who took me in as one of them. This was especially true of the English war brides who asked me to join their club. I told them I was not from England but came from Holland, but they said that it is just across the water, and so started friendships I will never forget.

It was very hard to get used to all the snow, cooking on a coal and wood stove and especially to the "biffie" outside, but, through the years, I managed. For years we did not have much but, with hard work and determination, we made out just fine. We had three children, John, Marian and Shirley-Rae, who have all left home and have families of their own. I am now enjoying my home, gardening, bowling and curling.

Sylvan Lake has changed a lot in 32 years, maybe for the best, I don't know. I still think back with fond memories of the years when I first came to Sylvan Lake.

Jean Heikkinen

Having left home March 13, 1946, I set sail from Southampton on the "Mauretania", arriving in Halifax, after a very rough crossing. We were then sorted out in groups, according to which part of Canada we were coming to. The train journey was a great surprise and a real adventure for us all. It was not the best time of the year to arrive, as the countryside looked so bleak and lonesome.

Eventually we arrived in Calgary, April 1st; at last the great moment had arrived! Bill was there to greet me; we stayed in Calgary for several days and I thought it to be a great city. We then left by bus for Red Deer, only to find when we arrived that the road ban was on which meant no busses or big trucks could use the road. However, Jack Sunell was kind enough to come in to pick us up; the highway, at that time, was in bad shape.

My first few weeks on the farm at Sylvan Lake were strange and lonesome, as Bill was already working in the hardware store in town. Most of his mother's friends visited frequently, but they were Finnish and not able to converse with me too well in English. After six weeks we were fortunate to find a small home in town, so that was much more convenient as we had no car at that time.

The ladies from the church, the I.O.D.E. and the W.I. did their best to get the war-brides together by putting on afternoon teas for us. The W.I. presented us all with a very useful cookbook.

As the years go by, our ties with our former country grow weaker and we realize what a great country we came to and how very fortunate we are.

We now have a War Bride Association, with members in every province, and have many happy get-togethers. This year our reunion was held in Red Deer and was a great success, with girls coming from many provinces and countries. The husbands attend these occasions, also.

Betty Parkinson

I left my home in London, England on May 11, 1946 and arrived at my new home in Canada on May 26, 1946. After spending ten days on a ship and five days on a train across Canada, I was met by my husband in Calgary. We travelled by car to my husband's farm which was six miles outside Sylvan Lake in the Rainy Creek District.

As I was six months pregnant at the time, you can

imagine how pleased I was to eventually be at my long journey's end. After being in Canada almost two months, I lost my baby, probably due to the shock of all that travelling.

Living on a farm way out in the country as we did, we looked forward to Saturday evening when we, like many others, went to Sylvan Lake to shop for groceries, etc. and to meet people we knew.

Also the war-brides' get-togethers were evenings to which we girls looked forward and enjoyed.

Win Parkinson

For those of us who came over as "War Brides" after the last war, under the auspices of the Canadian Government, the journey from our homeland to Canada can still evoke some very vivid memories. It's such an easy hop today — an eight-hour flight from Edmonton. But to come to Edmonton in those days was a long 14-day undertaking.

Win Parkinson, war bride.

I left England in December, 1944 with my nine-month-old infant son. We sailed on the "S.S. Mauretania", a luxury liner converted to a troop ship and hospital ship. There were 5000 troops and 800 war brides and babies on board. After seven days on the high seas dodging U-boats, lifeboat drill three times a day, a life belt with you at all times and seasickness, we arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the early days of 1945, thankful to set foot on dry land again.

We were met and welcomed by members of the Canadian Red Cross. Words cannot express the kindness and dedication of those wonderful people affording assistance and support to everyone. They cared for our babies and carried our luggage and served everyone a hot meal before escorting us to the train which was to take us to our destination across this vast land of Canada. I will always remember those kind people who selflessly gave of their time and energy assisting in the repatriation of more than 30,000 war brides and their children brought to Canada.

We bade farewell to many of our companions we had travelled with, who would be scattered all over the Eastern Provinces. Those of us westbound beyond Montreal were conducted to a waiting Canadian National train. I could not believe my eyes when I saw that huge iron monster, used as I was to the small British trains. I was soon to realize the severity of the elements and the terrain these trains had to travel, to necessitate their size and power.

After war-torn London, the blackout, the bombing, the rationing, that four-night and five-day journey across Canada to Edmonton on that train was wonderful. Gourmet meals, food we hadn't seen for years — seafood and meat in abundance. My first taste of maple syrup on pancakes, all the white bread and butter you could eat. The brightly lit towns and cities glowing in the darkness as we passed through. We marvelled at the endless forests of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, our first sight of the mighty icy St. Lawrence River. The old world charm of Quebec. The great expanse of snow and trees in Ontario. Skirting the north shore of Lake Superior we had our first glimpse of the "Great Lakes." These made our English lakes look like mere puddles in comparison. Then out on to the rolling prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. One expected to see Indians come over the rise at any minute, and where were the dog teams and sleds we'd read about in our history books? People in other countries still have this impression of Canada, "The Frozen North".

Although I vaguely pictured most Canadian houses to be wooden, I was quite surprised to see they actually were. I couldn't believe that anyone could keep warm in this icebound country in anything so unsubstantial looking. My biased English opinion about the superiority of our own brick houses changed rapidly later on. I was soon to learn that, with central heating, it was not necessary to huddle around a small fireplace to keep warm, as we did in Britain, while others in the room went cold.

It was quite different for me to come from the city of London to a life on a farm. Our milk came in bottles over there. All I knew about cows, at that time, was that they had a leg in each corner so that they did not fall down! I grew to love the rural life: the neighborliness; the picnics in the summer when school was out; skating parties in the winter (although I never did learn to skate); the club meetings at different houses and the good cooking; the card parties at the country school, which also served as a community hall when not in use. I enjoyed each season as it came: the activity in the spring, preparing the land for seeding, etc.; summer weekends spent at the lake; threshing time in the fall; learning to cook for a threshing crew (when I first arrived, I couldn't

boil water); then the white Christmases (very rare in England) and the Christmas trees and colored lights! I loved it all.

It didn't take me long to realize that Canada was a man's country. The women were always left with the kids, while the men congregated elsewhere to thrash out the latest news. Woman's place was in the kitchen, so to speak. Not so much in this day and age as women have come into their own and most housewives go out to work, too, some from necessity, some from choice.

Being one of the first "war brides" in the Sylvan Lake district, I remember coming to Sylvan Lake for the first time, a lonely stranger. People stared; they knew who I was, but I didn't know them. I realized later that they were friendly stares and some of these people became lifelong friends. I remember the brightly lit stores, staring in awe at row upon row of shelves full of food and goodies of every kind. There were bananas and all kinds of fruit I hadn't seen for years. Chocolate bars and candy galore, nothing hidden under the counter, as it was in England.

When I see Sylvan Lake today with all the modern buildings on Main Street, the new water slide, the lovely clean beaches, it's hard to remember it as it was 38 years ago. My nine-month-old infant son is now 39 years old, with a 22-year army career behind him, and a family of his own. Although we have left the Sylvan Lake district for some years now, we still like to come back and visit. Some of the old faces have gone now, and we miss them very much, but it's still Sylvan Lake, my first "home town" in Canada.

Elsie Peterson

I, Elsie Peterson, married Art Peterson September 26, 1945. We lived in London for a year before I was able to come to Canada.

I left my home and family in Manchester, England on my first step in coming to Canada. I went first to London where I and a few hundred other girls stayed at a Canadian hostel overnight. Next day we were bussed to the railway station and on our way to the port of Southhampton to board a ship called the "Lady Rodney". It wasn't a big ship and there were no children aboard at all. It was a long voyage and nearly everybody was sea-sick but, with most of us, it only lasted a couple of days. We did enjoy the rest of the trip and all the good food, especially the white bread, which we hadn't had since before the war.

When we got to Halifax they had a band playing on the pier and, for some of the girls, it was the end of their journey and the start of a new life in Canada, but there were many girls who boarded the train for different destinations across Canada.

The journey by train was quite an experience, especially sleeping in the berths, for the country seemed endless and I was glad to see the Calgary station. I was a little uneasy because I had left my husband in England (he did not come for two weeks after me) but my in-laws were there to meet me. They had a 1929 Chevrolet sedan and it took much longer to get to Sylvan Lake than it does now.

I was impressed by the size of the lake itself. It was lovely weather but everybody had closed their cottages for the winter because there were few that were winterized then. All the little places along the lakefront were also boarded up for another year.

My mother-in-law took me down the town in the evening. I couldn't believe that there was only one street with stores — it seemed strange after coming from a big city.

I did find that the people were very friendly and went out of their way to make me welcome.

I had more surprises when winter came. We were used to the snow melting overnight, not staying for months. I could not believe all the extra clothing that people wore, but soon realized why.

I soon became friendly with another war-bride, Ellen Armeneau, and, after all these years, we are the best of friends. There were many more war-brides in Sylvan Lake and we used to get together in each other's homes every week to talk over old times and things that were new to us, outdoor plumbing, etc.

I often wonder if we could have afforded to go back to England, just how many would have gone when they got homesick. It was eight years and two children later before I made it home again and, by that time, I realized that Canada was now my home.

Elsie Peterson, war bride.

Audrey Sole

It was on May 8, 1945, two days after V.E. Day that I left my home in England to journey to Canada with my three-year-old daughter and eighteen-month-old son.

It took 15 days of continuous travel to reach our destination. My husband's family were kind and welcoming. There had been no reception at the railway station in Red Deer but the ladies of the auxiliary to

the 92nd Battery soon came with invitations to tea and other social gatherings.

There were many difficulties in those first years and there were to be many more years before the homesickness disappeared, but that was something that each war-bride had to accept and overcome in her own way. My husband and his family made my children and I very welcome. The rest was up to me.

The culture shock was considerable. Gone were the friendly "pubs" and, while I had always enjoyed the sociability of the pubs, I found the beer parlors horrendous. I found it incredible to get dressed in a lovely gown for a New Year's Eve party, then pull on high boots and climb through huge snowdrifts to get in and out of the dance hall, then again to pull on the boots and coat and rush outside to grab a drink in the back seat of the car intermittently throughout the evening. If one did not participate in this form of torture one might find oneself sitting alone for most of the evening. At that time I had not yet experienced the length of the Canadian winter, and never did learn to master a coal and wood stove. Many were the failures in baking.

There were many advantages though. A car was a necessity rather than a luxury so we immediately purchased one and quickly came to love the outdoor life and the surrounding countryside. My first visit to Banff brought the feeling that I would come to love this country and the mountains are still a special source of delight.

One of the places we loved to visit was Sylvan Lake and, in due course, we were able to purchase a lot on the lakeshore. After building a cabin and spending many happy weekends and holidays there, we decided to make it a permanent home.

It was to be thirteen years before I returned to England and came to terms with my recurring homesickness. I will always love England but am happy that my children and I came to Canada and that we stayed here. We are all grateful to be Canadian citizens and live in Canada.

The 1918 Flu

by Ada Hagerman as told to Sheila Boomer

On a sad Sunday evening in October of 1918, Henry Weber rode into our yard with a newspaper. No, he wouldn't come in, but had we seen or heard anything about the Spanish flu that was raging in Europe and some cases had been reported in Eastern Canada? The flu (influenza) attacked suddenly with high fever, unconsciousness and, finally, heart failure. It was especially bad in those in the 15-40 years age bracket. The only help that could be offered was quinine pills and hard liquor.

The next day, I took sick at school and left for home past Webers', where Henry had gone in, feeling sick. Dad (Adelard Faucher) drove to Red Deer and got a big supply of quinine pills and a case of 16 quarts of hard liquor.

I was unconscious for a week and mother administered quinine and drink. Whole families were stricken, leaving those not so badly ill to take care of those who were.

The doctor asked dad and Henry (Harry) Pickering Sr. for a good supply of lumber and arranged for a bolt of white cotton from the store to line the rough coffins with. It wasn't until then that my father realized what the doctor was talking about and the seriousness of the situation.

From Tuesday through Friday five persons in our area had died. Mrs. Dallaire and Mrs. Kask had both been stricken and were unconscious for three days, then passed away as did Henry Weber. Also, two hired men who worked for the Dallaire family succumbed to the disease. Mrs. Will Pickering was the only practical nurse in our district and went from family to family through the community, day and night, seeing everyone had pills and drink and tending to the sick. Mother and dad were the only ones who could do the job of undertaker and Mrs. Pickering stayed with me while mother and dad tended to a burial.

Also lost to the flu was Victor Kask and a boy named Walter (but no one can remember his last name) who had a most beautiful singing voice and played guitar and mouth organ with Mr. and Mrs. Bjornson at the dances.

With these seven gone, so suddenly in 1918, our district never seemed the same.

Homesteading in Alberta

When I first to Alberta came
With a family counting seven;
I thought just then I had struck a place
Which should have been called Heaven.

For flowers were blooming everywhere
And birds were singing sweet.
It never dawned upon me then
The trials we'd have to meet.

But soon my eyes were opened wide
When my wife said to me,
"Why husband dear, where will we live?
No houses can I see."

And yet I was not daunted;
Many plans came to my aid.
We'll build a lovely mansion
Of prairie sod, I said.

The walls they went up very fast —
Just like bricks and mortar;
The trouble was to get a roof
That would not let in water.

And then we had to get the wood
With which the doors to make;
We only had some boxes small
And these we had to take.

So we pulled them all to pieces
And drew the nails all out;
For in this wintry country
The doors they must be stout.

Now with the mansion finished,
The next to turn my head
Was where to get the money
With which to buy our bread.

Down deep into my pockets
My fingers tingling went,
But soon they came out empty
There was not left a cent.

Five acres on the farm there were
On which I had sown wheat.
Why wife, I said, be of good cheer
We have plenty for to eat.

Then to the fields of wheat I went
With hopes that were to fall;
For those pesky little gophers
Had been and ate it all.

Well water was my trouble next.
We dug so many holes
And all we had to crib them with
Was some poplar poles.

And after all our work was done,
Water we did not get;
And I must tell the truth right here —
We're digging for it yet.

So when you come to homestead
Upon the Alberta sod,
You have to have good courage
And also faith in God.

For soil alone won't keep you,
And feed you every day;
For we are not like cattle —
We cannot live on hay.

Composed by Mrs. E. Leake in 1907

Happiness by W. Randall

What happiness is, no person can say for another. It is a fact, however, that no one can be happy who lives only for himself.

The real joy of living comes from giving of one's self to something bigger, better, more enduring and worthier than we are. People, ideas, causes — these offer the one possible escape from selfishness and from the hungers of solitude and the sorrows of aimlessness.

No one is as uninteresting as a person without interests. The pitiful ones are those who, in their living, elect to be spectators rather than participants; the tragic ones are those who turn their backs on the rest of the world.

Existence is a strange bargain. Life owes us little, while we owe it everything. The only true happiness comes from sharing ourselves with others; squandering ourselves for a purpose.

— Courtesy of **The Right Hand**, May 1970

The Development of Sylvan Lake as a Summer Resort

by Dr. Bill Parsons

1. The Cottagers

The first settlers in the area that is now Red Deer arrived there in 1882 and chose their homestead sites. A few built houses and remained through that winter. The remainder, with others, came back and settled. These were the bachelors. In 1884 the families came.

Loiselle sawmill, 1902.

From the Indians, these early arrivals heard stories of a lake which lay a number of miles west. Here, it was said, fish were abundant and readily caught. The Indians referred to it as Kenabik which meant Snake Lake because of the great number of yellow garter snakes which were particularly concentrated in the area now known as Jarvis Bay. As more people came to the lake, the snakes gradually disappeared though one of the Jarvis girls, Mrs. Connie Pullar, recalls that before the First War the family spread planks on the beach so that they would not tread on the numerous slithering snakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jarvis and grandchildren on cottage lawn at Sylvan Lake after whom Jarvis Bay is named.

Dr. Leonard Gaetz arrived in Red Deer in 1884 and, soon after he was settled, accepted the Indians' invitation to visit Snake Lake. They left early one morning, expecting to be back by nightfall. When there was no sign of him by the end of the third day, his neighbors were organizing a search party when he arrived laden with fish. As well, he was hearty in his praise of the beauty of the lake and its surroundings.

During the next few years there were a few fishing expeditions to the lake by others but, by and large, these early settlers were too busy establishing themselves on the land to do much else. However, by 1900, the village of Red Deer had become incorporated and some of the residents turned to the nearby lake for recreation.

In that year W. P. M. Jarvis, an ex-N.W.M. Policeman, had set up a lumber business in Red Deer. Since his wife was ailing, he took her out to Snake Lake for a holiday. She could not tolerate a tent so he bought land near a clear spring at the site of the present golf course. Here he built a log hut. A neighbor was Al Loiselle who had come from Michigan in 1898 and built a small 16-room hotel, later adding a store and a post office.

William Jarvis cottage on Jarvis Bay, 1904.

In 1904 Mr. Jarvis bought land along the northeast shore from the C.P.R. and sold his first property to Mr. Loiselle who built the Alexandra Hotel in 1911 at the site of the parking lot of the present golf course. This hotel was equipped with a fine dining room and a very fancy bar where the liquor, which came in barrels, was sold by the shot at the brass foot rail. Mr. Loiselle built nearly a mile of sidewalk up to the station and, when the train was approaching, the engineer blew his whistle to alert the kitchen staff that business was on hand.

Loiselle Hotel.

In 1901 Dr. Donovan of Red Deer and his family, joined by the Fulmers, camped at the outlet creek. The lake water level then was five feet higher than it is now so that the creek ran to Burnt Lake, thence to the Red Deer River. For a few years, the early campers and cottagers used this route to canoe to Red Deer.

In 1902 other Red Deer families camped near the lake shore, some of them not far from the present location of the Sylvan Lake Hotel; among them were the G. W. Greenes (lawyer), the W. J. Botterills (insurance), the Wrights (Arlington Hotel) and the G. W. Smiths (school teacher).

In 1904 the Greenes built a cottage "Rusticana" on East Crescent. They were soon followed in the same area by the Wrights, the Smiths, and Mrs. George Beatty.

The other popular area at that time for cottages was the area immediately north of where No. 11 Highway reaches the lake; this is now called Lower Camp but the derivation of the name is not clear as no one can recall "Upper" Camp. In 1902 Tom Ellis, one-time member of the N.W.M.P., put up a large tent with wooden base and large glass windows. To this he brought children from the Indian School of which he was the vice-principal. In 1910 he built a cottage where a new home is now used by his granddaughter, Mrs. Yvonne Bond Northey. Others who built in this area soon after the turn of the century were: R. G. Cornett (druggist), Ed Michener (later Senator), Mrs. Parks (teacher), the cottage named "Alpha" after her first born, George Best (furniture) and the Egglestons (lumber).

Many of the early cottagers found the name, "Snake Lake", distasteful. In 1909 Mrs. Greene circulated a petition to have the name changed. The government obliged with the present more pleasant "Sylvan".

During the years before the First Great War many cottages were built. Most of the people came from Red Deer and south since, apart from the much smaller Pine Lake, and Chestermere near Calgary, Sylvan Lake is the most southern lake in the province. There are several lakes around Edmonton but despite, or possibly because of, the distance, a few from Edmonton did build at Sylvan Lake.

Before the First World War, Wm. Jarvis sold land well north of the present Jarvis Bay to W. A. Cassells of Red Deer (he had an income from Scotland). Mrs. Cassells was a keen bird fancier; she was the first in this area to have purple martins nesting.

Mr. Jarvis also sold land near the Cassells to Mr. Manning, manager of the Merchants Bank at Red

Deer, and to Mr. Pearson, of Taylor Pearson and Carson of Edmonton. During the First War Mr. Manning sold his property to I. K. Kerr, a Calgary oil man who established a fine summer place which he named Kerr Haven. He had the first motor boat on the lake, the "Clara Jane", named after his daughter. When Mr. Kerr's chauffeur pulled this craft up to the pier there was always an interested crowd of spectators.

After the war there was continuous building, chiefly in the Jarvis Bay area, Lower Camp, along the lakeshore toward the village, and at "First Point" or "Northey's Point" as it was originally called after an early settler.

At Northey's Point there was the old Northey log cabin. The first to build after that were the Parslows, next door. In 1919 R. G. Dawe, a Red Deer civil engineer, built further west on a lot he had bought in 1910. In the intervening years he used a tent on the property. To finish off his cottage he capped it with the clock tower from the old Imperial Bank in Red Deer. Soon after Mr. Dawe, George Fleming, a Red Deer photographer, built a cottage nearby. He could catch more perch than anyone on the lake. Out on the water other fishermen asked him for worms as they thought his must have some special quality.

Beyond Northey's Point, in what was called Stevenson's Bay, now Honeymoon Bay, P. E. Graham, a Red Deer lawyer, built a cottage on what had been the Huerlimann lakefront.

About half way between Lower Camp and the village of Sylvan Lake there was a stretch of about two hundred yards of marshy ground which separated the cottages from the roadway and the lake so that elevated walks were built for access to the water. Those who early had cottages in the area were W. E. Payne (lawyer) and Dr. R. Parsons, Red Deer, and Dr. E. B. Roach, Calgary.

Some of the early cottagers had dug wells but these went dry; then they had to rely on community pumps which often meant a long walk. If the lake were closer, water for washing and household use was carried from there. There was no electricity; lamps were used for light; iceboxes for cooling. If a cottager ran out of ice the iceman was obliging in that he lent his tongs if the distance were not too far; this was a thrill for the boys who carried home the ice. A welcome weekly sound was the call, "Vegetables! Vegetables! Well-dressed chicken and fowl!" from Mr. Madeiras who made weekly calls in his wagon. Several in various areas had cows and sold milk to the summer people.

After World War II lakeshore land for building was becoming scarce. Jarvis Bay was pretty well filled up, as was the subdivision beyond it, which had been named "Birchcliff". Further west of this, a small subdivision, "Birch Bay", northwest of the Pentecostal Camp developed; and beyond that "Sprucecliff". Further along there were isolated developments until, short of the big bay at the northwest end of the lake a considerable subdivision was opened up known as "The Breakers". Across the road west of this a 33-acre area was subdivided and quickly occupied.

Four miles west of the main street of the town of Sylvan Lake a road runs north from the highway to the United Church's Camp Kasota. Running west from this north-south road was one which paralleled the lakeshore so close that there was no room for cottages. Many people thought it a shame that this road prevented building on a lovely bay. It was a long time before anyone did something about it. Dave McCutcheon and Paul Galoien (the Paul Perry of the Varsity Hall dance orchestra) in 1961 saw a solution. They bought the land, moved the road well back from the lake, then subdivided the area so that two rows of houses could be built. This area was quickly built up and, in 1978, became the summer village of Half Moon Bay.

To the cottagers from Half Moon Bay all the way round to Birchcliff there was one man who might mean the difference between a decent summer and one of horrors. This was Roy Gathercole, a powerful man, a Jack-of-all-trades and a tireless worker. From early spring until late fall he toiled for long days to improve the lot of the cottagers. Be it a leaking roof or an addition to the cottage, a pier to put out or a load of wood required for the fire place, Roy was the man who would come in a hurry and the problems were solved. On top of that, he was Norglenwold's policeman for several years and served on the police staff of the Town of Sylvan Lake. He still serves his public and they all bless him for it.

Next, in 1974 Eli Murto obtained permission to

develop a strip of land with a single row of lots on the lake two miles west of Half Moon Bay. This was named Kuusamo Ridge after the school district in which it lies. This was the last subdivision before the County Councils put a moratorium on subdivision along the lake front. It is considered that further building along the shore would disrupt the ecology of the lake.

As early as 1934 the summer residents formed an association to protect and promote their interests. The first of these was made up of ratepayers from Calgary whose meeting was visited by members of the Village Council to hear their views.

In 1948 the Sylvan Lake Summer Resident Property Owners' Association had a large membership whose aim was to promote improvement of the resort. In 1951 their main objective was better care of the beach and the Provincial Park.

One of their achievements about this time involved a road at Lower Camp. When the area was originally surveyed it was found that the road allowance lay in the lake, so a road was cleared between the cottages and the lakeshore. In later years, with increasing traffic, this became a source of concern to the cottagers in that it was dangerous for their children. This roadway was used extensively as a scenic route so, in self defense, the cottagers often went out at night and dug small ditches across the road to slow down the speedsters. Later they put up a fence at the south end of the road which caused great indignation among the cottagers other than those in Lower Camp. A group of the latter waited on the Village Council to request cancellation of the road but they were shouted down by those who had cottages between Lower Camp and the village. Following this incident, M. M. Porter, a Calgary lawyer who summered in Lower Camp, took the matter in hand and through his legal expertise was able to have the road legally closed.

By 1951 the summer crowds at Sylvan Lake were so great that the financial burden imposed on the now Town of Sylvan Lake (1946) was excessive. A boxed statement in the *Sylvan Lake News* of July 26, 1951 was headed, "A Problem and a Solution." It pointed out that next to the federal parks at Banff and Jasper, Sylvan Lake had the greatest number of summer visitors of any resort in the province. The care of these thousands of visitors should not be the responsibility of the fewer than 1500 residents of the town. Needs were: lights along the beach, gravel on the roads, sidewalks, a clean-up crew following the great weekend crowds who came from all over the province. Resolutions were put forward by the Summer Resident Property Owners' Association and the Town Council that application be made to the Provincial Government to correct this inequitable situation. It was a long time before the government acceded to this request. According to one councillor who waited on the government at a later date, the government's answer was that for $25,000 they would undertake the maintenance that was required. The delegation pointed out that it was they who were asking the government for money.

In 1952 the Summer Residents Association's membership was increasing. At a combined meeting of Town and Summer Resident ratepayers a resolution was passed which appealed to the government: 1) To take over care of the parkland and beach in the town of Sylvan Lake. 2) That a caretaker be placed in the Provincial Park grounds for three months during the summer. 3) That the Park grounds be suitably lighted. 4) That provision be made for suitable dressing rooms for visitors. 5) That a portion of the Park be used for parking to alleviate the situation along the Highway.

In 1955 the Summer Residents' Association requested: 1) Further lights along the lakeshore. 2) A reduction of the speed limit along the lakeshore from 25 to 20 miles per hour. 3) A flashing light at the junction of Highway 11 and Lakeshore Drive. 4) Hatching of Lakeshore Drive for pedestrian crossing. 5) The draining and treatment of low areas in an effort to control the great number of mosquitoes.

In 1956 the Summer Residents' Association presented a brief to the Hon. A. J. Hooke, Minister of Municipal Affairs. As a result of this there was an improvement in the condition of the lakefront; there was better lighting; there was cross-hatching on the highway for the protection of children, and there was improvement in the Provincial Park for parking and for tourists. One request was not met. The Minister said that the level of the lake was cyclical and he would not try to lower it now as in a few years he might be requested to raise the level. Oddly enough, this was the summer that part of the pier washed away and the federal government would not repair it until the level of the lake was lower. In the fall, the repair was made.

In 1961 the Association asked the town to repair and maintain the drilled wells used by the cottagers. This request was refused, causing great distress among the owners.

The Association also asked for drums to be strung along the swimming area to keep motor boats out.

There were also complaints that the tourists and campers who used the Provincial Park did not use the toilets nor the garbage containers provided; the neighboring bush served for both purposes. Town

Council was aware of the problems and had planned to correct them.

In 1963 the association put up a memorial trophy for the best all-round swimmer in the Regatta; this was in memory of Mrs. G. D. Caughey, long-time secretary of the Association.

That year they also asked for better control of dogs, enforcement of the garbage law, cleaning of the beach of weeds and detritus, safeguarding of the water supply, and more floats to keep boats out of the swimming area. Council requested that any vandalism be reported earlier both for insurance purposes and control.

In 1962 there was a general protest when an oil company wanted to pump large quantities of water out of the lake. The oil company backed off.

Today, most problems concerning summer residents are handled by the summer villages or by the Counties of Red Deer and Lacombe which front on the lake.

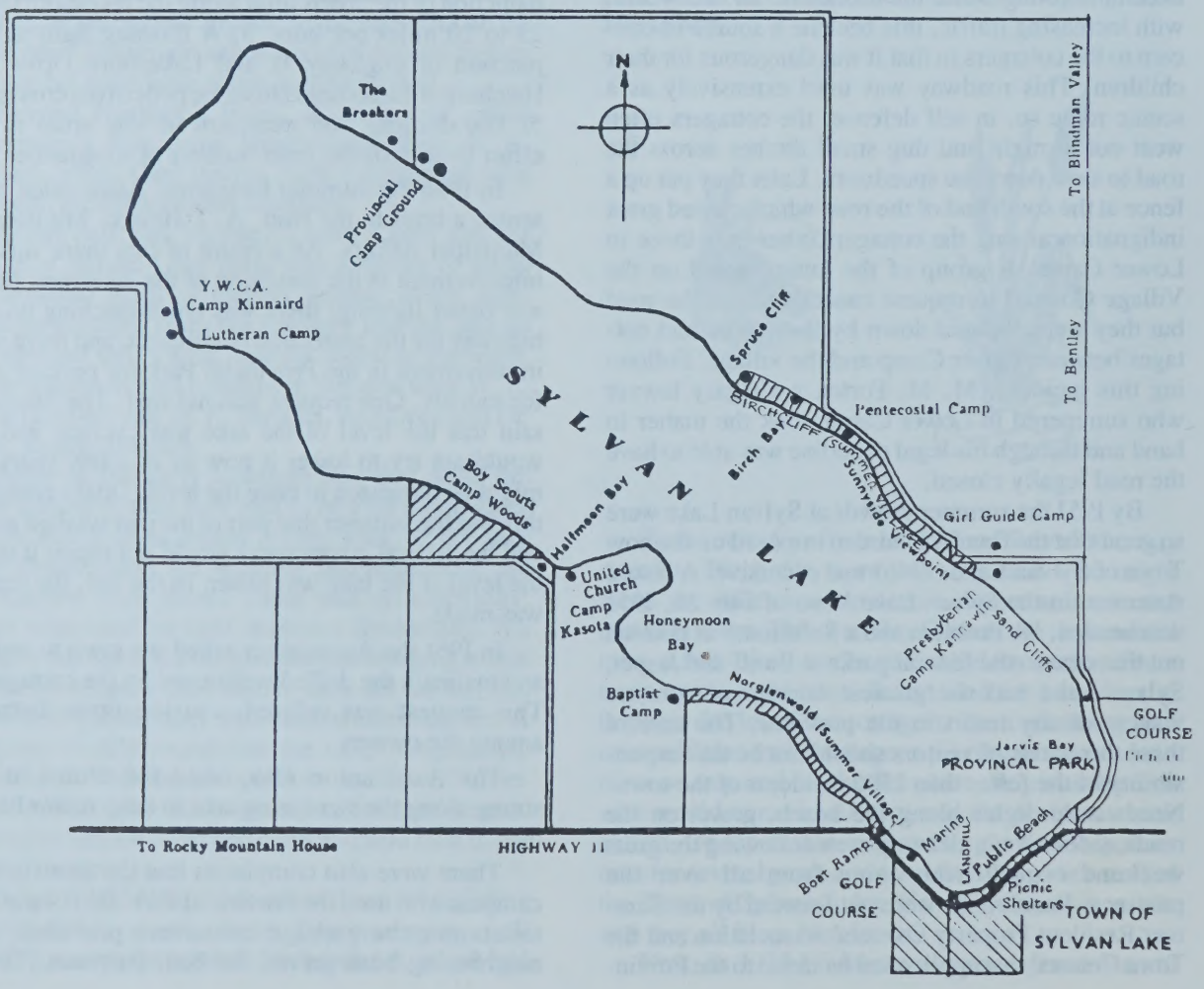
The summer villages are:

1. Norglenwold, formed in 1965. The name is a compound, made up of some of the subdivisions which formed the village: Northey's Point, Glen Innes and Whitewold. Lyle's Landing came in later.

2. Birchcliff, 1971. This includes the subdivisions of Sunnyside, Viewpoint, Birch Bay and Sprucecliff.

3. Half Moon Bay, 1978.

These villages run their own municipal affairs; they carry out their own assessment; they maintain their roads summer and winter; they tend to their own garbage; and they try to be good custodians of the lake and the watershed. Fifty residences are required to form a summer village.



The plans by the Red Deer Regional Planning Commission for the future development of Sylvan Lake show considerable areas on the south side designated for public use but the assumption is that any private building will be well removed from the shore. Access to the lake will be by a narrow corridor with the possibility of a marina or, at least, a launching ramp.

2. The Activities

Although it was the isolation and the beauty of the lake and the availability of the land around it that attracted the cottagers, much was done by the townspeople to make it more desirable. Public entertainment was organized both onshore and in the water; recreational facilities were provided by both private individuals and organizations, and by various levels of government.

Very early, volunteer labor built wooden sidewalks in the business area. Because of the tendency of the beach to become messy the sandy area which stretched from a short distance west of the boathouse to Lower Camp was tilled to keep down the growth. The residents of Sylvan Lake for many years planted trees along the lakeshore for a considerable distance east from the village and in the years when an itch developed after bathing, the authorities treated the shore water with copper sulfate to inhibit the organisms responsible for the skin irritation.

In 1911-12 there was no clean water on the townsite. Elmer Petro drove a barrel on a stoneboat to supply water for tea and coffee.

Very early the people of Sylvan Lake put out diving boards near the village and at Lower Camp.

By 1913 there were many boats and canoes on the lake. The first annual Regatta was held on July 11, 12 of that year. The hotels and many houses were nicely decorated with evergreens. Uprights and crosspieces were attached to the 200-foot pier and were festooned with evergreens, bunting and flags. In front of Wilkinson's Hotel was a streamer which said, "Welcome".

Red Deer citizens helped in many ways: R. B. Welliver, Captain Cottingham and Mr. Mallett were

The bar in the Alexander Hotel, 1911.

in charge of the events. Among local officials: Mr. Webster, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was the secretary; C. J. Rutter, W. Jarvis, Godden and Simson were organizers. Judges were Mayor Galbraith, Mrs. J. A. Carswell and W. H. Hadley, all of Red Deer. During the day, music was supplied by the Red Deer Band under J. E. Welton. The first evening there was a dance in Heenan's Opera House which had recently been built on Main Street. The second evening there was a banquet. As well as the water events, there was a tennis tournament followed by a tea. In the Junior Ladies sculls, the Jarvis girls, Connie and Marion, won in a Mullins steel boat. In the regatta the following year, steel boats were banned. The Jarvis girls won again; this time in a wooden hull.

Early sailing on Sylvan Lake.

During the First War there was not much organized activity on the lake. In the winter of 1921-22 P. E. Graham a Maritimer, and R. G. Dawe a Newfoundlander, both of Red Deer, built a sailboat, the first on the lake. The next winter A. H. Russell, another Maritimer and Red Deer lawyer, built the second sailboat. During that spring and early summer Mr. Russell instructed a group of boys in canoeing, getting them out at six o'clock in the morning. They distinguished themselves in that year's Regatta. That Regatta was a successful event but a financial failure as too much had been spent on promotion and medals for the winners. The 1924 Regatta fared better. The weather was good, the attendance high; the previous year's deficit was paid off. That was the year that the third sailboat appeared. This was made by Mr. Fulmer, at Jarvis Bay. It differed from the others in that it had three sails.

Very early in the 1920's Mr. Jennejohn, of Vulcan, brought to the lake the "Maple Leaf", a large motor launch with a fringed top which he used to take people on cruises around the lake. After a few years, this boat was lost to fire and was replaced by the "Norell" which served in the same capacity as the "Maple Leaf" for many years. After cruising lost its popularity the "Norell" was left to rot in the shallow water east of the boathouse. One Tuesday, September 22, in the 1950's the citizens were startled by a loud explosion. The Norell had blown up, possibly from a bomb placed by vandals. She was the last cruise ship on Sylvan Lake.

In the 1920's, the drive along the lakeshore from where the road from Red Deer reached the lake down to the town was a bit of a mess. Much of it was sand but it had a dirt base which became filled with chuckholes — a bane to motorists. Cars used it with considerable caution while pedestrians, generally from Lower Camp, preferred to go to town along the beach.

3. The Piers

The early cottagers had built a small pier. In 1913 Joe McCluskey built one that extended far enough into the lake to act as a dock for his motor launch. This craft he used to take passengers on cruises around the lake, but that was a losing proposition since, while he was out on the water people helped themselves to the few boats and canoes which he kept for hire at the boathouse which he had built at the base of the pier. Customers did not enjoy using this pier as it was made in sections which were unstable and occasionally dropped into the water with whoever was aboard.

In 1928 Mrs. Dingwall, who ran a boarding house and was president of the Women's Institute, was instrumental in having a pier built to replace McLuskey's. This structure, 500 feet long, with a breakwater, was built by the federal Department of Transport. It was completed by fall, and the Honorable R. B. Bennett came up from Calgary to open it.

With the new pier operative, McCluskey sold his boathouse to J. P. Simpson, the C.P.R. agent, who had several sons who could run it. Simpson had the

Sylvan's paddlers and swimmers about 1930.

old boathouse hauled out to the site of the Irvine Palmer's farm and built a new one. This and the pier proved to be very popular and were most useful at the regattas.

In 1938 another pier was built adjacent to the Pavilion Hall, about in line with Main Street. This was united at the end to the boathouse pier; on this crosspiece were benches which had extensive use. The area between the piers was cribbed, making it useful for aquatic events.

The boathouse pier was supposed to be ice-proof but it was badly damaged in the spring break-up of 1951. It was repaired in the fall. The following year the D.O.T. built a fine pier which served well until the break-up of 1958 when ice damaged the east end of the breakwater. This was repaired in the fall. It was faced with an ice slide to prevent a repeat of the spring damage. This pier lasted until it was removed to construct the present park-like structure of concrete with dirt fill, now treed and grassy.

4. Fishing

Probably the majority of people who holiday at the lake enjoy fishing. As long as the Indians could remember there had been great numbers of pike, perch and suckers in the lake. In 1901 an effort was made to increase the number of varieties for anglers. Eight tanks of Black Bass from the Dominion Fisheries were dumped into the lake. None appeared to reproduce so it was decided that this lake was not suited to bass.

In 1913 the Board of Trade requested that a fish inspector from the Dominion Fisheries check the lake regarding its suitability for fish propagation. Possibly the war interfered with any follow-up on this.

In 1934 George Spargo, head of the Provincial Fisheries, instituted a five-year program of stocking the lake with pickerel. Pickerel are still caught in the lake but not in the numbers that perch and pike are.

In 1938 the Town Council appealed to the Provincial Department of Fisheries to stock the lake with fish. In 1939 George Spargo again came down; he put in 200,000 pickerel eggs and fingerlings the following year.

In 1924 Dr. R. B. Miller, a biologist at the University of Alberta, and H. V. Dempster from the Department of Fisheries spent several days testing the suitability of the lake waters for game fish. Following this, 60,000 perch were placed in the lake.

In 1949 the local Fish and Game Association checked the suitability of the lake for trout. Jack Pell did much of the work. Apparently the results were not encouraging for fishermen.

It seemed that the answers had been found and that the variety of fish in the lake must be limited. One more effort was made. In 1959 the Provincial Department of Fisheries tested the deeper parts of the lake for suitability for lake trout. They did not measure up.

5. Entertainment

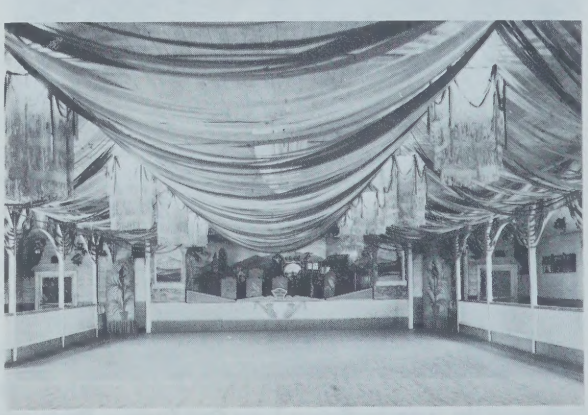
Following the First World War there were many activities of interest to summer visitors. The year that marked the beginning of newspaper publication in Sylvan Lake, 1923, may be taken as a typical summer. The season opened with a grand dance at the Sylvan Lake Hotel with the famous Plaza Orchestra in attendance. At the Uptown Theatre, Harry Carey appeared in "Man to Man"; Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy". The Ladies' Aid staged a monstrous beach picnic with the Sylvan Lake Brass Band in attendance. The ladies cleared $175.

The United Farmers of Alberta picnic was well attended. As well as two baseball games, there were running and jumping. The names of many of the summer people appeared in the prize lists. This later proved an embarrassment to some of them when they applied for their amateur cards as they were classified as professionals, having accepted money as a prize. Some had taken as much as 25¢.

The five-piece Classical Jazz Orchestra, most famous from ocean to ocean, was a big drawing card.

The Caledonian Society of Red Deer and Evarts staged a huge picnic. Chautauqua presented its programs from August 6 to 9.

There was a huge regatta on August 15, managed



Prom Hall bedecked for New Year's Eve Ball.

Sylvan Lake Regatta, 1923.

by Harvey Jamieson. A feature was the canoe races for the Russell Cup plus many medals. In all, there were 35 water events. Mr. Jennejohn put his launch, the Maple Leaf, at the disposal of the officials. The Sylvan Lake Band, under the direction of Mr. Hazelwood, played at intervals throughout the day. At the banquet, Lieutenant-Governor L. G. Brett was introduced in an address of welcome by Village Secretary A. McCaskill. His Honor presented the medals for the events he had not witnessed since he had missed his train and, coming by car, had lost his way. The banquet was followed by a dance.

The Regatta in 1924 was a great success and paid off the debts incurred in that of 1923. From then on, the Regatta continued to be an annual feature, vigorously supported by the citizens of Sylvan Lake.

These were the days when dancing was popular. In 1924 Sullivan's Dancing Academy Orchestra from Edmonton played at the Sylvan Lake Hotel, owned by J. W. Graham. There was also dancing in the adjacent Elks Hall. By 1925 there were three dance halls as the Alexander Pavilion, built by Henry Hussfeldt, was now in operation. That year the Regatta featured a parade with many floats. Attendance broke all records. The Board of Trade held a big picnic. The Sylvan Lake Band, under A. F. McWhirter, held band concerts.

In 1926 a feature that would bring many people to the resort was being developed: the golf course. Built on level land, it was ideal for people who were holidaying and did not want to exert themselves excessively. At the same time the tennis courts were being improved. For the beach, the Village Council appointed a university student, Skiv Edwards, to supervise sports and instruct in swimming.

That year the *Sylvan Lake News* recorded some of the slogans that could be used to describe Sylvan Lake: **Where Friends Meet. The Bathtub of Alberta. The Beauty Spot of Alberta**. The village sent a promotional float to the Calgary Stampede. Again, the Board of Trade held a picnic; the Community Band was set up in the little band stand on the lakeshore and there was a concert. Also, there was a speed boat Regatta, together with a competition for rowboats and canoes. Cups and prizes were donated by local firms and individuals. Unfortunately, the storm caused cancellation of the events.

Putting on No. 9 green, Sylvan Lake Golf Course. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News*.

Sandcastle crafting on the beach.

Sonny Fry and his Country Gentlemen. Band members L to R: Sid Bearchell, Dave McGraw, George Hamilton, Art Hamilton, Bill Scott, and Pip Hamilton.

Throughout the years, the Village Council and the Board of Trade did much to promote the lake as a summer resort and were active in organizing sports activities, maintaining the diving boards and developing the waterfront by planting trees and keeping the beach clean. The new pier and boathouse in 1929, as well as the golf course did much to draw crowds which constantly became larger on weekends. The dance halls, at 10¢ a dance, were very busy. This increased in 1930 when J. P. Simpson built the Trianon Dance Hall, later renamed Varsity Hall. J. K. Penley's band from Edmonton became a great drawing card here. Later on, Sonny Fry was featured.

In 1929, the *Sylvan Lake News* suspended publication. If this was due to the beginning depression, it did the lake as a resort no harm. The crowds kept increasing, especially on weekends.

In 1932, Calgary Power brought electricity to Sylvan Lake which proved a boon to business and cottagers within the village area. That year the citizens supported an eight-team baseball tournament.

In 1934 the golf course was taken over by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Biss. They began extending it to 18 holes but the project was interrupted by the war.

In 1935 the tennis courts and bowling greens

were completed. On November 10 of that year there were 100 skaters on the lake and 25 players on the golf course.

In 1936 the provincial government bought the lakeshore land between the pier and the point where Highway 11 turns on to Lakeshore Drive. The same year several members of Sylvan Lake Council went to Edmonton to interview the government concerning the development of Sylvan Lake.

In 1939 Council was pushing the government to help care for the lake front to make it more useful to the public. They were also pushing for stocking of the lake with fish and for completion of the pier.

There was good response on the last two of these but the problem of beach and lakeshores management (housekeeping) remained a thorny one for many years.

In the mid 1930's the Regatta got a big lift when the Wrigley Company undertook to sponsor a mile swim in conjunction with it. The company acted through the Alberta Provincial Branch of the Canadian Swimming Association. The swim determined the Provincial Junior Men's and Women's Champions at the distance. Following the day's activities a banquet was held for swimmers and guests; at this, the prizes were distributed. In 1936 the committee to represent the local swim club and the Chamber of Commerce was composed of C. A. Weston, S. W. Byers and C. L. Dunford. The Swim was discontinued during the later war years and resumed in the late 50's. Through the years the Edmonton swimmers were the most frequent winners.

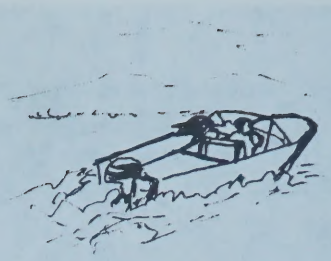
For the 1936 Regatta, cups were put up by Percy Duffield, the Imperial Bank, Simpson's Boathouse and W. J. Graham. Once more, that enemy of water sports, stormy weather, won out. At one regatta an unscheduled event occurred which caused great excitement. It involved Percy Duffield who, as an auctioneer, made a splendid announcer. He was rowed out to the diving board and, as he stepped from the boat it pulled away and he plummeted into the water. Fortunately, there were many hands to save him.

That same year the *Sylvan Lake News* carried a long poem by W. Robinson of Oyen; it extolled the joys of Sylvan Lake.

In 1936 the Lake had its first resident R.C.M.P. though for many years the village and town continued their own police service.

In time, the Board of Trade became the Chamber of Commerce with F. J. Bloom the 1937 president. Representatives on the Wrigley Swim Committee were F. L. Appleton, Chas. Palmer and Harvey Jamieson.

During the following years the Chamber and the Town Council did much to make the lake more attractive as a summer resort. Among their activities: A petition that had been circulated asked the government for improvements on the lakefront; this was followed up with a delegation. They also conferred with government officials regarding regulations for tourist facilities. They formed a beach committee which had the beach plowed and disked. When bathers developed an itch, the shore water was treated with copper sulfate to destroy the organisms responsible for the skin irritation. A one and two metre diving board was put out near the pier. A lifeguard was hired; one of them was a local girl, June Leedham, a Wrigley winner. A delegation went to the



government with a request that Highway 11 be hard surfaced. This was carried out in 1952. A surfboard demonstration was planned for one regatta but it had to be called off because of bad weather. The same occurred when a program was arranged for the visit of Governor General Baron Tweedsmuir who was touring Central Alberta. Rain, 1.15 inches, prevented His Excellency's visit but in view of the drouth the rain was welcome.

The war cut down organized activity but the crowds at the Lake continued to be huge. The dance halls reported the largest attendance ever. The Gaetz Memorial Church Choir drew great crowds at their annual concerts in the Alexander Pavilion and Varsity Hall, as did the R.A.F. Station Penhold Concert Party.

In March, 1944 the Sylvan Lake Service Club was formed. It organized summer concerts and swim meets; it supplied playground and beach equipment; it promoted community recreation programs, carnivals and the tennis tournament which became increasingly popular through the years; it conducted a Swimming Instructors' School from which candidates took the Canadian Red Cross course on how to prevent drowning, arranged by local president C. B. Pugh; it tried to get the Provincial Government to take a more active part in resort maintenance.

For the Service Club beach sports in 1946 the committee was: J. H. Clark, Wm. Marks, J. Bulmer, Wm. Cameron, J. Pell and Ken Wilkinson. For the Club swim: Club president C. H. Norminton, Rev. Ian McSween, Jack May, W. Cameron, Dan Sontag, Wally Koots, V. M. Neely and H. N. Fisher.

When in 1947 the Wrigley Swim returned to the Lake, there were the two big swims; it and the Service Club swim. They were held about a week apart, both being well attended. Jack Pell conducted the Service Club Swim; C. H. Norminton, the Wrigley. H. N. Fisher put up a cup for the Service Club Swim, the Sylvan Lake Hotel a trophy for the winner of the open challenge event.

In 1948 there was a change at Varsity Hall when it was purchased by Paul Perry and associates. Amateur Nights, which were held on Sundays, were a very popular feature of the hall. The same year, beach play sessions for children were conducted by Mrs. D. J.

W. Oke. Weekend crowds continued huge. All events were well attended; the Farmers' Picnic drew 400 people. With the increasing number of motor boats it became difficult to control them, particularly at regatta time when they might interfere with the swimmers.

In 1951, Len Sturmont of Spokane, Washington, visited the Lake. He was publicity editor of the Pacific Northwest Travel Association and was gathering material for a story on the resort. The next year, H. N. Fisher was secretary for the Wrigley Swim. For the Service Club Swim, Rev. T. E. Roulston was in charge with Father Butts as recorder. Harvey Norminton was on holidays and acted as official starter.

The year 1953 marked the first appearance of water skiis on the lake. R. G. Price of Calgary, who summered with his father-in-law, M. M. Porter at Lower Camp, had read about them and, as there were none in Calgary, he ordered a pair out of Simpsons' catalogue. He and his friends taught themselves, being pulled by a Peterborough Admiral 25 h.p. motor.

Again, the matter of water level came up. It was too high. Provincial engineers studied the outlet and decided that it would be impractical to lower the lake level.

Alberta's Jubilee, 1955, was marked by a parade, sports and a band concert followed by a barbecue and dance. Scrolls were presented to Senior Citizens.

There was considerable emphasis on safety during these years. Forty-seven swimmers took the tests carried out by the Red Cross water safety instructors. The Chamber of Commerce bought a resuscitator. There was always a lifeguard on duty. A life-saving patrol appeared on the beach, wearing crests donated by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crockett. This group put on life-saving demonstrations at the pier.

In 1959 there was a sudden resurgence of organized activity. There was a Fishing Derby followed by a Sportsmen's Parade. The chairman of the event was B. C. Learned; on his committee were Lou Herder, Ray Albert, Mike Podgurski, Mrs. Norma McNamara and Mrs. Anna Jaminette.

The other big event of the summer was the Gala which staged the Albertan Mile Championships. The organization was a joint effort of many bodies: Sylvan Lake Town Council, Sylvan Lake Home and School, Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce, Sylvan Lake Life-saving Club, the Red Deer Swimming Association and the Albertan Publishing Company. There were swimming races for seniors, juniors and juveniles, conducted by the Alberta Division of the Amateur Swimming Association. Sid Silverman of Edmonton was in charge.

This meet was such a success that it gave rise next year to the First Sylvan Lake Annual Regatta, a well-organized gala of many parts, with the Olympic touch. The pool behind the breakwater was of Olympic standards. The Olympic flame was transported from Red Deer by the Calgary Cycle Club. At the outskirts of Sylvan Lake they handed it over to Doug Kyle, Olympic distance runner from Calgary who carried it to the pier. Here, the Commodore of the Regatta, the Honorable A. J. Hooke, Minister of Municipal Affairs, lit the torch which burned throughout the meet. The Sylvan Lake Regatta Board was made up of the Sylvan Lake Recreation Board and the Red Deer Amateur Swimming Association. Jim Wocks, of Red Deer was the chairman. Events included: the Albertan Mile Swim, power boat races sponsored by the Alberta Power Boat Racing Association; water skiing and safety demonstrations by the Dolphin Ski Club of Calgary; a 75-mile bicycle race from Sylvan Lake to Rocky Mountain House and return; a five-mile road race around the town of Sylvan Lake; a big barbecue by the Fish and Game Association which also staged archery and horseshoe tournaments and bingo at the Community Centre with $3000 in prizes. Many trophies were donated by Sylvan Lake and Red Deer businesses and individuals. A request went out to all motor boats: **Keep off the Lake**. The sole mishap was when a canoe struck a swimming contestant.

This regatta was a huge success. Because of the large crowds there was one-way traffic on Lakeshore Drive west, and east on Railway Avenue. The town had put up bleachers for the crowds to watch the events.

That summer 125 individuals took the swimming lessons. At the ball park the bleachers and fences were taken down to make room for building. Baseball activities moved to the school grounds.

The Honorary Commodore for the 1961 Regatta was Harris Rogers, M.P. In his speech which opened the extravaganza he honored the pioneers. Following this a Scottish piper, along with Mayor J. M. McAfee of Red Deer and Mayor Dunford of Sylvan Lake, escorted Mrs. Peter Cameron and Mrs. F. W. Gaetz

of Red Deer to the end of the pier where they cut the ribbons. The day was somewhat rainy but the events were run off in good order; however, the Sunday morning service, scheduled for the pier, was cancelled. Again, the Fish and Game held a Fish Derby, with many prizes put up by local donors.

That year, 1961, a liquor store opened in Sylvan Lake.

In 1962 pier rentals were $25 for the season. This helped to spark the development of the Marina. The province approved the Town's recreation program with the result that there were adequate funds to start projects. The Regatta was extended to three days and further events were added to the program: aerial acrobatics by the RCAF's Red Hornets and a wrestling card, staged by the Calgary Club and sponsored by the Sylvan Lake Curling Club. Swimming entries came from Florida, Washington and Oregon as well as from the neighboring provinces. Again there were great crowds, partly controlled by one-way traffic. Main Street was closed to vehicles to form a mall; here, the Fish and Game Association held street dances. An addition to the program by the Fish and Game was a raffle for an extensive camper's outfit. The Fishing Derby was run by R. Watson and B. C. Learned; the horseshoe tournament by Lou Herder. The Regatta Committee added races for outboard power boats, many of whom came from the Pacific Northwest.

The Honorary Commodore was the Honorable Gordon Taylor, Minister of Highways; the Commodore, Red Deer Mayor Ernie Newman; the Regatta Board Chairman, Cec. Ritz; and the Regatta Club Vice-Chairman and Master of Ceremonies was Jim Wocks. The official party was brought from the end of the lake to the pier by motor launch. This Regatta, as that the year before, was plagued by rain, two inches falling in four days.

In 1963 the RCAF Golden Hawks with the Red Knight were added to the program. There was also a decorated boat parade which was delayed one day by heavy rain.

The Honorary Commodore was the Honorable Percy Page, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta who, following the ceremonies, was entertained at the home of Ken Wilkinson where he was presented with a mermaid statuette. Bad weather was again the story of the Regatta.

The year of the fifth Regatta, 1964, marked the end of great displays. All the arrangements made for a first-class gala: the program was right and was expanded with a Sports Car Rally. The dignitaries were of first rank: Honorary Commodore, the Honorable Jean-Paul Deschalets, Federal Minister of Public Works who was accompanied by R. N. Thompson, M.P., and his wife. They were met at the outskirts by Mayor Dunford and later taken on a boat trip about the lake by Bob Winters of the Sylvan Lake Marina. However, the Regatta Board was beaten by the weather which again was dreadful. So the annual Regatta ended.

Even had the weather been good, it is possible that the Regatta would have been dropped. The nature and character of activities about the lake had changed. The permanent population of Sylvan Lake had grown markedly. Many of these residents worked elsewhere and had little time or interest in promoting public activities. The Town, too, found it had enough to do to attend to its own interests. The service clubs the same; the local community was their field. This fitted in with the feeling that had become manifest in the early 50's: that the free facilities offered the huge crowds that thronged the lakeshore and the pier should not be the responsibility of the small population of Sylvan Lake; rather, it was up to the provincial government.

Among the cottagers, too, the pattern of activity changed: it became more family and neighbor oriented. Most who were interested in boating had their own craft; the same applied to visitors who carried their boats on trailers. So the boathouse was torn down. For those who required it, the Marina across from the golf course offered boat storage and care.

One of the many modern sailboats that ply the waters of Sylvan Lake.

Interest in dancing fell off; the Pavilion disappeared. Paul Perry at Varsity Hall still conducted dances but no longer was it 10¢ a dance. There was a hefty cover charge. Rowdyism and liquor became problems which necessitated constant police supervision. One night a girl disappeared from the dance hall; later, her body was found in the lake. Much later, the murderers were apprehended in the United States. Probably all these factors resulted in the closing of Varsity Hall. It was torn down in 1978 to be replaced by a motel.

With the increase in the number of cottagers, people tended to follow their own interests. The golf club flourished; so did the pubs. There appeared to be no need for the dance halls, the regattas, the huge picnics and the extravaganzas. These changes are, for the most part, signs of the times, duplicated in many places.

Still, on a fine Sunday and some weekdays, Lakeshore Drive can be seen lined with cars on both sides from the Highway to Main Street. The visitors are at the picnic tables that stand in the shelter of the trees, or on the well-kept beach, or in the water. Past the last sand bar is a line of orange buoys which keep the motor boats out of the swimming area. Beyond that, water skiers skim the surface, and here and there a graceful sail catches the breeze. Further along are many eating places and, on the lake side, the park-like pier is probably thronged with people. Past that, for those who fancy it, is the water slide; and beyond that the Marina, the umbrella ride, and the golf course. Through all the changes, much remains the same, and Sylvan Lake still qualifies for the designations offered by the *Sylvan Lake News* in 1926 and remains one of the finest summer resorts in Alberta.

The Camps

Group Camping

by Joel McCutcheon

Soon after the turn of the century Sylvan Lake was recognized as a central well-endowed resort area for summer camps by various churches and organizations. The early camps were informal weekend get-togethers usually held in the unsettled areas along the southern shore.

As the region became more settled it was recognized that formal camps would have to be established and consequently land was purchased. These first camps, whether purchased in the 1910's or as late as the 1930's, were basically the same — crude. Most often the shelters were tents, bedding usually straw ticks on the ground and the kitchen facilities lacked all conveniences.

The next phase the camps went through began in the 1930's when the established camps switched to wooden cabins and bunk beds. The camps established at this time went directly to the small wooden cabins which duplicated the closeness established by the tents and had outlived their usefulness. The kitchens built at this time had a few more conveniences, perhaps a well nearby or electricity supplied by a generator or maybe just wooden buildings which seemed a great improvement from a tent.

This era remained virtually unchanged at most camps until the 1960's except for kitchen improvments. These improvements could have included hot and cold running water, a switch from wood to propane stoves, electricity and sewage systems.

Some camps started earlier and some are just now entering a new direction for group camping. New,

For generations Sylvan Lake, with its peaceful forested shoreline, sandy southern beach and clear water, has attracted many campers. Before organized camping began, and even before the town existed, groups of Indians camped here. They did not come for swimming and other water sports as people do now, but to partake of the bountiful fish resource in the lake. Imagine the happy time for the families as they had a plentiful food supply for the first time since winter started! Spring at our lake in those days meant the annual spawning of northern pike from Sylvan Lake to Burnt Lake by the creek (outlet) that used to be at the southeast corner of Sylvan Lake.

There is no actual evidence that the above really happened, but early settlers often referred to the spring fishing here. If the settlers were overjoyed at the spring harvest, I feel sure the Indians were also. One other piece of evidence is the numerous stone tools, including arrowheads, scrapers, knives and hammerheads, I have dug up in my garden over the years. The Indians therefore, I feel, have the claim to be the first groups of campers at Sylvan Lake.

large buildings are being constructed to permit year-round gatherings. These buildings have modern kitchens to handle large scale food preparations, meeting rooms and, usually, attached dormitories. Many groups meet throughout the year in these facilities and some camps are now booked by individuals or institutions that have no connection to the sponsoring church.

A few camps have purposely retained their primitive facilities allowing people to experience nature and the outdoors in closer proximity than the more modern ones permit. The others have become very modern with highly structured programs emphasizing a different aspect of group camping. In both cases, the people share with the generations that have camped here before, the beauty of Sylvan Lake.

Camp Kannawin

Camp Kannawin had its real beginning in the mind of Rev. R. S. Stevens, minister of Memorial Presbyterian Church who, in 1931, brought the suggestion to the Presbytery of Red Deer that steps be taken to purchase a piece of land near Sylvan Lake for a summer camp. This suggestion was supported by Rev. W. M. Kannawin, B.A., D.D., General Secretary of the S.S. and Y.P.S. board and for whom the actual camp was named.

In 1934, the committee which was set up by Presbytery consisted of Rev. R. S. Stevens, Miss Frieda Matthews (deaconess), Mr. E. Ross (Rocky Mountain House elder) and the Rev. Hugh Jack (Knox, Red Deer).

In 1939, Dr. R. L. Taylor, convener of Synod's Education Committee (S.S. and Y.P.S.) recommended that Synod authorize the purchase of a site. In 1941, Rev. R. J. Burton, M.B.E., B.A. (St. Andrew's, Calgary) succeeded Dr. Taylor as convener of the Synod committee and, on July 24, 1941, a three-acre site was purchased from Mrs. Marion (Jarvis) Dow for $300.00.

The camp site, Camp Kannawin, is situated on the north side of Sylvan Lake, directly across the lake from the town. At the time of purchase, the property was covered with large, tall trees, fallen logs, dead stumps and heaps of "slash". It was the haunt of many song birds, rabbits, squirrels, ruffed grouse, spruce hens, wild animals and strayed cattle.

Rev. Burton and his family, along with Rev. R. A. Sinclair (Innisfail-Olds) spent three days cutting a trail in from the road so that construction of the first unit could begin June 15, 1943.

The first camp was held at Camp Kannawin in July, 1943 and consisted of 16 girls with Deaconess Ruby Walker as the director. The boys' camp followed with Rev. R. A. Sinclair, director, and Rev. Ian P. MacSween, manager.

In due time, the camp was enlarged by the purchase of the Pearson property on the west side. The entire investment was made possible by the generosity and foresight of the W.M.S. (W.D.), who advanced money for the undertaking and numerous individuals and congregations in the Alberta Synod who made generous donations to the whole project.

Much of the work was done with volunteer labor. Rev. Burton commuted from Calgary — no simple undertaking — and Rev. R. A. Sinclair from Innisfail. Rev. Ian P. MacSween, as minister of Memorial Presbyterian Church in Sylvan Lake, carried the load when others had to be at home conducting regular duties. He was unstinting in his time, indefatigable in his work and most constructive in his suggestions.

A new camping era at Camp Kannawin began on May 18, 1980 when the sod was turned for a new building. A large number of volunteers from all over Alberta were involved in the construction and in the donation of materials for this new $450,000.00 complex which includes a modern kitchen, dining hall that can feed 120 people at a sitting, a recreation room with large fireplace, workshop, cold storage area, walk-in freezer, cooks' bedrooms, nurse's quarters and a sick room. Since the facility is winterized, group camps and retreats (other than Presbyterian may also rent) can be held during the winter.

Dedication of the facility took place July 1, 1981 with about 250 people in attendance.

A special service was held on May 15, 1983, also well attended, at which time the camping facility was named "Dr. Ruby Walker Centre" and "MacSween Hall" honoring two people who had dedicated a good portion of their lives to God's work at Camp Kannawin.

For 40 years now, Camp Kannawin has provided

a great opportunity for church work, worship and Christian fellowship justifying the time, expense and energy of many dedicated men and women of the Synod of Alberta, Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Camp Kasota.

Camp Kasota

Kasota Camp, owned and operated by the United Church of Canada is located three miles west and one mile north of the town of Sylvan Lake on lakeshore property which was originally part of the Louis Loiselle homestead.

At first, the site consisted of about 12 acres but later six more acres were acquired when a Mr. Myers of Calgary willed his adjacent property (also purchased from Loiselles) to the Kasota Camp adding considerably to the amount of beach.

The first camps, at the present site, were under the auspices of the Religious Education Council of Alberta and were held in 1925. They consisted of C.G.I.T. and Tuxis groups. A large, borrowed tent, which came in sections and had to be laced together, was used for a dining and recreation hall. The campers slept on straw ticks on the ground in circular bell tents which accommodated about six persons per tent. The cook and her helper had a temporary lean-to kitchen.

The dining and recreation hall was built in the spring of 1926 and was ready for use by the first camp of the season which was the Tuxis boys. The fee was $10.00 plus a $1.00 registration fee. This had to be stretched to cover the cost of groceries and wages for the cook and helper and sometimes a young fellow to do the heavy chores.

One person who spent almost full time at the camp-site, while the building was in progress, was Mrs. Carscallen who was chairman of the Alberta Girls' Work Board. Her home was in Calgary but she spent months in their cottage at Sylvan Lake and went out to Kasota nearly every day. Everyone felt that Mrs. Carscallen made sure that every dollar was stretched as far as possible.

Another person who took an active part in the building and, indeed in the whole operation of Camp Kasota, was Harold Mann. He and his wife, Mary, spent many evenings and most weekends there after Mr. Mann was transferred to the Sylvan Lake Branch of the Imperial Bank of Canada in February 1925. After the camps were running, he acted as business manager for several years.

Some time during the earliest years a lot of folding army cots were purchased. The campers brought their own ticks and filled them with straw after they arrived. The bell tents had been replaced by the ordinary rectangular tents. The tent bottoms had ship-lap floors and two-by-four frames over which a tent accommodating four beds could be stretched.

About 1930 one of the women's groups in a Calgary church decided the staff should have better accommodation so the first cabin was built. It was about $10' \times 15'$ with a partition in the middle and a door at both ends. The nurse used one side and cook the other. This cabin is still in use.

The Manns bought six acres of the Loiselle lakefront property, built a log house and, for seven years, moved there for the summers since, by this time, Harold had been transferred to Eckville. After 1940 it became too inconvenient to commute so the log house was sold to the United Church Young People's Association.

Today, the old camp would seem very primitive. There was no electricity and no plumbing, except for a water barrel set high in the kitchen which had to be pumped full by hand every day. There was a big range with two fireboxes and two ovens which had been purchased from the old Sylvan Lake Hotel about 1928.

Then there was the problem of roads! Even after No. 11 Highway was gravelled (around 1932), there were nearly two miles of dirt road. Then too, it was always soft through the trees to get in to the camp itself.

Following the Tuxis and C.G.I.T. 10-day camps, there were Trail Rangers, Explorers and a mixed camp attended by couples and Sunday school teachers. Later, there were the Young People's camps.

Through the years many, many young people have enjoyed Vesper Services at sunset at the big spruce trees on the beach in front of the log house and will have fond memories of the "Council Ring" where blanketed figures sat against the rough walls of the palisade for the evening entertainment while the bonfire sparks spiralled upward. An impressive ongoing scene at Camp Kasota!

Historic Building at Camp Kasota
by Mrs. Mann

The log house was built for the Harold Mann family in 1934. A fellow at Leedale had quite a number of logs which he was anxious to sell. Harold and Henry Jokinen, who were master log craftsmen, went out and selected 50 beautifully straight logs for about $2.00 each. The cost of peeling them with a draw knife was about 50¢.

Henry Jokinen contracted to build the house, assisted by one of the Makis (Mrs. Toivanen's brother) and another log craftsman. Originally, there was an eight-foot balcony at the north end of the big room but it was not practical. The main room was 21′ x 28′. Across the south end was the kitchen and two bedrooms.

The fireplace was built by a Mr. Bradley, who drifted in to the Eckville district in the 1930's. He was an excellent stone mason and wanted his first fireplace in the district to be a great one. We brought a few loads of field stone and he chipped and squared stones tediously for a month. He built the fireplace from the ground to the peak of the roof with a separate flue for the kitchen range — all for $75.00!

This fireplace was so successful that the old smoky one in the dining hall was torn down and Mr. Bradley built a new one of brick and stone — using the left-over stones from ours. He prided himself with the fact that he had never built a fireplace that smoked and our squared stone one was certainly a thing of beauty.

The door hinges and latches and crane for the fireplace were made by Mr. Selvais, a blacksmith in Eckville.

Camp Kuriakos (Lutheran Bible Camp)

In the early 1930's a travelling evangelist, G. M. Trygstad, inspired the Lutheran congregation at Dickson — a community southwest of Sylvan Lake — to establish a Bible camp somewhere on the shores of Sylvan Lake. According to an account by E. M. Castella, it was through a member of that

congregation, Carl Christianson, that land on the northwest shore of Sylvan Lake was donated by Mr. Nick Isaacson, a Sylvan Lake area farmer.

In the beginning, the members of the Dickson congregation carried almost complete responsibility for the operation of the camp — supplying excellent cooks and donating meat and vegetables.

The original dining hall and kitchen was built by volunteer workers under the direction of Mr. S. P. Lonneberg. This building stood 40 years of weather and use before being replaced in 1975.

While the first camp on the site was held in the summer of 1933, it was not until January 15, 1938 that the Lutheran Bible Camp Association was incorporated.

Among the young men who worked to get the camp in shape was George Schiots, who helped build the first steps down to the beach. He found a flat stone on which he wrote the words, "It is finished." He also made a wooden cross of birch (a tree common to that particular area) which, together with the stone, was placed on the altar built at the east end of the dining hall. Today, the stone has been incorporated into the fireplace and the cross has been affixed to the north gable of the lodge.

Water and lighting were difficult problems in the early years. A power plant took over from gasoline lamps and then, in 1959, Calgary Power was installed allowing for yard lights, an automatic water system (water was carried from a spring near the beach at first) and to light up all the cabins.

In 1958, the 25th Anniversary of the camp was celebrated with a number of improvements being made. The Anniversary Chapel was built and dedicated by Rev. Dr. Nyholm. Propane was installed for a commercial kitchen stove.

A new kitchen, dining hall, lounge and washroom facilities were completed and a dedication service held July 25, 1976. This achievement was made possible by the help of many people, tradesmen and others who donated their time and work and money.

In the fall of 1977, the natural gas pipe line was laid into the campsite and all propane units converted

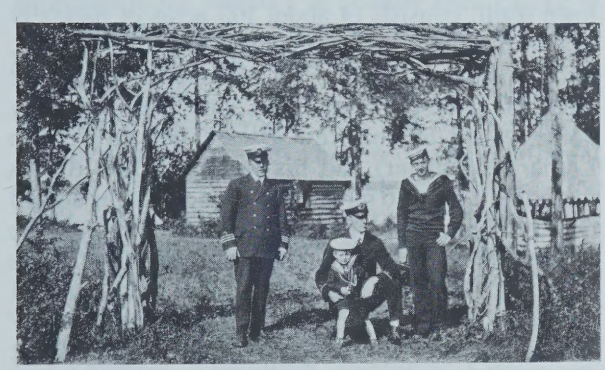
to natural gas. The water supply was improved by drilling a new well with higher pump capacity.

A new dormitory was attached to the Lodge in 1980, housing 65 campers in 17 comfortable rooms. In addition, there are two staffrooms and two sitting rooms suitable for small group meetings. Together with the old dormitory which had been winterized, there is now comfortable accommodation for 100 campers. The camp is now used extensively during the winter months. Due to the generosity of the Grace Lutheran Church of Bentley, Alberta, Pastor David Larsen has become the first year-round part-time director, providing for better long-term planning and continuity of the programs.

The monetary value of the camp means little in the eyes of God, but the blessings of God upon this Camp Kuriakos and upon the many children and adults who have passed through it have been of inestimable value.

Naval Cadet Camp and Y.M.C.A. Camp

Toward the end of World War I, Mr. John A. Irvine of Calgary purchased property on the west shore of Sylvan Lake (First Point) to be used as a campsite for the youth of the Calgary area. The first camp was held in the summer of 1919 with the Boys' Naval Brigade attending for two weeks under the leadership of Reg Rose and Mr. McKenzie. The Girls' Naval Brigade attended camp for the two weeks following, under Miss Eileen Dunn. The girls' camps were held for only two or three years until they were replaced by the Y.M.C.A. boys led by Glen Wray, Reg Rose and Cecil Brown (Calgary "Y" secretary).



Sea Cadet Camp.

The Naval Cadet Camp was operated under strict naval tradition. Each tent was assigned the name of a British battleship with each ship competing against the others in sports and other camp activities. In 1927 the Boys' Naval Brigade changed its name to the Calgary Sea Cadets and adopted the name, "H.M.S. Nelson". This was later changed to the present name, "Calgary Sea Cadet Corps 'Undaunted'."

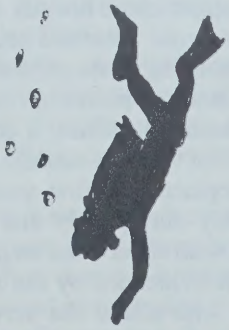
The Y.M.C.A. camps were less formal than the cadet camps with programs emphasizing Indian lore, nature study, woodcraft, etc. A friendly camp rivalry was fostered by grouping the boys into Indian tribes with an Indian name for each boy.

The campsite, in the early 1930's, was also rented when the boys' camps were over and used by churches for girls' camps, one such being a group from Knox Church, Red Deer under the direction of a deaconess, Miss Frieda Matthews.

The Naval Cadets, with their attractive sailor uniforms, were a popular attraction for the tourists and residents of Sylvan Lake. Both the Naval Cadets and the Y.M.C.A. boys participated in the various village activities such as the Sylvan Lake Regatta and an open invitation was extended to the village people to visit the camp and join in the evening campfire programs or to witness the camp sporting events.

With the death of Mr. Irvine at Sylvan Lake in 1928, the Navy League of Canada took over the camp property. As a result, it was necessary for the Y.M.C.A. to establish a new campsite, Camp Hector, on the Stoney Indian Reserve at Morley. The Sea Cadet camps were continued, however, under the leadership of Victor Ward and later in the 1930's under C.P.O. Mitchell, one of the original instructors during the early life of the corps. During World War II, the Sylvan Lake property was sold and the Naval Camp moved to Chestermere Lake, just outside of Calgary.

Though modern residences now occupy the old campsite of the Naval Cadets, many "oldtimers" can recall the old familiar green and white lodge and hall, the tall flag pole with Union Jack waving in the breeze, and the white tents dotting the area.



Sunnyside Pentecostal Camp

In 1936 the Pentecostal Assemblies of Alberta purchased 35 acres on the northeastern shore of Syl-

van Lake to be used for a Bible camp. The land was part of the original Thomas Bigam homestead and acquired through his estate. The municipal east-west road divides the camp approximately in half — 15 acres on the north side (where church buildings are) and 20 acres on the south side (where cottages are) bordering the lake. Rev. George Upton was District Superintendent and under his supervision this camp came into being.

In 1937 the dining hall and three dormitories were constructed with Mr. McLeod of Edmonton as contractor. A water well on the north side of the dining hall was drilled by Robert Nelson of Sylvan Lake and provided the only water for a number of years.

In 1938 the first tabernacle and an office were built and also some cottages (on the south side).

By 1940 the tabernacle had to be enlarged and a balcony built so that it could now seat about 1200. The evangelist at this time was Dr. Price. About this time two more dormitories were constructed, bringing the number to five.

In the late 1940's, Rev. D. N. Buntain set up a steam engine to sterilize the dishes and cutlery. (This steamer is still there but dishwashers are now in use.)

A second tabernacle, "Christ's Ambassadors' Tabernacle", was built in 1955 under the supervision of Rev. Daniel Anderson. A third one was built shortly after. Two more wells were drilled right by the first one which supply an abundance of water for the entire camp.

Another dormitory housing 70 people was built in 1960 by Rev. S. Johnson and a group of young people from Stettler.

Sunnyside Camp has now been included in the Summer Village of Birchcliff with resulting improvement, especially to the road which traverses the grounds.

Over the years other buildings were erected north of the road and the south side has been developed for cottages, many used the year round. From humble beginnings, Sunnyside Pentecostal Camp has developed into a sophisticated holiday resort area — a motel with hot and cold water and heat to each room; a trailer court consisting of about 50 stalls with hookups for sewer, water and power; a central washroom with showers; laundry facilities; a coffee shop. The south side has about 98 fully-modern cottages (many of which have replaced the first small cabins) with regular occupancy during July and August and a good beach area with supervised swimming all summer. However, as evidenced by the seven to twelve hundred people who attend the services daily, the holidaying Pentecostals do not lose sight of the fact that they are at Sunnyside Camp to study God's word, to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, and to rededicate their lives to Him.

Sylvan Lake local Boy Scouts at Camp Woods.

Camp Woods

Boy Scouts from not only Central Alberta and the entire province but also all across Canada have enjoyed the outdoor life at Camp Woods since 1932.

The camp, located on the south shore of Sylvan Lake, three miles west and two miles north of the town itself, consists of about 103 acres of naturally beautiful, wide grassy meadows, abundant spruce, birch and poplar trees — a peaceful environment ideal for outdoor living. The land was originally homesteaded by the Rev. Oscar Hjelt (a Finnish Lutheran minister) and his family. When illness forced Rev. Hjelt to move back to Montana he signed over his farm to the Lampi family to complete the requirements for the homestead's title and it was from the orphaned Lampi children that Colonel James C. Woods of Calgary acquired the property and later, when he was appointed Provincial Scout Commissioner, donated the land to the Boy Scout Movement of Canada. Thus, on July 28, 1932, the Boy Scout Camp was officially opened and named "Camp Woods."

At the time of the official opening there were only two campsites available for troop camping and these were close to the farm buildings at the northwest corner of the grounds. These buildings were of squared logs (poplar) with dove-tail corners and chinked with moss. (At present, only the original sauna remains and is used as a storage shed.)

By the fall of 1932, two more sites had been cleared and the first formal gateway was erected at the southwest corner. The First Red Deer Scout Troop under the leadership of H. E. Callendar and his assistants, Charlie MacLean and Oswin Mills, were among the most frequent inhabitants whether for overnight, weekend or ten-day outing. They were responsible for much of the early work and certainly of much favorable publicity as to the greatness of the outdoor life at Camp Woods.

As time went on, it was realized that planning was necessary for the proper development of the camp and so the Camp Committee arranged for a survey to be made of the property. From this survey, a topographical map was prepared and further plans then began.

A road allowance running along the west side of the camp was not in use by either the government or the neighboring farmers so Camp Woods leased this road allowance for $1.00 per year. That same year a deep well was drilled and a pump and storage tank were installed. This fresh water was pumped through rubber hoses, running from the pump house to an area around the newly constructed Woods Hall and another to an area around the Manor House. These hoses were used until 1963 when they were up-dated with underground plastic pipes with several taps.

In keeping with the outdoor program of Scouting, an interdenominational open-air chapel was established in a clearing on the bank overlooking the lake. This worship centre has an engraved stone and altar built by a group of Rover Scouts in 1935 and dedicated to the memory of Scouter Dick Clarke of Rockyford, Alberta — the first holder of the Bronze Cross (for lifesaving) in Alberta.

With a lot of hard work and numbers of dedicated volunteers, Camp Woods soon had seven camping sites permitting Scout Troops from several different areas to simultaneously make independent use of the camp. A large sports field, marked swimming area, boating and hiking facilities, an archery range, shelters for tents, and storage buildings for canoes and other equipment all broaden the scope of outdoor activities that can be carried out at the camp. Add to that a number of buildings, electricity, a water system, plumbing, natural gas for heating and cooking, telephone, a canteen and good interconnecting gravel roads and together you have a well-developed camp.

Today, attractive highway signs direct motorists to Camp Woods on Sylvan Lake. There, welcome visitors will find young boys living out their motto, "Be prepared" and putting to use the many skills they are acquiring through the earning of their various merit badges. While modern conveniences and equipment have eliminated some of the "roughing it" features, Scouting at Camp Woods continues to be a very enjoyable, outdoor, learning experience.

Kiwanis Camp Sherbino (Girl Guides and Brownies)
by Mary Beatty

In 1958, the need for a permanent campsite for the Red Deer Girl Guides became very evident. An effort was made to find some money for a down-payment on land for a site. Donations were received from several service clubs and, finally, in 1960-61 a search began for property.

The late Mrs. V. A. (Pat) Sherbino and her husband, Arnold, were both very interested in acquiring a camp for the girls. Arnold, who belonged to the Red Deer Kiwanis Club, soon had the members interested in helping to get a campsite for the girls. A piece of property, thought to be suitable, was found and the Girl Guides were negotiating with the owner, Mr. Clarence Eklund of Rocky Mountain House, when the Kiwanis Club took over and bought the 80 acres of which 40 were to be used for the campsite. This land was half of the original J. Knieper homestead quarter and is situated two miles north on the Bentley Highway and three-quarters of a mile west — almost opposite Camp Kannawin — on the north side of the municpal road.

The Kiwanis Club built a road, dug a well and built a kitchen-dining shelter and tent frames. The Kinette Club of Red Deer bought a cottage and donated it to the Guides. It was moved to the site and called the "Lodge".

Kiwanis members have worked hard for long hours to get the camp into shape. Work parties were well attended.

In 1962, Mr. Soman Leung cut the ribbon to officially open the Kiwanis Girl Guide Camp and Lodge. Guides, Brownies, Kiwanis members, officials and parents attended.

Good equipment was purchased for the camp from the Red Deer Composite High School as they were dismantling their dormitories. Many donations were received. Packs and Companies responded well.

The Red Deer Kiwanis Club continues to support the camp. Every year new features are added, including buildings. There is now a Brownie Hut, a Ranger Hut, washrooms and woodshed and, in 1983, a beautiful building, an all-purpose hall, was completed — very modern and equipped for winter use.

The girls who attend the various camps held on this site receive excellent training, learn many skills

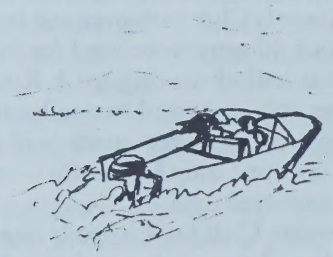
as well as having fun. The first camp recorded was in April, 1962. Some of the first leaders to take girls to the camp were: Marjorie Smith, Bessie Telnes, Dorothy Miller, Claire McKinnon, Pat Sherbino, Mavis Allen, Marg Warmuth and Agnes Harriman.

A place for a Chapel was cleared among the trees — a lovely spot to hold "Guide's Own"!

Girls have attended this camp from all over Alberta and many from other provinces and some have been guests from other countries. District Commissioners in Red Deer in 1962 were: Mrs. R. N. (Gwen) Lawrence and Mrs. W. E. (Mary) Beatty.

Only through the determination and vision of the Girl Guide Association and the Red Deer Kiwanis Club does this lovely camp exist.

On June 4, 1983, a dedication service was held and the Kiwanians renamed the Girl Guide Camp, "Sherbino Place". The Sherbino daughters, Mary and Lynn, unveiled the plaque. The new building was named "Clarence Hall" after Clarence Sole, one of the interested members of the Red Deer Kiwanis Club.



Shipwreck

by Jack Peach

A maritime catastrophe that shook the world, the sinking of the Titanic, was still an awe-filled topic of conversation when I became involved in a shipwreck.

There were four main characters in this marine drama — my mother, her dear friend Norma Ramage, old Joe* and his young understudy. Norma, with her sister, had a cottage on the lakefront road next to the one we rented. Old Joe — nobody cared about his last name — ran the Sylvan Lake Boat House.

Old Joe rented boats of all sorts and on this particular hot summer day my sister and I were persuaded to abandon our sand castle building to go for a boat trip.

Now, old Joe had a young helper who was recruited to skipper the inboard motor boat in which the trip was to be made. In due course, with picnic lunch, we clambered aboard this quite elderly craft and were assigned hard wooden seats.

Power for this small life-boat-sized craft was a one-lung Fairbanks Morse cast-iron creation that was started by means of a crank handle affixed to the fly wheel. You cranked the engine to life, meaning it gave forth a breathless "cuh-ha, cuh-ha, cuh-ha", then you slammed the crank against the flywheel before it could accomplish its other task, that of breaking your leg.

Anyway, off we went, past First, Second and Third Points on Sylvan Lake's west bank until early afternoon when we grounded gently on the north shore of the lake.

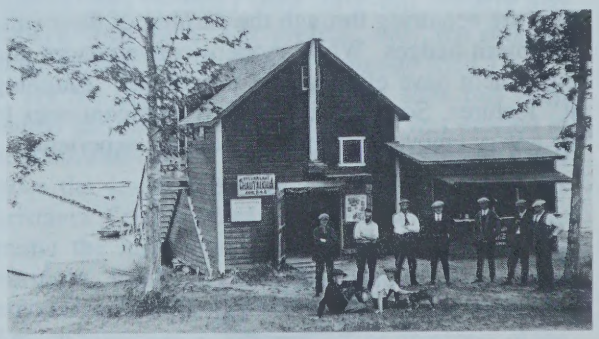
We spent the afternoon exploring, swimming and then eating, finally packing everything aboard for the trip back down the lake in the gathering twilight. But the young skipper was in trouble. He cranked wildly. He primed, cajoled, cursed softly and then gave up. Now, in those days the north of Sylvan Lake was absolute wilderness. The nearest aid was at the far south end of the lake at old Joe's boat house.

I've never heard such hollering. The ladies built a bonfire, obviously interpreted away off in town as a happy symbol in the night. I was told later that during a particularly frustrating mechanical lull the young skipper made an indecent suggestion as to how he and my mother could spend a shipwrecked hour or so. By heaven, if I could remember his name I should thrash the bounder, shouldn't I!

Well anyway, bless old Joe. Realizing in the dark of night that one of his fleet was long overdue he set off on a one-boat-one-man search. Meanwhile my mother and Norma were angry, my sister and I were cranky and hungry, the young man was frustrated and we were all cold.

Then, gazing seaward we saw a searchlight probing the darkness and the throb of a mighty engine pulsed in the night.

It was old Joe aboard the queen of his fleet, a big sleek launch with warmth and big soft seats. It was a long journey home with the helpless boat in tow. I



McCluskey's Boat House.

was asleep long before we landed so I didn't realized — until much later — the full significance of having been part of a big Sylvan Lake fleet rescue operation.

— From *Peach Cordial*

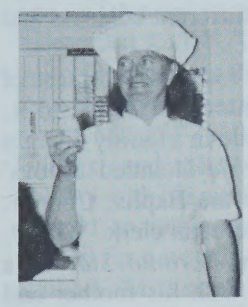
Ed.'s Note: *Joe McClusky was truly, what you would call, a "character." Besides running the first boat house, he always had some scheme a-foot, like the 20-foot, double-decker scow he built powered by a Buick engine, with the idea of holding dances on the upper floor but it was never very seaworthy. Being a bachelor and an ex-sailor, Joe entertained the village male youths with his tales while he whittled away building outdoor furniture (from native dogwood) which he sold to cottage owners.

Some Special People of Bygone Days

by Margaret Herder

Amy Cull

My earliest recollection of Amy is a tall stately figure walking up main street, with red permed hair covered by a chef's hat, and a white apron and uniform peeking out from a dress coat in summer and a fur coat in winter.



Amy Cull

Amy's history is rather sketchy — she taught school in a rural area in Ontario. She said the pay was $300.00 per year. She went off to New York to study nursing, next she was travelling west to work in Sylvan Lake. She arrived here in the early thirties, and worked for the Graham family who operated what was a hotel on the west side of main street. In 1932, the present hotel was moved to its location on the east side of main street. The Grahams operated this hotel until they sold it to Calgary Breweries. Amy continued to work for the new owners at the Sylvan Lake Hotel Dining Room.

The dining room operated six days a week and was closed on Fridays. The hours of operation were 8 to 10 A.M., 12 Noon to 2 P.M. and 6 to 8 P.M. Amy's hours were much longer than these, as she prepared all the food for meals, plus all the baking of pastries and bread. The dining room at that time had cloth tablecloths, cloth serviettes, buffalo heads on the cutlery and dishes. The floor was hardwood, and would glisten after my dad got through with it. Even late into the 50's the hotel had regular guests. In summer, Amy's favorites would arrive; she had nicknames for most of them. Some of her customers had been guests from the days that the railway brought them to the lake to spend their holidays. She had favorite salesmen that stayed in the hotel, and she nicknamed them either from the products they sold or by the meal they usually ordered. There was the "Gainers" man or the "Ham Steak" Man. The salesmen paid frequent visits to the kitchen, to tell Amy the latest in jokes, or to offer her some liquid refreshments.

Amy had many interests, one that gave her a great deal of pleasure was that of entering contests. She bought stacks of Star Weeklies to enter the puzzle contests. She would enter CKRD Radio contests where labels of canned goods were required, she even won some of the contests. It was a bonus for our family as we got a lot of the cake mixes and canned goods that she wanted the labels from. She loved to read and would literally devour the newspaper from cover to cover.

Amy was quite devout as a Roman Catholic, but she had little opportunity to attend church, as she worked every Sunday. She remained a constant financial supporter of the church. A small crucifix always hung above the work table in the kitchen. New Year's Day and any Holy Day that fell on her day off were the only times other than her holidays that she was able to attend church.

Amy was beloved by all the stray dogs and cats in town. The back door of the kitchen was like a visit to the Waldorf Astoria for the canine and feline kingdom. She was also endeared to the gulls, much to Mr. Sunell's chagrin as the birds white-washed his buildings each summer when they came to Amy's call.

I had the pleasure and the honor of working under Amy's supervision as she turned out to be an excellent boss, and also an extremely good friend. She was generous to several persons in town and I was one of them. In 1962 Calgary Brewery was forced to sell its hotels, and it was at this time the hotel was sold into

private hands. It was shortly after this that Amy retired to Vancouver. I always wanted to find out more about her move west in the early thirties, but I'll never find out now as she died in the late sixties.

A Special Person — A Special Place — A Special Time — Mr. Byers — CNR Station — Childhood

S. W. Byers,
Station Agent

Visiting the railway station was great fun with Mr. Byers' granddaughter, Marilyn Duffield. We spent hours playing in the house and the express area. We had the run of the place — not without consequences. One day, while playing with the express wagon — riding and pushing it around the express area — we ran it off the platform onto the tracks. After much crying, we told "grandpa" what had happened. He called for some extra help and they lifted the wagon back onto the platform. This wagon was extremely precious to us as it served as a mobile playhouse when it was not full of freight.

Bottle caps caused us some grief at the station. We spent all Monday morning at the Varsity Hall collecting bottle caps; we took them home and washed them, and then spread them neatly along the tracks. We had well over 100 caps. So we sat under the platform waiting through the hot afternoon for a train to come. Instead, a speeder with a crew of three came along with shovels and they removed the caps from the tracks. They just glared at us and muttered that we could have derailed the train. "Grandpa" wasn't too happy with us that time. To this day I am not too sure what we were going to do with all those flattened bottle caps!

The station itself was our fortress. When I got on mom's nerves, I would go to the station to play. When we (Rosemary, Marilyn and I) got on "grandpa's" nerves, he would say, "Go play in the car", which we gladly did. It was a treat to "drive" the car. Often, while we were at the station, we would go on telegram trips. If the news was bad, "grandpa" did not like to take us. He'd tell us to play in the hammock. The hammock, a leftover from Campbell's navy days, was tied between two large poplar trees. The hammock gave us great fun — it was a boat or space ship depending on how you played in it. In cold weather, when the freight shed was too cold to play in, we moved into the office and the waiting room, where "grandpa" warned us not to be careless around the hot pot-belly stove. We played school or dolls in the station for hours. It was a great place to develop imagination under loving supervision when I was a child.

Will D. MacKay

Having worked for the *Toronto Star* in 1910 as a reporter, for a wage of $9.00 per week, William Donald MacKay headed west for Calgary in May of 1911, to pursue a career as a journalist. The years that followed would include many different business and journalistic adventures.

His birth took place in the Presbyterian Manse of the Chalmers Presbyterian Church in Woodstock, Ontario. He was the seventh child in a family of eight — five girls and three boys. He attended a boys' residential school operated by the Baptist Church. His first job was that of a junior bank clerk. Will D. MacKay obtained a job at the *Toronto Star* as a reporter and was able to live with his mother and sister who had moved to Toronto, following the death of Will D.'s father, Rev. W. A. MacKay.

In May, 1911, he headed west and arrived in Calgary. In September, he filed on a homestead, 45 miles north of Brooks. In 1912, for a small wage and, as a personal favor for a friend who wanted to go east for a couple of months, he managed the newspaper, *The Bassano Mail*. It was a paper produced on an old printer with a staff of two girls. He managed financially by sleeping and cooking in the office. The desk did double duty, as his bed at night. In the fall, he returned to his homestead for another six months.

In 1913, Will and a friend, Bert Ketchum, rented a paper plant at Carlstadt, now called Alderson. Bert continued to operate the paper business while Will put in the necessary months required to gain title to his homestead. In August 1914, the start of World War I, Bert returned to the U.S.A., as he was subject to the American draft. Will never heard from him again. Will found himself caught in a domestic tangle and decided to put some distance between him and the young lady, so he rode the midnight train, without a ticket, to Brooks. In the morning, he signed the

business over to Les Nesbitt, who operated the *Brooks Banner*. Will continued on to Vancouver, still without a ticket, to enlist.

He enjoyed a three-week vacation in Vancouver; when his money was down to coin, he located a recruiting office. He spent six months of training in the old Exhibition grounds known as Hastings Park. From Vancouver, he was sent to St. John, New Brunswick to be a passenger on the "Messabie", destination Glasgow, Scotland. After eleven and a half days at sea, the ship arrived in Glasgow. From there, Will D. boarded a train that took him and his fellow soldiers to Seaford. Following inspections and drills, he went by channel boat to the French trenches. He arrived at Boulogne, France by troop boat ferry.

In September, at Auras, Will D. was injured by a gas shell. He was hospitalized for six weeks. He then returned to the front. He was in a small Belgian village when the cease fire took place on November 11, 1918. The 29th Battalion Band and the Pipers' Band held a celebration on the village square, and one of the favorite marching tunes played was "Beautiful Katie". The 29th Battalion was chosen to go to Germany as the army of occupation. It was a long three week march.

In May of 1919, W. D. MacKay returned to Halifax, and then went on to Toronto to spend a holiday with his mother and sister. While visiting, he noticed an ad in the *Toronto Star*, an editor was wanted for a weekly newspaper in Provost, Alberta, apply A. M. Lee, Provost.

In September of 1919, Will D. arrived in Provost to publish a weekly paper. He remained there for three years.

In September, 1922, Will D. came to Sylvan Lake, to publish the weekly paper he had purchased from Chester Moffat, of Rocky Mountain House. In 1925, he sold the paper to Mr. W. M. C. Thomas.

He started Mac's News Agency and also was a correspondent for five daily papers and two weeklies. He was a familiar sight delivering papers. On November 27, 1929, a former resident, Joe Larsback, who was living in Trochu, returned to Sylvan Lake to collect a $3.50 debt that Will owed him. An altercation took place right on Main Street. The A.P.P. came out from Red Deer and took Will for medical care. On December 11, 1929, the *Red Deer Advocate* carried the following story, "Charge of assault occasioning grievous bodily harm of W. D. MacKay at Sylvan Lake Wednesday afternoon, November 27 . . . charge reduced to common assault and he (Joe Larsback) was sentenced to two months in jail with hard labor."

Will D. was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was the bell ringer for years. He also took up the collection. He was the Sunday School Superintendent for more than 10 years and had a record attendance. Will D. is remembered by one of his charges as the superintendent who held his little fingers so that they formed a steeple when he had them pressed to his lips.

On July 26, 1956, after a short illness in the Colonel Belcher Hospital, Calgary, Will D. MacKay died. He was buried in the Field of Honor at Burnside Cemetery.

Most of us remember Will D. as the man who had a newspaper sack slung over his shoulder; the man who, when not taking up the offering at church, would slip out to smoke roll-your-owns. It is not surprising that many had their lives touched by Will D. MacKay during his 34 years of residence in Sylvan Lake.

Thomas (Robbie) Eli Robinson

He shoots, he scores! How many of us are familiar with those words spoken on "Hockey Night in Canada" on Saturday nights? On the outdoor rink in Sylvan Lake, I'm sure many young, aspiring hockey players said that to himself while hitting into an empty net. The solitude would soon be broken by the slip, slip of rubber soles coming across the ice. The player turning would see a familiar figure, more child-like than man-like, coming towards him — it would be Robbie.

The degree of affection for Robbie in Sylvan Lake runs very deep among the young boys who, at ages 10 to 13 years, came under his coaching wing in hockey and baseball. His involvement in hockey encompassed all aspects of the PeeWee age group. Once the ice was solidly set between the piers on the lake and the kids were actively playing hockey, Robbie would chop holes in the ice and flood it — to improve the lake's playing surface. He taught the kids to body check, but never demonstrated any stick-handling abilities. He probably never owned a pair of skates but, what he did own, was a heart filled with love and pride for his young athletes. He loved tournaments and banquets and was always encouraging parents to lend support in these areas. It seemed like there, by some magic, were always trophies for presentations. One time, he even arranged a concert, which was held in the room above the curling rink, to raise money. Joel McCutcheon fondly remembers the skit in which they, the PeeWees, were involved. Discipline was never a problem and all the boys looked upon Robbie as an adult despite his size.

His involvement with youth wasn't limited to just

winter and hockey for he was also involved with baseball in summer. His generosity even extended to the gift of baseball gloves to those in need. Through his patience and consideration, he endowed on his many charges attitudes of tolerance, compassion and understanding. Christmas was a special time when his young players bestowed on him cherished Christmas cards — given in love. He was often in the place of honor as some fatherless boy's dad at the Cubs' Father and Son Banquets.

His house, "Morrin Inn", on the corner of 4th Street East, held much fascination for all kids. It was just one small room with the barest of necessities; the kitchen area wall was papered with newspapers. He had knick-knack shelves lined with ornaments of various animals — always placed in descending or ascending order. These were from many of his winnings at bingo games. He delighted many a young person with his collection of gizmos and gimmicks.

Thomas Eli Robinson, "Robbie", was born September 17, 1894, in Eldon Township, Victoria County, Ontario. He was the fourth child in a family of seven — five boys and two girls. His parents were Thomas and Eliza Ellen (Davidson) Robinson. He received his elementary education in Ontario.

His older brother, Percy, had gone west and, by 1912, had spent time in Saskatchewan and then on to Rocky Mountain House to work in the sawmill. In the spring of that year, he went to Munson to visit a cousin. He decided to rent a farm in the area. In 1917 his parents came to visit on a harvest excursion and liked the area. In 1918, they moved from Ontario to the Morrin district. Robbie had enlisted in the army and served as a private overseas in World War I. Following his return to Canada, Robbie worked for various farmers as a farm hand in the Morrin area and, also, for his brother, Percy. Robbie enlisted again in 1939 and remained as a private until the war ended in 1945. Among his keepsakes sent to his surviving family in 1960 were the British War Medal, Victory Medal, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and War Medal 1939-45. Following his discharge, he lived in Calgary, Innisfail, Lacombe and then finally arrived at Sylvan Lake, at the age of 51. It was after arriving at Sylvan Lake that he acquired the nickname, "Robbie". His brother, Percy, purchased the cabin on 4th Street, which Robbie named "Morrin Inn". He worked for the town, doing beach clean up, and managed the distribution of various newspapers. In summer, he enjoyed visiting the Balmoral Tea Room and especially enjoyed playing the piece, "Put another nickel in the nickelodeon", on the jukebox. This record was one that was among the favorites at Percy's farm at Morrin. During the winter, he started the coal and wood fires in the Anglican and Pentecostal Churches for Sunday services. He also was on hand to add wood to the fire at the skating rink.

Robbie Robinson.

Robbie was always very generous with what money he earned and with what his brother, Percy, gave him. It was these funds that allowed that certain magic — in the form of trophies at tournaments and baseball gloves for needy kids. He didn't have any desire to amass a fortune. His friends, his cozy cabin, his garden in summer gave him much pleasure in life.

In 1960, he suffered from stomach cancer and was a patient in the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary. He died on June 21, 1960 and was buried in a Calgary cemetery.

It is now over 23 years since Robbie died, but I am sure in the hearts of many men, who as boys at Sylvan Lake came under Robbie's care in the area of baseball, or hockey, or just friends, he is not forgotten.

Bert David and the "Cobra"

Summer at Sylvan Lake officially arrived when the "Cobra", an out-board motor boat, made its appearance on the west side of the pier. The Cobra was owned and operated by Bert David, and he allowed many of us the opportunity to learn and to polish our water-skiing skills.

We were not paying customers, and the Cobra was used for taking people for paid trips around the lake, so we skied only when there were no potential customers around. Most people liked boat rides on weekends and late afternoon, so we had ample time to ski. Bert was a very familiar sight, in his very casual clothes.

On certain evenings Bert would appear in dress pants and a blazer, and these were the evenings he operated the "Norell". The customers on the Norell were mainly ladies in dresses and hats and men in sport coats, nothing casual. The Norell at that time gleamed with fresh varnish, and white paint, and the striped canvas roof was always in good repair.

When summer came to an end, Bert would return

to the various construction camps for his winter job as a cook.

He was residing in Sylvan Lake at the time of his death which was several years ago.

Opening of the New W.I. Pier, Sylvan Lake

The faithful workers of the Women's Institute of Sylvan Lake, who were the main backbone of the committee who brought about the construction of the new pier at the Lake, were favored with a charming afternoon on Thursday, and a large crowd of visitors, at the opening of the pier. Hon. R. B. Bennett, K.C., leader of the Conservative party, motored from Calgary with Dr. McNabb, who owns "Rusticana", one of the finest cottages on the lake front, right near the pier. Mr. Bennett was the speaker of the day and opened the pier with impressive style.

Luncheon was served at 1:30 p.m. at the Dingwall Hotel. Mr. A. M. Steele, chairman of the pier committee, presided. At his right sat the guest of honor, Mr. Bennett, and on Mr. Bennett's right sat Mrs. Dingwall, president of the W.I. Around the table were gathered the following: Rev. Dingle, Mrs. F. Bardwell, Mr. Thomas, Miss Graham, Alfred Speakman M.P., Mrs. McNabb, Mrs. C. Falkner, Mrs. Steele, Dr. McNabb, Mrs. W. E. Payne, G. W. Smith M.P.P., Mr. Payne, Mrs. Miller, Mr. McCaskill, Mr. Bardwell, Mr. F. L. Appleton and Chief MacDonald of Condor.

The serving was nicely carried out by a bevy of summer-gowned lassies, marshalled by Mrs. McCrimmon, Sylvan Lake, and Mrs. Lindsay, Red Deer. During the progress of the luncheon, music on the bagpipes was played by Chief MacDonald.

The ladies of the W.I. marched to the lakeshore for the proceedings of the afternoon. The ceremonies began in front of the rustic arch which forms the entrance of the new pier at 4:35 p.m., with Mr. Steele acting as the master of ceremonies.

Mr. W. E. Payne, K.C. introduced Mr. Bennett in felicitous terms, speaking of his honorable record as an Albertan and a Canadian. Mr. Steele extended to Mr. Bennett the thanks of the Women's Institute and Miss Graham, the secretary-treasurer, presented Mrs. Dingwall with a bouquet of handsome carnations in recognition of her most valuable service in helping forward the pier project.

Mr. Bennett got a rousing reception on rising to speak. He said he really felt quite overcome by the welcome extended by the Lake people. "You are a small community, but it is from smaller communities that we look for supplies of our manhood and womanhood," he said. The new pier erected by the co-

Official opening W.I. Pier, 1928.

operative efforts of the ladies of the W.I., he characterized as a very fine piece of public service. He hoped that in years to come the ladies who had done so well would feel justly recompensed for their efforts.

Mr. Bennett wanted the younger ones to fully realize what a great country Canada was. He mentioned his recent tour of the province of Quebec, where he visited French settlements that had been there since 1660, and the English settlements that were 150 years old. A great country it was.

Alberta was a wonderful province. Last year, the farmers, their wives and sons and daughters had produced $365,000,000 of new wealth. Less than 700,000 people had done this, while the total of all the mines produced in Canada last year was around $250,000,000. Mr. Bennett, in stirring, captivating tones, asked the young people within the sound of his voice if they were going to do something to make this a grander country for the generation that would follow. The question was, what are we going to give the country that has done so much for us?

"You good people who have borne the heat and

the toil of the day, my hope is that in your declining years you may find a great peace and happiness."

Before Mr. Bennett cut the ribbons of the pier entrance, there were two short addresses eulogistic of the honored guest given by Mr. Speakman and Mr. McCaskill, and a promenade of the pier, led by the pipes was made.

The ticket selling, the floral decorations, the publicity, the water sports, all were handled by energetic committees.

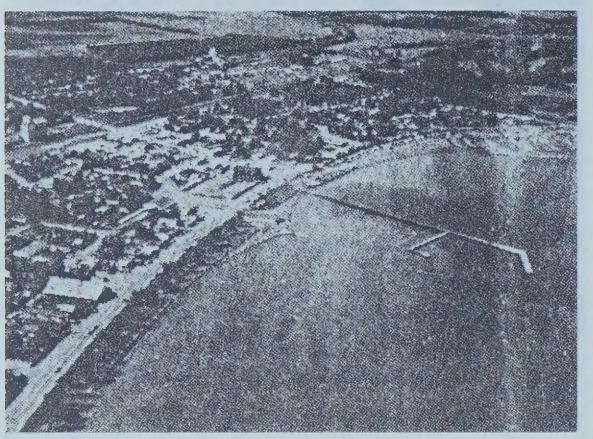
— Adapted from *The Red Deer Advocate*, July 19, 1928.

Postscript:

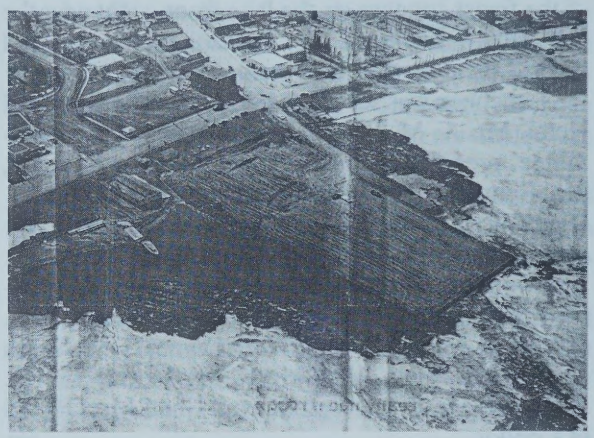
The W.I. Pier was put to good use by countless thousands of sightseers of all ages, swimmers, sunbathers, canoeists, boaters, fishermen and seagulls for an enjoyable 25 years. By 1953 the foot traffic and the elements had taken their toll; the pier was no longer considered safe; the structure was dismantled.

Sylvan Lake Pier — The Past and the Present

by Sheila Jarvin



A glimpse of the federal pier as it was in the past. Photo by Gary Kuiken of *The Advocate*.



The new Sylvan Lake landfill pier (before landscaping). Photo by Gary Kuiken of *The Advocate*.

At present, Sylvan Lake has something unique — unique in Western Canada! That something is its landfill pier — used for recreational purposes only. Jutting 500 feet out into the waters of the lake, it is fully large enough to handle a Grey Cup contest, playing field, end zones and all. It is 200 feet wide at the wet end and 320 feet wide at the shore end. It is beautifully landscaped with turf and trees and is complemented with benches, picnic tables and lighting. Boat launching ramps are installed on the west side. Construction on this lasting addition to Sylvan Lake was completed by North American Road Ltd. of Edmonton in 1973 at a cost of $150,000 — a joint undertaking of the provincial and federal governments. As part of the Provincial Park beach area, the landfill pier is kept neat and clean by a maintenance crew of Alberta Parks and Recreation.

In the past, the federal government had constructed and repaired the main pier on Sylvan Lake and the town had leased it from them for a nominal fee. In 1958, Quam Construction of Red Deer and

Summer people enjoy the spacious, grassy landfill area. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News*.

Sylvan Lake was awarded the contract by the Federal Government to rebuild the pier only to find that 60 feet of it was so badly damaged by the ice break-up in April 1959 that they had to turn around and rebuild that portion. That seemed to be the story of the piers for, by 1968, the main government pier was the only one left and, by 1971, it was in such a state of disrepair that the federal government declined to renew the lease, asking instead that the Town Council negotiate for the pier's removal. Accordingly, Sylvan Lake's Town Council was able to negotiate the construction of a landfill pier with both the Federal and Provincial Governments bearing the costs.

In 1980, with parking areas at a premium, Parks officials proposed converting part of the landfill pier to a parking lot. Public outcry was such that the proposal was promptly dropped.

In the past, the pier was excellent for swimmers, sunbathers, divers, boaters, fishermen and spectators. Undoubtedly, at first, some of these features were sorely missed by the "regulars", but the safety and permanence of the present scenic structure now prevail and should withstand the sands of time.

Sylvan Lake 1943-1950

by Rev. Ian MacSween

The Sylvan Lake that I knew in these years was a sleepy little village that came to life with a start each 24th of May holiday, was wildly active through the holiday months, and slowly settled back into itself with the departure of the last summer cottager on Labour Day. In the warm weather hiatus, holiday makers in merciless numbers descended on the place, filled the lakeshore, crowded the streets, occupied all the available accommodation, stopped over to occupy imaginative accommodation that would never pass muster but on the darkest of dark, dry and windless nights — justifiable only on the basis of extreme emergency.

The summer comers presented a semblance of joyful, carefree coteries of fun-seekers, measuring their holiday exuberance against the goods and services that the permanent residents, merchants, agents and retired folk had schemed, planned, erected and stocked in preparation for the summer onslaught of "tourists". If the permanent residents of the community, about 1,000 of them at that time, seemed reserved, a little more restrained, it was because the townspeople, like little family units in most every home, nursed a gnawing concern, and watched the news daily for some word, any kind of word, of the sons and daughters of the community

Ian MacSween

who were away at the war, or serving in any of the plethora of war services or support industries. It was a kind of hollow jollity that pervaded the summer resort from 1943 and earlier, through to 1945 or to the anticipated return of the service people, a time punctuated with word now and then that this or that one would not be coming home from the war; that some were penned up in Prisoner-of-war Camps, and others were simply "missing in action".

For the minister in Memorial Presbyterian Church, new and inexperienced in this first parish after graduation, trying to spread the services he could offer communities lacking an ordained ministry, from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House and beyond it, officiating at funerals, weddings, and the ancillary services ministers have traditionally been expected to perform, it was indeed an active, interesting and demanding time. Hundreds of letters were handwritten to servicemen overseas to try to keep them in touch with folks at home. The war years did many things, but if it brought the worst out of people internationally, it brought the best out of most folk in neighborliness, industriousness, tolerance and personal integrity.

Forty years after the event one's pride wells up in the recollection of the stirring efforts of the townspeople and district to support the armed services —

the diligent voluntary commitment to the Red Cross, and a number of lesser known but very serviceable efforts. One remembers the "cottage industry" approach that sent knitted woolens by the cartonful from almost every home in the community to the Red Cross. One recalls too the older folk doing what they could to provide in the lives of children some of the normalities that the "missing generation" was not at home to offer. There was one prominent merchant in the town who, on the slightest excuse, dusted off his old "Automobile 'D's" and took to the skating rink to play hockey with the brash young fry who cared not a whit that the old fellow was almost 70 years of age, and bumped him about with carefree abandon.

Sylvan Lake was very much a town in the tradition of small Alberta towns. The town councils of the years took their responsibilities very seriously, and consistently planned, organized, arranged and executed their civic duties with great diligence. Without fail, the street repair and rebuilding program was geared to be at its height by the time the summer visitors began to arrive in numbers and, almost without fail, could be depended upon, on the eve of statutory holiday weekends, to spread a composition of the blackest, smelliest, stickiest of oil concoctions on the main traffic arteries, leaving the tires of autos to spread it far and wide, and the feet of children to get it into the houses. One could reflect that the civic administrations in more recent years tend to follow in the same glorious tradition.

For all of its idiosyncrasies the Sylvan Lake of the 40's was a happy place. Townspeople who had a predisposition to assist "tourists" to divest themselves of their surplus funds had little time for socializing from May to September, but in October the social life of the community began to take shape. Some of the locals repaired to the golf course that they had not time to enjoy during the summer. Others, in companies of four — usually enough to staff a bridge game — filled the trunk of somebody's car with foodstuffs, winter clothing, exotic bedding equipment and left on a safari of a week's duration with supplies sufficient to last a month. One kept saying "hunting expeditions are great fun, except that some darn fool always wants to bring a gun". The water must have been poor out there, wherever they went, judging by the generous quantities of thirst quenchers that seemed to be the most urgent of all the necessities. Seeing them go one felt that by and large the wild creatures of the forest were relatively safe.

With the coming of the fall and the departure of the guests, the Church came into full activity. The choirs flourished. A Junior Choir that was as enthusiastic and acceptable as any amateur choir in the province came into being, complementing a senior choir that was at least the equal of any in Central Alberta. Social events, public and private flourished.

Sylvan Lake hockey team wins No. 11 Highway cup. Back row: Mr. Cameron, Mr. Husfeldt, Doug McCutcheon, Gerry Fisher, Ken Coutts, Earl Grimson, John Chatwood, Teddy May. Middle row: Dave McCutcheon, Les Perkinson, Dick Swainson, Gordon Keith. Front row: Gaston Rossé, Wes Armeneau.

Skaters skated, curlers curled, and the ongoing checker tournament, displaced from its home ground in the old Jamieson Hardware, continued in the "Bull Pen" above the old Koots' Store, until one by one the clientele was reduced by the tides of time that no one can resist. The private "wheelers and dealers" in real estate seemed content with their private enjoyments, reliving past triumphs, toasting their toes before the living room heater, dreaming of the coming opportunities and the fine future promised in the harvesting of next season's influx of carefree, well-heeled city slickers.

Perhaps the most gratifying of all the local initiatives in the 40's was the organization of the Sylvan Lake Service Club, an independent, non-affiliated company of local business and professional people who tried to do some things voluntarily for the town by way of adding recreational and cultural content to the privately promoted programs. The "Wrigley Swim", the Alberta Championship competition over one mile, which had been largely abandoned by reason of difficulty in securing personnel to stage it, was rejuvenated again in concert with the Alberta Amateur Swim Association, but financed and conducted by the Sylvan Lake Service Club. More than one of the helpers over the years in their enthusiasm to serve, provided unscheduled entertainment by inadvertently falling off the pier. It was hard to believe that so many people who lived at the side of the lake had no idea how to swim.

Under the auspices of the Service Club a series of

perhaps six or eight Sunday Evening Concerts per year were staged in the Alexander Pavilion at the foot of Main Street, when advantage was taken of the presence of competent singers and instrumentalists from a distance, who shared their talents unstintingly to offer a cultural dimension to the life of the summer resort. This activity depended heavily on the generously shared talents of Lil Cuendet, longtime organist at the Presbyterian Church, and many of her friends and acquaintances, principally perhaps Kurt Trachsel, dairyman and farmer who had brought his cello and his passion for classical music with him from Switzerland, and shared his gift freely over the years. Kurt went on to be a permanent institution in the string bass section of the Edmonton, and later the Calgary, Symphony Orchestras, as well as other smaller and more intimate musical groupings. One artist at least, Betty Jean Hagen, violinist, went on to attain international recognition, and still does a few concert appearances, having been a member of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for some years. To the best of our recollection no person, either musician, organizer or supporter received a single penny of remuneration for travel or other benefits for their services. The whole was supported by a silver collection gathered in the Church collection plates, set prominently but unobtrusively at the door of the hall, unattended, until some crafty soul disappeared with the "take" and the Service Club members had to fork out to pay the hall rent from their private funds. Gradually however, tastes changed, the then Musicians' Union of Alberta insisted that artists be paid at the going rate, and the proprietors of the other dance hall scheduling competitive concerts featuring the dance band of the season, and the Sunday Evening Concert at the Alexander Pavilion simply faded away, having provided the most appreciated, quiet, well accepted, culturally elevating, non-profit community happening that the Sylvan Lake of these years had offered for the local and visiting folk in the midsummers of the 1940's.

One remembers how the first Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic in town was organized by the Club, when that service was still an unfamiliar and mysterious activitity, and participants needed some encouragement and assurance that their life would not simply be drained away into a little glass bottle. Through the interest and concern of the then managers of the Sylvan Lake Hotel, the beverage room was cleared and used for this humanitarian service. One recalls that only the ultra sanctimonious among the townspeople could not bring themselves to attend "such a place" even for so noble a purpose. It was a "bleeding success"! One recalls too, the venture into the thespian arts of the Church's Young People, when the practised eye and the guiding hand of the drama teacher at Red Deer Composite High School, molded the most unlikely of performers into actors for a "one shot" night stand. The presentation provided a great deal of hilarity, even the parts of the play that were not supposed to. Who could forget "Jimmie, Be Careful", and the players whose memory failed them and the stage went silent when stage fright descended.

It would be an incomplete and insufficient record of the performance of Memorial Church to fail to relate the congregation with the extension of Christian camping. 1943 saw the modest beginning of construction on the site of what was later named Camp Kannawin. This children's camp, for teaching and confirming a rational Christian lifestyle, came into being in 1943, and the story of its development has been adequately recorded elsewhere. The project in its earliest years is a record of great vision, almost irrational dedication, enormous personal involvement and the kind of willing participation that money could never buy. Just as well too, for the whole project in its earliest years was cruelly underfinanced. The exciting and functional building opened in 1982 should be construed to be a testimony of faith by the folk, many from Sylvan Lake, who for 39 years lent their physical skills, their articulateness, their vision and their sweat and elbow grease to the building of Camp Kannawin. Most of their names have never been fully or formally recorded, and many are already forgotten, but all should be equally afforded the appreciation of the Presbyterian community of today and the long tomorrow of Christian witness in Alberta in the service of coming generations.

By and large one would recall in thankfulness the delightful company of neighbors and friends, varying greatly in temperament and cultural background, who made up the milieu that was the Sylvan Lake of the forties — the broad understanding, the ready sympathetic association with and for people who suffered the tragedies and bereavements of the years, the manner in which folk shared their experiences, the enlightened tolerance of the private idiosyncrasies of each. It was perhaps no better a town than any other one of that size in that era, but it was certainly not worse, and many who later found residence in other better known places look back with delight and satisfaction on the influence in their lives of their time of residence at Sylvan Lake — a town "different" only because it embraced the shores of a lovely lake that was variantly the bane and blessing of the place. Life in the 40's at Sylvan was humble enough but inexpressively enriching. I'm glad I was there.

The Sea Gulls

Sylvan Lake, probably considered one of the world's finest open-air diners by seagulls, attracts another patron on this cool, windy day, September 14, 1983. (Seagulls, both Franklin and Herring, have always been as much a seasonal part of Sylvan Lake as the tourists and cottagers — all creating a kind of void when they leave.)

Here a young gull hovers, pounces on its prey and flies away with its prize — a small fish — in its beak.

— Photo sequence by
Calvin Caldwell of
The Advocate.

Photo sequence by Calvin Caldwell of *The Advocate*.

Natural Milk and Eggs by Jack Peach

I suppose nature food lovers are the only people to be found these days with a yearning for a return to what they fondly believe to be "the good old days" of staple foodstuffs. They are too young to remember what it was like to be the first to touch certain foods.

When we were holidaying at Sylvan Lake back in the 1920's it was a regular assignment for my sister and me to walk west along the CN tracks from our summer cottage, out to the Vandurme's farm to fetch two quarts of milk and a dozen or so eggs. They had just moved west of town to the new place because when we found them they lived right on the south edge of town.

It was out there that I learned to milk a cow. For a city kid that was quite an accomplishment, but the Vandurme boy and girls were a useful bunch and good teachers. One fun thing I do remember well was the coterie of cats which sat in a silent arc, each awaiting its turn. You see, there'd be very little noise, just the chomping of the cows as they patiently stood in the gloom of the barn waiting to be milked. There'd be the buzz of angry flies trapped behind the sunshine of a murky window pane. There'd be the zid-zod-zid of the milk as it burbled into the slowly filling milk pail. Then suddenly Aime Vandurme for an instant would break the rhythm and send a fine white pencil of milk zinging across the barn. The cat, that was being aimed at, would leap on its hind legs, mouth wide, to catch the stream of warm milk with unerring accuracy.

I learned to milk with fair skill and, when the pail was full, would set aside our two quarts and, with the farm kids, would move over to the henhouse.

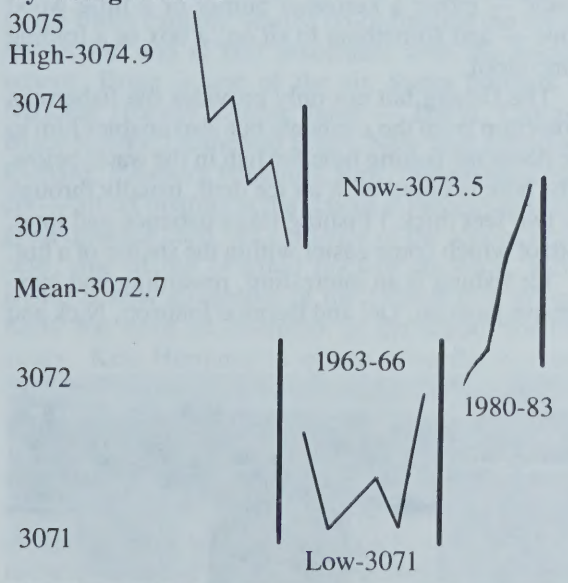
There, amid the protests of the Minorcas and Leghorns we'd fish into the warm nests for the newly laid eggs. Those we'd carefully count and place in our small wicker basket for the trip back to town.

Soon we'd set out along the tracks for the hot walk into town. Our little milk pail had a tight lid and a sturdy handle. It needed both, for by the time we'd finished the return journey, warding off horse flies, looking at the "nasties" lying on the tracks from the passing passenger trains, counting the railway ties and stopping to pick raspberries and saskatoons, the milk would be as warm as we were and the eggs would be near boiling point!

Looking back on it, one can't help think in these days of pasteurization, homogenization, dehydration and refrigeration, egg and milk marketing regulation and regimentation — yes, and the convenience stores — "Wow!"

Sylvan Lake at 25-Year High Level

by George Brown



Writing love letters in the sand here could actually become a lost art — the water level of Sylvan Lake is at a 25-year high.

The lazy days of lying out on the hot, glistening, sandy beach have not been with us for a few years and it could be a few more years before they come back.

The level of Sylvan Lake has risen 16 inches since 1980 — 30 inches since 1964 when the lake was at its lowest level ever. That year the beach stretched out 200 feet from the shoreline.

Today the water level (the mean level is 3072.7 feet above sea level) stands at 3073.51, enough to fully conceal the beach and rise up the second step on the retaining wall but a far cry from its highest recorded level of 3074.9 in 1955. Dancing to Bill Haley and the Comets and Chuck Berry was the in thing but not at Sylvan Lake. In today's standard, water would have covered the fifth step at the retaining wall.

Doug Pilkington, local provincial parks warden, said the high water level causes problems in keeping Sylvan Lake Provincial Park clean because raking weeds from the shoreline is next to impossible. If crews can get them out of the water, there is no place to dry them before hauling them away.

"We can't dry them off on the beach — there is

none," Mr. Pilkington said. "You can't pile them up on the cement wall because there's people in the park at 8 a.m."

Sylvan Lake has become ever more popular in recent years because families cannot afford to travel far from home. The crowds at the park are even more congested because there is no beach — everyone used the backshore.

"The high level of the lake has effectively reduced the land base along the beach by half, but right now parking limits the people coming to Sylvan Lake — not the room on the beach," Mr. Pilkington said.

Any thoughts of regulating the level of Sylvan Lake to obtain maximum recreation use as well as providing water to Cygnet Lake were discarded in 1978. Brian Potter, district engineer of the water resources administration division of Alberta Environment, explained that when the regulation study could not find a suitable means of stabilizing the lake level, the government resigned itself to letting Mother Nature take her course.

Erosion is a problem with high water levels. About six inches or more than one acre of shoreline is worn away each year. Black dirt is carried from the far end of the lake and is deposited at the beach. Two problems are caused. The beach takes on a mucky, murky appearance and private cottage and shoreline properties have been decimated over the years. Improvements are then at great cost to the owner.

Sylvan Lake is nearly a closed basin and it has a small drainage basin so there is not a lot of run-off into the lake through streams. Underground streams and precipitation account for most of the increased water levels.

Annual precipitation here has remained higher than the average since 1980 and the lake has risen five inches in that time. Sylvan Lake received an average annual precipitation of 543.9 mm. In the last three years, Sylvan Lake has received a total of 212 mm more rain than it ordinarily would.

In 1964 when the lake was at its lowest, recorded precipitation was at its lowest — about 100 mm less than the annual average. In 1955 when the lake was at its highest point, precipitation was about normal.

Gradual accumulations of rain and snow can make Sylvan Lake fluctuate greatly. The lake has been known to fluctuate more than two feet in one season. One foot can make a great deal of difference in the size of the beach.

Praying for rain helps the garden but if you want sand in your shoes again, two years of hot, dry weather is the answer.

Ice Fishing on Sylvan Lake

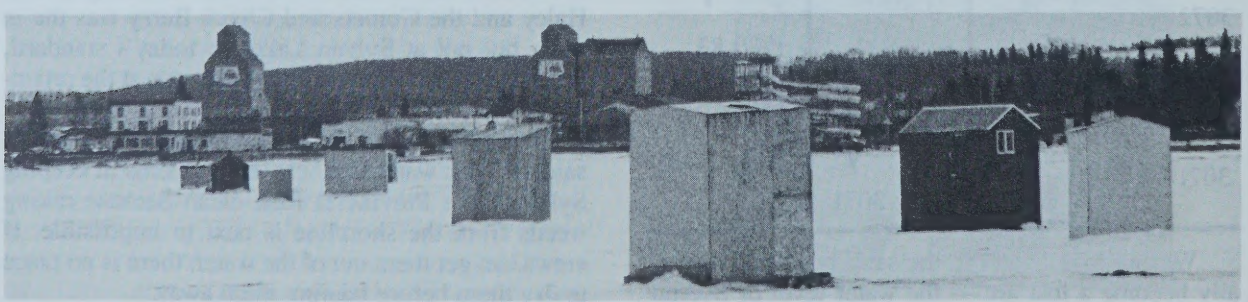
Sheila Jarvin

On any calm, bright, winter day you can look out on the frozen, snow-covered lake and see dozens of vehicles — cars and small trucks — parked in the vicinity of an array of little ice-fishing houses about one kilometre from the south shore.

Fishing through a hole in the ice has been going on for many, many years, but never to the extent it has been since the innovation of shelters for the fishermen. This latest lakeside residential development consists of portable little huts made of plywood, although some are custom-made, tent-like structures that are put up on arrival and folded up on departure. Some are so small that only one fisherman can sit in it, while others can accommodate two or three. Many of them are equipped with some form of heater — either a kerosene burner or a little wood stove — and something to sit on, a box or a folding camp stool.

The fishing hut not only provides the fisherman protection from the elements but also enables him to see down his fishing hole for fish in the water below. (The hole is bored with an ice drill, usually through ice two feet thick.) Fishing takes patience and time, both of which come easier within the shelter of a hut.

Ice fishing is an interesting, rewarding and inexpensive pastime. Del and Bernice Johnson, Nick and



Ice Fishing on Sylvan Lake. Photo by Jerry Girling, *The Advocate*.

Kay Komarnicki, Fred Leung and Peter Yee, Stan and Deena Kind, Sam and Mary Smith, Mike Harasyn and Walter Hanna, and Carl Wilde (now deceased) have been among the regular participants of the sport. Their huts, along with others, formed a veritable little hamlet with the residents visiting one another and comparing notes. According to some of their reports, ice fishing is either "feast or famine", especially with perch. They also catch pike and the odd pickerel.

Before spring break-up, the little fishing huts must be removed (or face fines) and stored away so that the waters of Sylvan Lake will once again provide clean water not only for the fish but for the thousands of splashing swimmers who dip and dive in her waters every summer.

Our Summer Hockey School

He shoots, he scores!!! That is, no doubt, exactly what a young hockey player will do if he has attended one or more sessions (unless, of course, it was one of the special goalie camps) of the Sylvan Lake Summer Hockey School.

The whole concept of the hockey school was the idea of Alf Cadman, a Sylvan Lake boy who began his long hockey career on the local open-air skating rink. Mr. Cadman formed a company, Sylvan Lake Sports Ltd., and successfully negotiated an agreement with the Town of Sylvan Lake for the lease of the arena for 16 years. The company put up $90,000 for the original ice plant. The upstairs of the arena was equipped as a dormitory for those boys who do not camp with their parents or stay with friends.

The first hockey school was held in the summer of 1974 with Brian Ogilivie, of the St. Louis Blues, the first co-ordinator. Then, from 1976-1980, Graham Parsons, minor professional in the American League, was co-ordinator. In 1977, Brian Sutter, St. Louis Blues captain, started co-ordinating the on-ice instruction and is still associated with the hockey school. Brian is one of the six Sutter brothers of National Hockey League fame — Daryl, Chicago Black Hawks; Duane and Brent, New York Islanders; Richard, Pittsburg Penguins; Ron, Philadelphia Flyers — all six instruct at the school at present and are a great drawing card. As evidence of the school's success, one of the original hockey students, Kelly Kisio, is now a member of the Detroit Red Wings. Kelly has been an instructor at the school for five years. Ken Heppner is office co-ordinator and Graham Parsons takes over from Alf Cadman in 1984 as president-manager.

As is to be expected, with such expertise in instruction and management, the hockey school is always fully booked. Over 1000 students are enrolled in eight weekly sessions during a summer — about 130 a week, plus 100 boys at the special goalie session which winds up the season. The hockey students, ages 8-18, come from as far away as Europe (Sweden and Scotland), United States and, of course, all over Western Canada. These ages are then divided into three separate groups according to age, ability, and size. Each group is then divided into two hockey teams. Individual as well as team instruction is provided. Also included in the whole aspect of the program is a physical education program which teaches the young player how to prepare his body for the physical grind of the game. There is time for relaxation, too, which makes it all a sort of hockey holiday for the youngsters.

A trainee at the Sylvan Lake Hockey School. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News*.

Our summer hockey school is promoting Sylvan Lake in no small way. It brings parents, friends and relatives of the boys to our town. Once here, they shop, golf, play tennis, fish, swim, sailboard, ride Go-Karts, slide on the giant waterslide, roller skate and eat at local restaurants and food stands. Because of it, Sylvan Lake has scored!

Traffic Jam on Sylvan Lake

This scene on Sylvan Lake resembles a rush-hour traffic jam as a group of sailboards cluster together on the lake.

Sailboarding — fast growing in world-wide appeal — is proving to be a popular sport at our resort.

A sailboard consists of a board made of polyethylene and polyurethane foam, which is lightweight and virtually indestructable, and a colorful sail made of either dacron or nylon fabric. A "windsurfer" is a sailboard with the registered trademark of Windsurfer International, the largest sailing class in the world to compete in windsurfing races.

The sport itself combines the skills of surfing and sailing with the thrills of battling wind and water.

The Windsurfer Western Canada District Championships were held at Sylvan Lake, for the first time, early in July, 1983. Organized by RJR-McDonald Inc., the championships, which ran Friday through Sunday, attracted about 150 windsurfers. Brisk winds gave the competitors a tough time but the winners advanced to the national finals in Quebec and, from there, to the world championships scheduled for late August in Kingston, Ontario.

— Photo by Jerry Gerling of *The Advocate*.

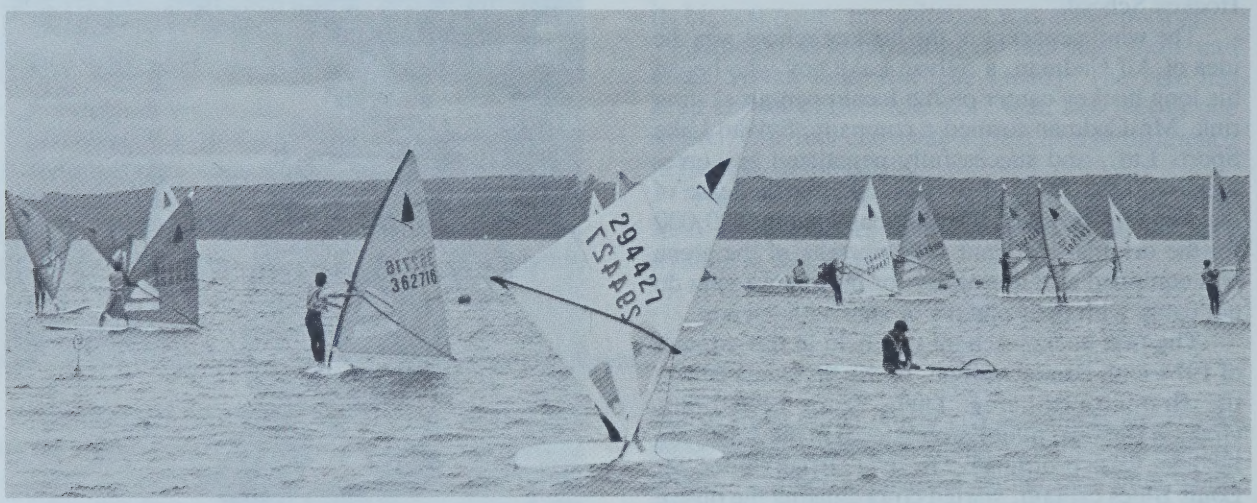


Photo by Jerry Gerling of *The Advocate*.

Memories' Treasure

Dawn! and the earth is waking
To promise of lovely Spring.
The green shoots, soft and tender
Are stirring with Life within.
My eyes can see the beauty
Of this fair and lovely morn,
But my heart, with bitter weeping
Can see no beauteous dawn.
No summer with its dreams come true,
No happiness fulfilled,
For love has gone and the night is here
And the sun and the birds are still.
My eyes look on the roses, so rich
with beauty rare,
With tender benediction my lips caress
them there.
I fold their fragrance to me, and deep
within my heart
I find my memories' treasure —
A lovely thing apart.

— Nora Fisher

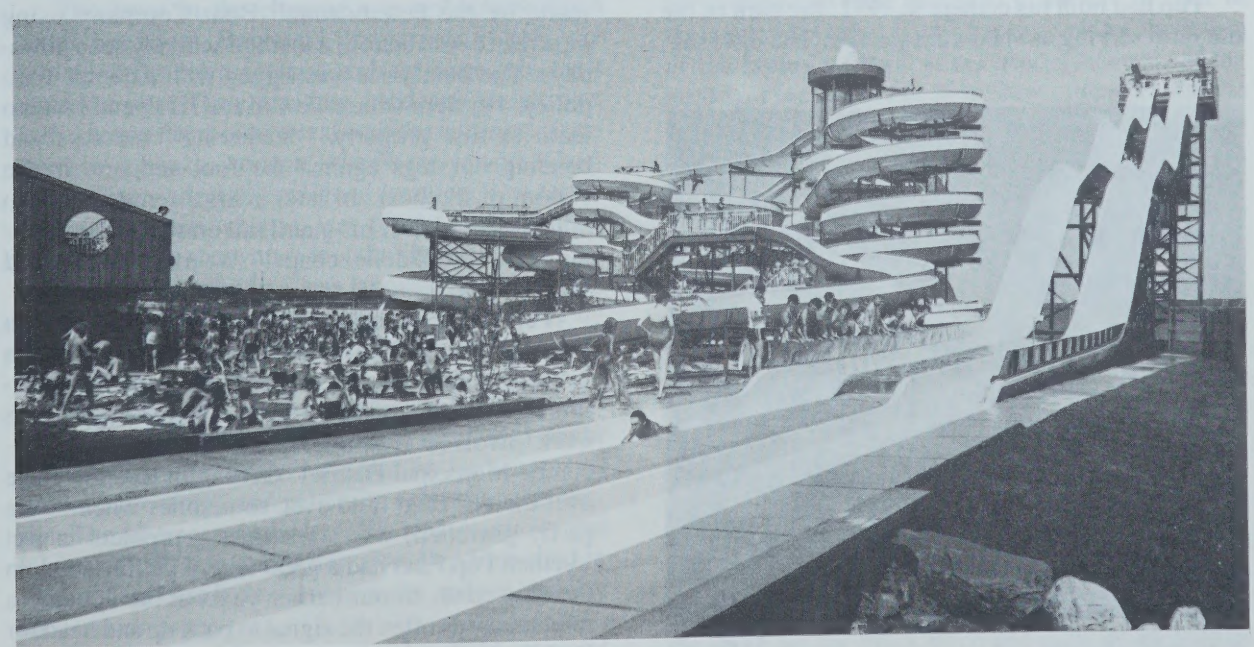
Water Slide, the Old and the New

The water slide, way back then . . .

by Sheila Jarvin

Slip, slip, slidin' away! Back in the late 1920's, '30's, and '40's, the source of the kids' fun of sliding into the waters of Sylvan Lake was a 16-foot high, playground slide with wooden frame and ladder and galvanized iron sheeting for the chute. The structure was placed in the shallow waters between the two piers. It worked best when the crowds were big and the metal kept wet. Even then, on a hot day, the first few down found it pretty hot on the backside!

Village public works' crews were responsible for the slide's maintenance and for its removal before freeze-up and setting up again in time for the Victoria Day holiday weekend. At first, it was transported by horses and skids, later by tractor. However, time took its toll — the wooden structure rotted away and was



Wild Rapids Water Slide. Photo by George Brown, *Sylvan Lake News*.

never replaced for, enter the era of inner tubes, air mattresses, water fins, snorkels and surf boards.

Beginning in the summer of 1982, amusement for the thousands upon thousands of youngsters who are at Sylvan Lake in the school holiday months entered a new era. For, in February 1982, Gary Johnson of Calgary and Dave Dubeta of Edmonton began the construction of a million-dollar water slide. It is located in a down-town location on lakeshore property owned by Gary Johnson and, for the last few years, the site of the Sandy Cove Trailer Park (former location of Prom Hall) which was closed out to make way for the water slide.

The first phase of the construction was completed in July, 1982 and the name chosen, by competition, was "The Wild Rapids Waterslide." It consisted of four main tower slides, three smaller slides for the children and one large hot pool, all of which make use of water pumped from the lake.

This picturesque waterslide was such an outstanding success in its first year of operation (despite quite a lot of rainy, cool weather) that the two owners made some outstanding additions for the 1983 summer season. Two kamikaze slides (where you slide on a mat and reportedly reach speeds of up to 65 km per hour); two river-ride slides (where you ride on a rubber tube over a series of waterfalls, passive pools and eddying vortexes or whirlpools). Doesn't that sound wonderful? Well, it is, and it is attracting and thrilling young people — tourists, visitors, cottagers and residents — by the thousands.

The old and the new. From Model T to Rolls Royce. Both great in their day. Both a source of amusement and joy.

Holidaying at a Sylvan Lake Summer Cottage by Arthur Densmore

In July 1941, my mother was married to George Newport Finn of Red Deer. (My brother Bob and I were at the Scout Camp, Camp Woods, at the time.) "Pop" Finn had a cottage on the north shore and this to us was the approximation of a country estate.

In 1916 George Finn had visited a farm, part of which later became his cottage, while he was Rector of St. Luke's Anglican Church in Red Deer. I recall the name Dewdney in connection with this period at the Lake and am not sure whether this was the name of the farmer or an Anglican bishop.

Pop had built his cottage in 1932, the barn of the old farm serving as shed-cum-garage. The old road, which apparently the farmer had used, ran more or less parallel to the lake and passed just behind the old barn. That old road is now grown over and no longer traceable, although for many years one could barely make it out.

G. N. Finn at the cottage.

When Mom, Bob and I came with Pop to the cottage in the summer of 1941, Bob and I were told to change into our swimming trunks in the loft of the barn. The bottom level had been converted into a garage with wooden floor and a workshop, complete with workbench. Pop had a double-oared row boat made by the Peterborough Boat Company using lapstrake construction, a method scarcely seen nowadays. The boathouse was rigged with a double rope pulley, a system which we still use. Bob and I had to learn to row properly, "feathering" the oars and bending our legs against the foot supports in the bottom of the boat. In later years I remember Tom Walsh leaning over his guard rail on shore and shouting at us, "Well done, chaps!" We must have looked very British.

Pop had been secretary of the Sylvan Lake North Shore Property Owners' Association and had been instrumental in getting some of the original gravelling done on the road past the summer cottages. This work involved making representations to the Lacombe Municipal District. Getting in to the cottage over the dirt road (and even sometimes when it was partly gravelled) was sometimes a problem in wet weather. Pop Finn had a great fear of getting stuck in the mud road. In our earlier years at the cottage, a raincloud was often the signal to pack up and head for Red Deer.

Going to the cottage was a family ceremony. The 1932 Chevrolet would be packed with a basket or container of food made up by Mom, and the water container filled with water — we had no well until years later. The wheel wells at the front of the running board were well stashed with various suitcases and Pop always took along large numbers of sweaters, coats and old pants. He also took along great quantities of reading material in case he had time to read — an eventuality which virtually never occurred, since everyone was always too busy for such leisurely pursuits. There are those, I believe, who picture a country cottage as a place where one puts up one's feet and drinks beer. Not so. It is a place where you "work your butt off" for two days on a weekend and then return to work for a rest!

Our water supplies were carried by pail from the well by the entrance to, what is now, Mr. MacSween's cottage. Pop Finn had an agreement for this arrangement, and Bob and I carried pails for our drinking and cooking needs.

The inside of the cottage was heated by an iron woodstove and a fireplace. Mom and Pop put in an electric stove and oilburning heater in the 1950's. Our wood supply had always been obtained by an arrangement with a neighborhood farmer, a Mr. Nikkinen. Mr. Nikkinen would cut down enough dead trees each winter among our poplar for the next summer's wood supply. In addition, we would saw as much as we could manage with the wood saw during the summer season and pile it at the end of the yard. In looking back, I think we were good stewards of our ecological environment.

The lawn in the clearing was wilderness lawn and, when Mom, Bob and I first arrived in 1941, the cutting of the lawn seemed to be a huge job, as it certainly was! The procedure used was to cut part with a heavy hand-mower, rake up the cuttings, place them in a heavy wooden wheelbarrow and wheel them off to a specially assigned location, just to the east of the lawn, where it was piled for subsequent burning during the winter months. In later years, we maintained the lawn in a less laborious fashion and, in any case, this wilderness lawn in the clearing by the cottage gave this little bit of "Eden" its lovely atmosphere.

The upkeep of the cottage was a definite challenge for my mother. In Pop's bachelor years I doubt that much attention was focussed on such items as "mouse-proofing" and generally upgrading the interior. The advances were slow. We had electricity put in about 1958, and a well dug after Pop Finn died in 1963. There is still no running water and we still use the outdoor privy.

Pop Finn's wilderness garden has held a special spot in our hearts over the years. It was (and still is) a hodge podge of various plants and shrubs placed there as a haven for leftovers of the plant world — left to survive the best they could without much attention — and survive they have! There is the lily of the valley, a very hardy determined plant which is practically impossible to eradicate. They were started by Pop beside the shed part of the old barn, probably in the early thirties, and transplanted by Mom and me to the wilderness garden when the old barn was torn down. These plants I have since attempted to limit to the confines of the garden, but they insist on taking over the whole area and are now attempting to inundate the surrounding forest. They remind one of the European starling in the bird world.

Another shrub with similar ubiquitous tendencies is the caragana. It was originally planted as a decorative shrub but, over the years, has also attempted to take over the surrounding forest. My stepfather had spent many hours hacking and pulling roots of caragana in an attempt to control it. After he passed away, my wife Margaret took up the torch (so to speak) and carried on the never-ending battle against this shrub weed. The only mitigating factor associated with its tendency to spread everywhere is evident on the steep bank beside Dr. Hancock's cottage, where its root system is an obvious discouragement to erosion.

Getting back to Pop's wilderness garden, two other plants present are the veronica and lavateria. The latter is a very delicate stalked plant and requires support with a stick and binder twine. That is another cottage tradition — we still use binder twine! Also, the columbines have managed to survive in spite of their delicate stalks. Each year we look for the return of the humming bird to the scarlet lichness in the garden, a favorite for it. In addition, there are still the bulbous irises which had, at one time, been grown along the path down to the lake. These, too, have a tendency to spread. Also in this garden are Margaret's lady slippers from Mom's garden in Red Deer and two mountain ash and several small sprouting spruce.

I try to do a bit of hoeing and digging once or twice a year to try to keep the weeds and deadfall down to some semblance of differentiation from the underbrush of the surrounding forest.

Surrounding the cottage clearing are the tall poplar and balm with the underbrush of dogwoods, saskatoons, chokecherry, cranberry, pincherry and others which characterize our once wilderness cottage. And then there is the tall 72-foot mighty spruce standing guard over our little kingdom beside its somewhat shorter companion, the white birch. On the shore are the black birch and each spring the tall

yellow milkweed, much more like an overgrown dandelion. These are only some of the huge variety of trees and shrubs which grace our "Eden" beside the beautiful shores of Sylvan Lake.

Then there are the many varieties of wild flowers particularly noticeable along the sides of the country road leading north from the curved corner in the road just east of us. Not the least of these is our delicate Alberta wild rose.

Another large facet of our enjoyment of the lake is the presence of the bird population, particularly in the spring when they are in full song. "The early morning birdsong in May and June are a delightful chorus, except for the sleepy heads among us! We have the impression that the populations of the robins, finches and flycatchers has remained fairly steady over the years. However, it seems to us that there are more orioles around now than during the 1940's and many more magpies the last two or three

years. The grackles have always been with us but now there are more of the overbearing European short-tailed starlings. And we always have our Jenny Wren occupying son Ronald's birdhouse each year and, no doubt, doing its sneaky damage to robins' eggs. Also, each year, we usually have a robin's nest above one bedroom window. It's seemingly amazing, but birds have personalities just like humans. One year, a mother robin took exception to our coming to the cottage and gave us a hard time of it by "dive-bombing" several of us on the lawn.

The gentle bunny rabbit sometimes hops out on to the lawn to eat its morning breakfast of grass or, if Ronald or Margaret has put out some lettuce, it will go for that. Also, there are deer in our general neighborhood; we've seen tracks in the snow on occasion, but the most usual place for us to view these beautiful animals is to the west and north in the open fields. We have seen one or two on our walks northward along our "country lane."

I have tried to communicate some of the atmosphere and feeling we have had for the cottage at Sylvan Lake as a family institution for these many years.

A Prayer For Those Growing Old

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to try and straighten out everyone's affairs. Make me be thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and the love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I can be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so. Amen.

Anonymous

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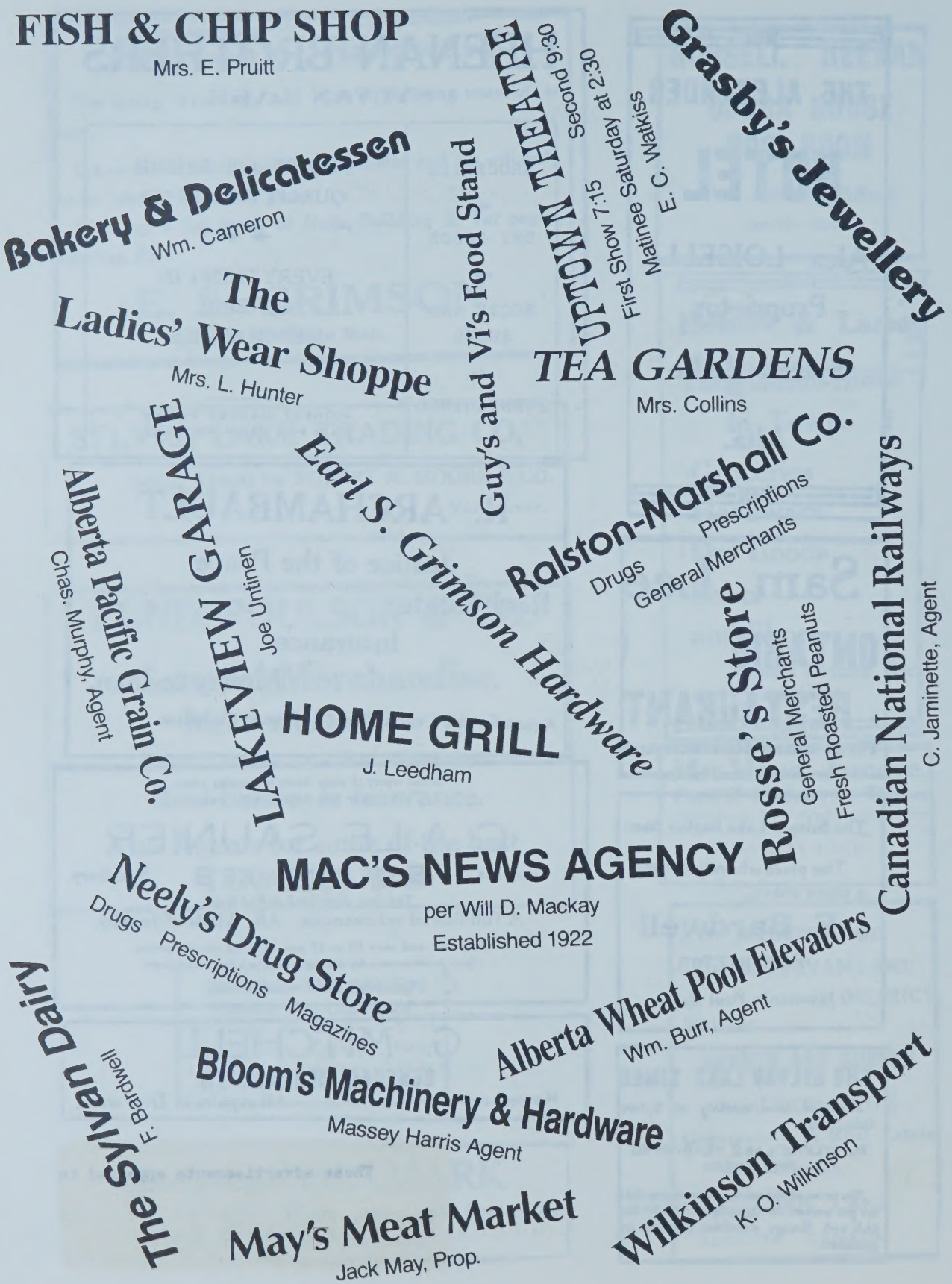
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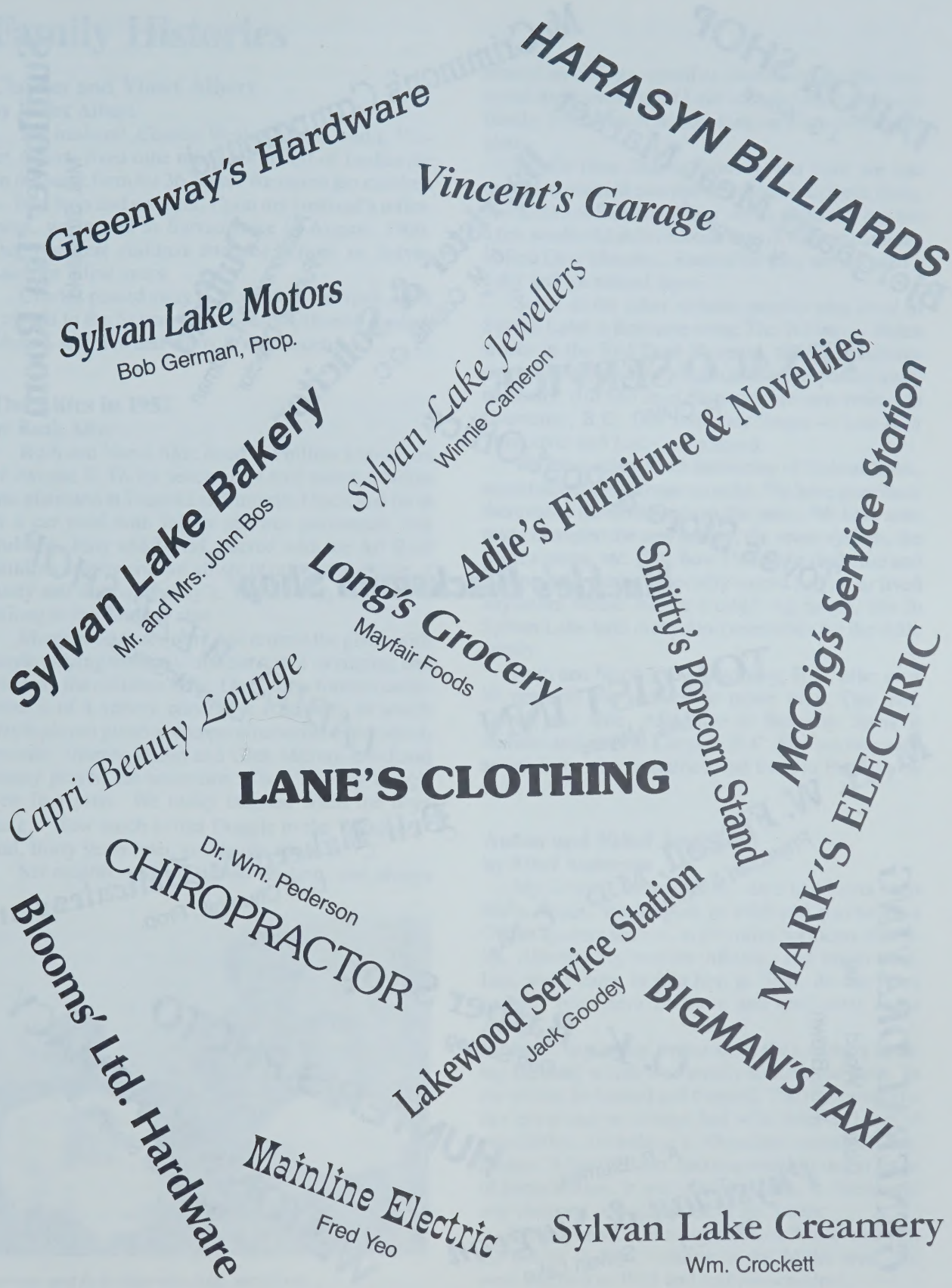
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Family Histories

Charles and Violet Albert
by Violet Albert

My husband, Charles Wesley Albert, and I, Violet Albert, lived nine miles northwest of Leslieville on the same farm for 36 years. We raised ten children — four boys and six girls. Upon my husband's retirement, we moved to Sylvan Lake in August, 1966. Our youngest children attended school in Sylvan Lake for a few years.

Charles passed away in May, 1971. In April, 1978 I moved to the Sylvan Lake Senior Citizens' Lodge, where I still live and enjoy it very much.

The Altics in 1952
by Ruth Altic

Ruth and Norm Altic lived in Phillion's house on 48 Avenue S. W. for seven and a half months. Norm was stationed at Penhold and travelled back and forth in a car pool with fellow airforce personnel. Our children, Judy and David, played with the Art Reid children nearby and we all spent most of our time at Andy and Selma Murray's. To this day, we feel we belong to the Murray clan.

Many good times were had around the piano with Gayle playing the music and the rest of us singing and teaching the children skits. One of my fondest memories is of a variety concert at Alhambra in which Gayle played piano accompaniments for a skit which Bonnie, Sharon, Philip and Glen Murray acted and Danny played the accordion. The "Murray Gang" won first prize. We really laughed when the boys sang, "How much is that Doggie in the Window?" and, thirty years later, still laugh about it.

My neighbor, Mrs. Dagmar Nielsen, was always afraid I would gas myself as I could not get the coal-wood stove working. If I did not eat with the Murray family, I did most of my cooking on a one-burner hot plate.

Norman and Ruth Altic with Judy and David.

By the time Shauna Murray was born we had moved to married quarters at Penhold Airforce Base. I took care of Shauna for two weeks when she was but a few weeks old as her mother was ill with pneumonia in Red Deer Hospital. Soon after this, we adopted a baby girl we named Jayne.

Some of the other airforce people who lived in Sylvan Lake at that time were: The Tobins — Helen works in the Red Deer Hospital; after his airforce career Jim worked for a radio station; he passed away suddenly. Bill and Jean Stephens are now retired in Courtenay, B.C. Lou and Lucy Brega — Lou is in Vancouver and Lucy is deceased.

We have many fond memories of Sylvan Lake, especially of the summer months. We have gone back there many times throughout the years. We have seen many changes: the new homes, the sewer system, the water system, etc. (Oh, how I hated the outhouse and pumping the water, especially since I had never lived anywhere before but in a city.) All in all, life in Sylvan Lake held many fond memories for the Altic family.

Ruth and Norm live in Burnaby, B.C. after over 19 years in the airforce in peace time. Our son, David, and wife, Alia, live in Burnaby. Jayne is married and lives in Langley, B.C. She has two sons as has Judy who is married and lives in Burnaby as well.

Anton and Ethel Anderson
by Ethel Anderson

My father, Lorenzo Blize, came to Alberta from Walla Walla, Washington in 1905 and purchased a C.P.R. quarter section, eight miles northeast of Millet, Alberta. My mother, Minnie, and my brother, Lee, and I came to join him in 1906. As the years passed, five more brothers and one sister came along.

In the beginning, father spent the summers clearing the land which was mostly timber and bush. In the winter, he hunted and trapped. The furs brought a fair price and we always had wild meat and lots of vegetables, including a 45-gallon barrel of sauerkraut. After the kraut had reached the correct stage of fermentation, it was placed outside to freeze and was chopped out as needed in the winter.

My husband, Anton, came from Wisconsin with his family in 1910, settling in the Millet area. We were married in 1925 and had five children.

In the spring of 1946, Anton and I sold out and purchased a farm three miles south of Hespero. We farmed there until 1961 when Anton was killed by a bull. That fall, I went to Millet to help my mother as my father was bedridden. He died at the age of 95. Mother is still living and remained in a Seniors' Lodge until the spring of 1982, when she went into the auxiliary hospital, the first time she had been in a hospital in her life. She was 101 years old in January, 1982.

I worked as a practical nurse in Edmonton and in Red Deer. While living in Red Deer, I spent one winter with an aunt in Walla Walla, Washington and another in Enterprise, Oregon. In 1967, I purchased a home in Sylvan Lake and came here to retire. I attend the Pentecostal Church and am a member of the Friendship Club.

My first born child was Hazel May, now Mrs. William Cordon of Eckville. My second child, Edith, married Arthur Thomas and they farm southwest of Hespero. Jean married Raymond McCrady and lives with her family in Lethbridge. Clarence married Florence Campbell and their four children are: Leslie, Melvin, Robert and Marie. Owen lives in Kamloops and married Eva Hope. They have two children. To date I have 19 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren.

Elmer and Anelle Anderson
by Eldon Anderson

Elmer and Anelle lived in Sylvan Lake twice. Elmer was born in Irvine, Alberta in 1911 and moved with his family to the Benalto district in 1924. He worked at farming and logging until 1938 when he was first employed by the Alberta Wheat Pool.

Elmer and Anelle Anderson.

Anelle (nee Loken) was born at Evarts in 1915. She lived on the farm with her parents until moving into Sylvan Lake in 1924. She completed her schooling in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer High School. During the 30's she worked at Cobb's Store.

My parents were married in August, 1940 and lived at Elspeth where dad ran the "Pool" elevator. I was born in 1943.

They were transferred to Benalto in 1945, then to Sylvan Lake for most of 1946. They bought a small log house south of the ball diamond as dad was "second man" to Emil Schill, the Wheat Pool agent. They were then transferred back to Benalto for 1947 and again to Sylvan Lake to replace Emil Schill who had passed away.

Wheat Pool Elevator, Sylvan Lake, 1955.

Father ran the Pool elevator in Sylvan Lake until 1958 when he was moved to Millet. I attended school in Millet for two years then stayed in the dorms at the Red Deer Composite High School while I went to the high school. After graduation I enrolled at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary. I have lived in Calgary ever since.

My parents retired to Calgary in 1972 where they lived until their deaths: Anelle in 1976, Elmer in 1979.

During their years in Millet and Calgary, they holidayed in Sylvan Lake where they rented various cabins in "Lower Camp" and Jarvis Bay until buying one in 1969, which I still own.

Peter Soren Anderson
by Eldon Anderson

My grandfather was born in Denmark in 1869 and immigrated to Wisconsin in 1888, later moving to

Rugby, North Dakota where he married Marie Paulson.

In 1910 they moved to Irvine, Alberta. After several bad crop years they moved to the Benalto area in 1924 with their six children: Christina (Mrs. C. Hoover), Anna (Mrs. S. S. Johnson), Albert (deceased 1938), Elmer (deceased 1979), Clifford and Harry. Marie Anderson passed away in 1936.

Grandpa Anderson lived in Sylvan Lake from 1938 to 1948 when he moved to Edmonton to live with his daughter, Christina. "Pa" passed away in 1956.

He enjoyed extended visits with his children in his later years. His stays with us in Sylvan Lake always included several nights of playing cards with his old friends.

Eldon Anderson and paternal grandfather.

Verna Anderson, daughter Myrna and granddaughter.

Richard and Karen Woodley and Mathew and David.

Verna Anderson (Tooley)

I was born in a nursing home in Red Deer. My parents were Jack and Florence Tooley. When I was ready to go home, they took me to their homestead at Poplar Ridge where I was introduced to my brother, Dick. He was a good brother and, as I grew into my second year, we would roam around the farm yard for hours in the long summer days.

We were not much hampered by our two sisters, Jean and Nancy, who came along one after the other, as babies did in those days.

I remembered going visiting in winter, my dad hitching up a team of horses to a sleigh with a wagon box on it. He put straw in the box and partially covered it with a tarp. The night before, rocks were put in the oven to heat, and when we were ready to leave they were placed in the sleigh for warmth. We were covered with blankets, then snuggled down in the straw with my mother, while dad stood up front and drove the team. I can still smell the sweet smell of new straw, mingled with the clean crisp air, and hear the jingle of the sleigh bells. An exciting adventure for us this was, as we were pretty well shut in during the winter months, seldom seeing other people. It was always dark when we set out for home; our way

was lighted by a lantern which my dad hung on the side of the sleigh box. We visited the William Heenans. I often think of their kindness in inviting, and making welcome, such a large family.

The Rawleigh man came around to the homesteads in those days. He sold all sorts of necessities like spices and flavorings, ointments, cough medicine, and citronella (used as a mosquito repellent). He always gave us a package of gum, which is no doubt why I remember him. We did not have many treats when we were little.

When it was time to go to school we went to the Poplar Ridge School which was four miles from the homestead. We rode a big work horse called Fritz. I am afraid I was not much of an asset to my brother. I was nervous on the big animal and fell off several times before I learned the art of staying on.

The time came for us to leave the country and move to the village of Sylvan Lake. It was pretty exciting to be coming to live where there were stores and a beautiful lake to swim in all summer long. There were sad moments too, to leave our home and everything we knew, the animals and especially the horses. I was quite attached to Fritz in particular since I had learned how to be.

We moved into a cottage on the east end of the village which my dad had built the summer before we moved.

I remember mom helping Mrs. Dingwall serve the many guests that came for her famous chicken dinners on a Sunday in her boarding house. We lived just half a block from there.

The first school we attended in Sylvan Lake stood in the same location as the H. J. Cody School is now, long since moved to become the Town Office.

One time Jean was unfortunate enough to get a toothache and my mother sent us up town to see Dr. Nasmyth to ask him to pull the tooth. He took my sister into the back of his drug store and out the tooth came. It was a painful time, not only for her but for me too. I suffered in sympathy but found it impossible to keep up to her on the way home. She was gone like a streak of lightning!

In the fall of 1932 my dad bought an acre of land close to the center of the village, fronting on Main Street and built a bigger home for us.

My mother had another baby girl after Christmas that winter. They named her Georgina. We all loved her, but my brother was pretty disappointed that it was "another darn girl".

We had a tornado in Sylvan Lake which, among other things, took a large wooden slide from the school yard, sending it into the air in match-stick size pieces. My mother would have been relieved to see that slide go had she realized it was the cause of my sisters' under-garments being worn through in one day's wear.

I recall the hungry thirties when the fellows rode the freight trains across country trying to find work. They stopped over in the towns and villages and would often come to our door asking for any kind of work in exchange for a meal. We, as children, referred to them as "bums", but had to grow into adults before we realized the sad predicament with which they were faced.

The first moving picture I saw was shown in the Alexander Pavilion. It was put on by a prominent farm machine company. I was impressed with seeing the picture but did not find it awe-inspiring.

When Mr. Watkiss finally opened the theatre and we saw our first real movie, it was like entering a dream world and many of us fell in love with the likes of Clark Gable or Charles Boyer.

Hockey games in winter played a big part in our entertainment. We had an outdoor rink located where the Police Station is now.

When I became a young woman, summer was an exciting time as Sylvan Lake really came alive. I spent many happy hours at the Varsity Hall dancing to Sonny Fry's orchestra, or strolling down the board walk to the Alexander Pavilion, to dance away the rest of the evening. Those were the happiest days of my life.

Then came the war years and an end to the carefree life we knew and enjoyed.

Jean and I joined the army and were stationed for a week at Skinner Barracks in Calgary, which was a big, beautiful mansion used by the army for a holding place for the girls while they were being inducted into the army.

We were then sent to Vermillion, Alberta, for six weeks of basic training after which we were posted to Currie Barracks in Calgary. Later, I was sent to Camrose and was attached to the Canadian Army Basic Training Centre where I met Henry Woodley, who was instructor there at the time.

We were married and had all of six weeks together before he was posted to Eastern Canada, which was to be expected during the war years.

I eventually left the forces and came back to Sylvan Lake to live. Our daughter, Myrna Jean, was born in Red Deer in 1944. After the war, we lived in Calgary. Richard was born there in 1949.

The marriage had passed through troubled times and seemed destined to fail. After the war, Henry's health was not good; he was unable to become rehabilitated so we sadly went our separate ways, I, to bring up our children alone, with the help of my family. Myrna stayed with Gram Tooley for a few years until I could get established.

I was employed by the Merit Stores in Stettler for thirteen years managing their Housewares and Giftwares departments.

In 1969, I was re-married to Albert Anderson of Gadsby, Alberta. He was a Grain Buyer for Pioneer Grain. Shortly after our marriage, we were moved to Thorsby, Alberta, then to Leduc, where Al became ill in 1976 and died in 1978.

One year later, I moved to Sylvan Lake to live with my mother where I presently reside.

Myrna married Michael Halsall of Williams Lake and their children are Christopher and Tamara.

Richard married Karen Goodman and lives in Edmonton. They have two children, David and Matthew.

Nick and Anna Andreeff

Nicholas Andreeff was born in Aleshki, Russia in 1902, where his father was a naval captain. During the Russian Revolution when Nick was 17 years old, he left Russia. He eventually settled in France, where he married Anna Barbot in 1930. Anna was born in Argentre du Plessie, Ille Et Villaine, Brittany in France in 1904. Two sons were born to Nick and Anna. Jean, the elder, was an officer in the French Army and was killed while on active duty in Indo-China in 1951. He is survived by one son in France.

Nick and Anna Andreeff.

Nick and Anna and Serge, their second son, came to Canada in 1947, where they settled in the Poplar Ridge District. The first winter was difficult for the Andreeff family for they were unfamiliar with the language and the harsh winter weather. Wooden boxes served as chairs that first year, and there was ice on the water bucket many times in the morning. Nick and Serge did odd jobs, mostly for neighboring farmers. Eventually they both got jobs with the C.N.R. They moved to Alf Jones' farm and bought a few pigs, cows and chickens.

In 1953 Nick and Anna moved to Sylvan Lake, buying a house and six acres on the eastern outskirts of town. For a few years they kept some chickens, which was not unusual then. Many of the neighbors had chickens, cows, horses and pigs.

In 1961 the Andreeffs turned their six acres into a summer campground, calling it "Nick's Campground". They ran it successfully until 1972 when they sold the property and retired to Red Deer and later to Alix. The campground is now called "Don's Trailer Park" and has been converted to mainly a permanent trailer park.

Nick and Anna were both hard working, resourceful people who made the most of what they had. They never tired of improving the various homes they lived in. The wrought iron fence which Nick built for their Sylvan Lake home was made from old bed railing and scrap metal. There are many homes in Sylvan Lake that have step railings made by Nick.

Nick was also talented musically. He played the mandolin and guitar and had a magnificent tenor voice. The high spot of family gatherings was when he entertained with his singing and playing.

Nick passed away in January, 1980. Anna recently moved back to Sylvan Lake where she continues to enjoy her gardening, flowers, crocheting and needlepoint.

Serge and Shirley Andreeff

Serge Nicolas Andreeff was born in Le Mans, France in 1931. The city of Le Mans is famous for its 24-hour car races. The German invasion saw the Andreeff family travelling south, fleeing from the German Army, until they realized the futility of this and returned to their home. They lived under the German occupation until the Allies liberated France in 1944.

After the war, in 1947, Serge came to Canada with his parents, Nick and Anna. His only brother, Jean, an officer in the French Army, was fighting in Indo China at this time. Jean lost his life just four months before finishing his term of active duty. He is survived by one son in France.

The Andreeff family settled in Central Alberta. Nick and Serge got jobs on the C.N.R. and Serge is still with the C.N.R. as maintenance foreman.

In 1953 Serge married Shirley Parker of Rocky

Serge and Shirley Andreeff.

The Serge Andreeff family: Serge, Jim, Theresa, Karen, Shirley and Nina.

Mountain House. They lived at Poplar Ridge in Alf Jones' old farmhouse the first year they were married. The house had outdoor "plumbing", a coal-and-wood stove and there was no electricity.

Shirley was born at Rimbey in 1935. Shirley's father, Martin Parker, emigrated from Nebraska, U.S.A., in 1920, settling and farming in the Rimbey area. Martin's family members were early American settlers. His mother's family has been traced in the States back to the early 1700's. His father, Harry Parker, was a young station agent on the railroad in the days of Jesse James and the Dalton gang and, as a result, bought a hand gun for protection. This gun is a treasured souvenir of the past.

Shirley's mother, Hildred, came west with her family in 1912 from Listowel, Ontario. Hildred's father, Jim Cumberland, had been sent by his doctor to bathe in the Banff Hot Springs for health reasons. He fell in love with the West country and brought his family out to farm in the Medicine Valley, 20 miles north of Eckville.

In 1954 Serge and Shirley moved to Sylvan Lake where they bought a house across the street from the present skating arena. It was a small four-room house with no basement, a coal-and-wood stove and outdoor plumbing, but it did have electricity, which was an improvement over the farmhouse they had been living in. The total price for the house was $3,500 which they paid for in monthly installments of $55.00.

For the next 12 years Serge and Shirley made their home here, building on two rooms, a basement and added running water and central heating.

The C.N.R. tracks were just north of the house and the old steam engines were a regular sight. There was a section house, the railroad station, a loading platform and stockyard. Once a week was stock-loading day when the train stopped along the line, picking up livestock the farmers brought to the stockyard for loading. The sound of squealing pigs being loaded would announce what day of the week it was. The stockyard, loading platform and other buildings were all eventually taken out. Now, mile-long unit trains pass through town carrying sulphur from west of Rocky Mountain House, heading non-stop to the B.C. coast and then to world markets.

In 1966 Serge and Shirley bought Beth and Cyril Bloom's house on 50th Street. This street was quiet then, with little traffic. There was a wooded lot directly south of the house with wild roses, saskatoon and chokecherry bushes providing a natural playground. The old creamery was still open across the street and one could pop over for fresh milk, cream and butter, or, as a special treat, a dixie cup of ice cream.

The C.P.R. tracks ran south of the block. In 1981 the last train went over the line and, in the spring of 1981, the tracks were torn out.

Over the years Shirley taught many music stu-

I was employed by the Merit Stores in Stettler for thirteen years managing their Housewares and Giftwares departments.

In 1969, I was re-married to Albert Anderson of Gadsby, Alberta. He was a Grain Buyer for Pioneer Grain. Shortly after our marriage, we were moved to Thorsby, Alberta, then to Leduc, where Al became ill in 1976 and died in 1978.

One year later, I moved to Sylvan Lake to live with my mother where I presently reside.

Myrna married Michael Halsall of Williams Lake and their children are Christopher and Tamara.

Richard married Karen Goodman and lives in Edmonton. They have two children, David and Matthew.

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Some of the businesses included Cobbs', Koots', Rosse's, Joe Martin's store, Jamiesons' Hardware, and later, Bloom's. The Camerons had the local bakery, the McCleans had the barber shop, Kovacs had the Shoe Repair, and Untinens the garage. Bill Brown's Dray and Ice Service, Weston's Drug Store, the Watkisses ran the local theatre and coffee shop. Thelma Graham managed the, then elegant, hotel and dining room. Most medical problems were taken care of in Red Deer, 11 miles east over a gravel road. One interesting occasion was when Cobb's Store burned. I was there; we wrapped all the cups and saucers in bills, the only paper accessible. For this, I received a cup and saucer from the grateful owners.

Around 1937-38, my mother and father, Pete and Mary Kennedy, built and moved into Kenmuir next door to us. Some time later my sister, Grace Crawford, joined them. Peter and Mary are both buried in the graveyard just beyond the original school on top of Main Street hill.

In 1939, Fred left to join his old regiment, the P.P.C.L.I., in Winnipeg. He spent four years in England, returning home to Calgary as Paymaster for Military District #13. After discharge, he was with the bank in Revelstoke as its manager. Fred retired in 1954 and we moved to Tsawwassen, B.C. where I now reside. Fred died in April, 1963.

Audrey graduated from the University Hospital in Edmonton. Now she lives in Bellingham, Washington. She has three sons and one daughter.

Betty graduated from Alberta College. She lives and works in Vancouver. She has one son and one daughter.

Mavis graduated from the University in Calgary, where she now lives. She has three sons and one daughter.

Peter Appleton was born in Revelstoke on January 3, 1947. Peter graduated from Ladner High School. He lives and works in Surrey, B.C. He has one son and one daughter.

Dan Armeneau Family

by Ellen Armeneau

Elizabeth and Daniel Armeneau had three sons and two daughters. Lillian, the oldest, met Charles Mitchell in Calgary. He was an American soldier stationed in Alaska. They were married in 1944 and soon after made their home in St. Louis, Missouri, where he had lived before joining the army. They raised two children: Janis Lee, a part-time model, and Terry, who was 25 when he passed away in January, 1981.

George, the oldest son, joined the army at 18, went overseas in 1943 and returned home in December, 1945. He married Margaret Ellen Smith of Liverpool, England in May, 1944. They raised two children: Tom, who works on oil rigs and is married to Tammy Hughes. They have a son, Daniel, named after Grandpa Armeneau. He is six years old. Their daughter, Sabrina, is four years of age. Linda married Mel Carritt of Eckville. They have three children: Jason eight, Gina three, and Jamey one year old. They make their home at Kinusa near Slave Lake.

Uncle George Armeneau, Elizabeth and Dan, Ellen holding Linda, George with niece Barbara, Mrs. Wes Armeneau, Tommy and grandpa.

Yvonne went to school in Sylvan Lake. She loved swimming. Her husband, Bill De Groot, has a good position with an oil company in Egypt. She has been there with him for the last seven years. Their family is grown up. Michael, age 16, the youngest of her family, attends the Texas Military Training School.

Lawrence (Dewey) was born at Bladworth, Saskatchewan in 1925. He came with the family to Sylvan Lake in 1937. Most of his schooling was at Sylvan Lake. He went off to war at 17 in 1943 and returned home again in August, 1945. He helped his father erect new buildings and started a furniture business, "Crescent Furniture". Later he sold out and surveyed for seismographic for a time, ending up as Party Manager. He met pretty Joan McDonald from Clairmont, Alberta in the Peace River country. They were married on April 6, 1953 in Calgary. They were blessed with the arrival of a son, Danny, on March 29, 1954. Danny and his wife Dianna live at Valleyview, Alberta where they operate a photo studio. Ron arrived a year later on March 23, 1955. He and his wife Wendy with their daughter Carrie, age six years, and son Michael, age three years, live at Valleyview, Alberta. Roy works for an oilfield service company. Michelle, born on June 26, 1958 (the apple of her daddy's eye) lives in Edmonton where she models and coordinates fashion-oriented shows. Robert was born on December 23, 1962. He lives in Edmonton. He worked for his dad and now attends the University of Alberta.

Dan and Elizabeth Armeneau, 50th Anniversary.

In 1957, Dewey formed a company called Armenco Ltd. His brother Wesley joined the company in 1982. They have an office in Edmonton and are in land developing and gasoline marketing.

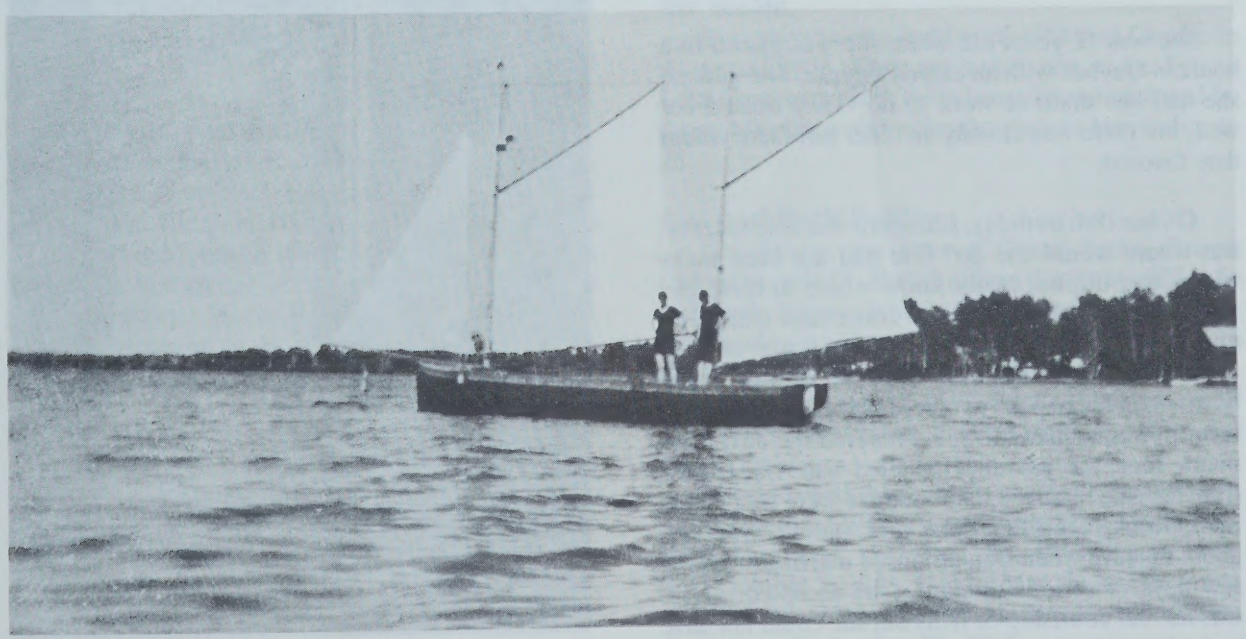
Dewey states, "It gives me pleasure to tell a bit of history of my family and I give thanks for being an Armeneau and especially for being a son of Daniel and Elizabeth, my dear parents."

Wesley Armeneau was born at Bladworth, Saskatchewan on August 27, 1930 and came to Sylvan Lake with the family in 1937. He had most of his schooling at Sylvan Lake. In his younger days he loved sports. He played ball and hockey, his favorites, for Sylvan Lake, Red Deer and district. He met his wife Lorraine (nee Dowling) and they were married in 1954 at Edmonton. Their daughter Barbara was born in January, 1958. She lives in Edmonton and is very involved in riding her horse in equestrian meets and has been trained as an art decorator and window dresser. Their son Derek is an avid sports-type, like his dad. He has achieved high levels of success in football, rugby, hockey, wrestling and many other sports. Derek now attends the University of Alberta working towards a mechanical engineer's degree.

We have enjoyed a blessed family life. Wesley worked 28½ years with Horne and Pitfield Foods Ltd. He resigned in 1982 as Vice President of Wholesale Operations and joined his brother Dewey in Armenco Ltd., where he is Vice President and General Manager. The Wesley Armeneaus reside in Edmonton.

Mrs. Dan Armeneau
by Ellen Armeneau

I, Ellen, came out to this country as the bride of George Armeneau, July 1946. George's mother, Elizabeth (Jones) Armeneau, was then 46 years old. She was born August 7, 1900 in Liverpool, England. I



Sailboat built by Felix Armeneau in 1904 and sailed on Sylvan Lake until 1912.

Mrs. Dan Armeneau and daughter Lillian.

was then her first daughter-in-law. We got along really well, both of us having come from the same place.

Elizabeth's memories of England were not very happy ones. Her mother had died during childbirth, leaving three girls and two boys. Elizabeth had been placed in an orphanage. Around that time, they were taking children from the orphanages to populate Canada. Children were asked if they wished to emigrate. The only thing an orphan had to do was raise his or her hand, so there were boatloads of these orphans. I remember her telling me about the "Titanic" passing them, and how all the children were on deck to listen to the music and excitement of that unsinkable cruise ship. The next day, this ship hit an iceberg and sank with very few survivors.

She was 12 years old when she was placed in a home in Quebec with an elderly couple. She told me she had her share of work to do. They treated her well, but there was already an older girl there whom they favored.

On her 18th birthday, Elizabeth was able to leave, but where would she go? She had not been many places and did not really know where to turn. Her sister in England wrote her to come back there. Her cousin, Bill Edwards, asked her to come to their place in the United States. Then she read an advertisement in the paper. An older lady wanted help on a farm in Saskatchewan. She answered the advertisement, took the job and travelled half way across Canada. She liked the job, but there were four single men: Jules, Camille, Felix and Daniel. She was about to leave when Dan proposed marriage. After a few days of serious thinking, she accepted. There was no real courtship or frills but she could not have had a better husband. He was kind and good to her and was well liked by everyone who knew him, and vice versa.

Dan and Elizabeth had five children: Lillian, George, Lawrence (Dewey), Wesley and Yvonne.

Dan and Elizabeth both passed on in 1975 — Dan in April and Elizabeth in June. They have left their family and loved ones with many happy memories and well-remembered times. They are sorely missed by all who knew and loved them.

Cecile Elizabeth (Rousseau) Arrowsmith

Cecile and her twin sister Lillian, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Elphege Rousseau, were born June 16, 1928 on the Rousseau farm, which was just east of Sylvan Lake on the Red Deer Highway.

Cecile and Lillian were the oldest of the four Rousseau children and attended the Norma School for Grade One.

In 1934 the Rousseau family moved to Sylvan Lake and took up residence in the "Stone House".

Jack and Cecile Arrowsmith.

The twins attended Grade Two in a building belonging to Rosses' on the east side of 46 Street. The following year they went to school "up the hill" at the present H. J. Cody School site and completed elementary school and entered high school there.

Cecile left home in 1949 for employment in Edmonton and remained there until she returned to Sylvan Lake where, on September 29, 1951, she became Mrs. Cecile (Jack) Arrowsmith in a ceremony performed by Father Butts at Our Lady of Assumption Church.

Cecile's husband Jack, the son of Micky Arrowsmith (Nunnemaker), grandson of Fred and Ella Nelles, also attended high school at the Lake and joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1946. Shortly after the marriage Cecile moved to Victoria, B.C. to be with her husband.

Daughter Kim Teresa was born in Victoria on January 20, 1960 and son Ross Kevin was born in Winnipeg January 6, 1965. Subsequently moves with the military saw the family return to Victoria, then to Ottawa, Borden, Ontario and finally Edmonton.

In Edmonton, Kim completed high school and, in 1980, graduated as a Registered Nurse from the Royal Alexandra Hospital nursing program. On July 25, 1980 Kim married Miles Marvin Mohr of Josephburg. Ross graduated from High School in 1982 and, in the fall, entered the law enforcement program at Grant McEwan College.

Jack retired from the Armed Forces after 31 years of service in 1977 and is now employed with the Solicitor General's Department, Government of Alberta. Jack and Cecile have taken up permanent residence in Edmonton and the whole family regularly visit Sylvan Lake.

Charles and Eva Baldry

Charles (Charlie) Baldry was born at Groton, North Dakota, in 1885. He moved to Saskatchewan in 1909 and filed on a homestead. He also had a homestead in Montana, where he met Eva Foltz, who also had a homestead in the area. Eva was born in Moville, Iowa, in 1893. They were married at Scobey, Montana in 1921. They moved to Grand Forks, B.C. in late 1922 or early 1923 where Charlie was employed in the copper mines near there. Their daughter Rachel was born in December, 1923 and a son Lee in August, 1925. In 1926 Charlie and Eva decided to move back to Saskatchewan, so they packed their belongings and drove by covered wagon back to the southern part of the province, finally settling close to Rockglen. Another daughter, Grace, was born in November, 1930. Charlie farmed and worked on the roads. Eva worked in the laundry in

Charles and Eva Baldry with Eva's parents, the Foltzes.

town which was owned by her parents, Lee and Jennie Foltz.

In 1941 they decided that they had had enough of being dried out or of having every thing devoured by grasshoppers, so once again they packed their belongings, hitched up their wagons and were on their way to Alberta. One of the neighbor boys decided to ride along and help Lee to herd the cattle. We haven't decided whether he wanted to see new scenery or if he was keeping an eye on his future wife, as he later married Rachel. They settled on a farm on the north shore of Sylvan Lake which was owned by the Bigams. They moved to Leslieville for a couple of years, then moved back to Sylvan in 1946. Charlie hauled wood to the town residents until he retired.

Charlie and Eva always had a houseful of friends and were involved in various social activities. They were always ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed.

Eva passed away in May of 1964 and Charlie in August of 1965. They are laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery. Both will always be remembered by those who knew them for their warm hospitality to all.

Lee and Beth Baldry

Lee Baldry was born at Grand Forks, British Columbia in 1925. Beth Knieper, daughter of Charlie and Freda Knieper who farmed between Sylvan Lake and Bentley, was born in Bentley in 1928. They were married on January 14, 1945 at Sylvan Lake.

Lee worked around the Central Alberta area until 1952 when they moved to the Caroline district and started farming.

Lee and Beth have seven children: Grant Neil, born November 1945; Peggy Lynn, born January 12, 1948; Janet Lee, born June 28, 1952; Susan Lois, born October 3, 1953; Candis Mae, born December 17, 1954; Bruce Wesley, born January 12, 1956; Greta Rose, born September 29, 1965.

The Baldry family.

Grant married Barbara Hansen, granddaughter of Levi Erickson of Sylvan Lake. They have two daughters, Sharman Elizabeth and Kimberly Eileen. All live in Rocky Mountain House.

Peggy married Delbert Ennis, son of Sam and Margaret Ennis of Caroline. They live at Caroline with their two children, Michael Dean and Kristine Beth.

Janet married Ivan Korth, son of Walter and Agnes Korth of Dovercourt, Alberta. They have two girls, Tammy Lee and Penny Arla. After their divorce, Janet married Bill Courtwright, son of Jack and Pearl Courtwright of Rocky Mountain House. Janet and Bill have one son, Tyler Thomas James. They live at Nordegg, Alberta.

Susan married Timothy Graham, son of Ted and Allie Graham of Caroline. They have two children, Timothy Clayton and Bonnie Jane. Susan's and Timothy's marriage ended in divorce.

Candis married Rusty Hanis, son of Roy and Helen Hanis of Atikokan, Ontario. They have three girls: Stephanie Lynn, Melanie Dawn, and Nicole Reanne. This family lives at Condor, Alberta.

Bruce married Lori-Ann Demas of Alhambra, daughter of Ben and Muriel Demas. They reside in Caroline with their two children, Brenda and Westlee Benjamin Grant.

Greta is seventeen and in Grade Twelve at Caroline School at the time this is written.

Bardwell, Oliver Carter

Oliver Carter Bardwell came from Minnesota to homestead sixteen miles north of Cochrane, Alberta. In 1916, he and his wife, Mary, moved to Sylvan Lake and resided there until his death in 1925, and hers in 1936.

Viola and Frank Bardwell with Raymond and Hazel.

The Bardwells: Ted, Oliver, Mary, Ed Farror.

Oliver and Mary had three sons, Frank and Theodore, born in U.S.A., and a younger boy, Henry (nicknamed Jack), who was born at Crossfield, Alberta. Theodore lived in Benalto, Alberta, and Jack spent his younger years at Sylvan.

Frank Bardwell settled at Sylvan Lake in 1912, and had the first barber shop there. His wife, Viola,

First Barber Shop in Sylvan Lake: Barbers Frank Bardwell and Charlie Wolford.

was active in church and Women's Institute affairs in later life until her death in 1952. They had farmed one mile east of town for a few years after leaving the barber shop, then moved to a small acreage at town south limits. There, they eventually established Sylvan Dairy, until 1938 when they sold the business, but they stayed on the acreage until 1952. Frank then moved into town to be semi-retired while doing occasional work as a carpenter. In later years, he resided in senior citizen lodges in Red Deer and Sylvan Lake until the age of eighty-three.

Frank and Viola's children, Raymond and Hazel, were born at Sylvan Lake. Hazel lived on a homestead near Ricinus, Alberta in the early thirties. She is now widowed and retired in Nelson, British Columbia. Raymond lived at home until his father sold the dairy, then joined the armed forces in 1940. He was married to Elizabeth Jackson of Glasgow, Scotland in 1942. After the war, he settled in Calgary to work in the welding business until retiring in 1978.

Descendents of Frank and Viola are two children, six grandchildren, and six great grandchildren.

The Balfour Family
by Wilma Balfour

Douglas and Wilma Balfour and their four-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, came to Sylvan Lake May 15, 1946.

Doug had received his discharge from the R.C.A.F. in April, after serving a few days less than five years. Doug was a native of Liverpool, England and served an apprenticeship with the Merchant Marine in windjammers. He had visited many countries and had survived hurricanes aboard these sailing vessels at sea. After serving his term of apprenticeship, he joined a small ship which took supplies through ice and stormy seas to the Moravian Mis-

Douglas and Wilma Balfour.

sions along the coast of Labrador. Doug came to Canada July 4, 1925 and joined his brother in the Strachan District south of Rocky Mountain House and farmed there.

Douglas Balfour and I, Wilma Hereford of Rocky Mountain House, were married April 30, 1940 in Red Deer and took up residence in Rocky Mountain House. I had attended school there, for my parents and the family had resided there for many years. After completing school I had clerked in stores in Rocky and Nordegg.

Doug was accepted to serve on active service with the R.C.A.F. in April, 1941.

Our daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was born September 19, 1941 at the Presbyterian W.M.S. Hospital in Rocky Mountain House.

After a short training period in Ontario, Doug was posted to the Eastern Passage Air Base near Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. In January 1942, I, with our four-month-old daughter, travelled to Halifax by train and joined Doug. Our home, for the next two and a half years, was at Dartmouth.

Life during those days seemed very uncertain. Many ships came limping into the harbor, heavily damaged. There were scars everywhere, the result of the 1917 Halifax explosion. These were a constant reminder of the devastation possible during war time. Troopships laden with soldiers and airmen were often anchored in the harbor waiting for a convoy to escort them to Britain, through waters infested with mines and submarines.

Upon coming to Sylvan Lake after his discharge, Doug joined Innes Agencies and worked several years for Jack Innes. In 1956 he was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Town of Sylvan Lake — a position he held until his death October 1, 1962.

Our son, Douglas Rodney, was born December 28, 1947 and he and Ann both attended school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer.

When Doug became a patient at the University Hospital in Edmonton, I was appointed assistant secretary-treasurer. I am always grateful to the late Bert Cody, who was mayor at that time, for his recommendation of my appointment. Doug was able to return to the office two and a half months later.

Those were busy times for Sylvan Lake: Main Street, from Highway 11 to the C.N.R. tracks, got a face lifting — the old power poles with wires strung everywhere were replaced with light standards and the street was paved and new sidewalks installed.

In November 1962, following Doug's death, I was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the town. At this time, community meetings were called by the council to make preparations for the 50th anniversary in 1963, of the incorporation of Sylvan Lake. The secretarial work was to be carried out by the office staff. However, with Mrs. Jean Palmer coming to the office as assistant, we managed to carry on and survive.

I enjoyed the 15 years I was at the town office. I made many friends and some people who still have summer cottages here come to visit me. It was always a pleasant time when the first long weekend came and many cottagers would call at the office to say "hello".

In 1948, when the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Legion was organized, I was among the charter members and remained a member for more than 30 years. I have been a member of the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. for 22 years, serving one term as regent, several years as treasurer, and am presently first vice-regent.

When the completion of the arena was at a standstill for lack of funds, Doris Turner and I organized a successful one-evening blitz of the town to raise funds and work was then able to continue on the arena.

In 1965 I was asked to act as campaign chairman of Sylvan Lake and district for the Cancer Crusade and, in 1967, I was appointed a councillor of the Red Deer unit. I was always grateful to the dedicated people who canvassed door to door each of the 10 years I served as campaign chairman.

When "Time Out", a program of outreach to the many new residents of Sylvan Lake was being planned by the Evening Guild of Memorial Church, Doris Turner and I were appointed to meet with representatives of the C.W.L. and others who wished to be a part of the program. This program is still active and enjoyed by many women.

When the Sylvan Lake Historical Society was formed with the purpose of publishing a history of Sylvan Lake and its people, I was elected president. Many members have been devoting many hours to see this accomplished.

I am now in my third three-year term as treasurer of Memorial Presbyterian Church and am happy to serve my church in this way as well as being a member of the Evening Guild.

My parents, Bert and Anna Hereford, retired to Sylvan Lake in 1948. Their home on Lakeshore Drive West was enjoyed by all members of their family and long-time friends. My father died June 13, 1959 and my mother suffered a stroke in 1965 and was confined to hospital and nursing home until her death September 6, 1967. They are both laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Ann and Bernie Bystrom of the Centerville District were married July 28, 1962. They and their four children live in the Happy Hill District where Bernie is a successful farmer and their sons wish to farm, too. My grandchildren are a source of enjoyment to me.

Rodney worked in the Oil Patch for several years and then decided to become a photographer. For the past five years he has worked with a Calgary firm as a commercial photographer.

Sylvan Lake has been my home for 37 years. During these years the town has grown in area and population and many changes have taken place. However, Sylvan Lake will always mean home to me.

Ann Balfour

by Mrs. Bernie Bystrom

Sylvan Lake was home for me from the time my parents moved to Sylvan Lake when I was four years old until I was married.

I attended school in Sylvan Lake — my first year started at the Legion Hall and, in grade nine, we were bussed to Red Deer to River Glen School and then to Lindsay Thurber Composite High School.

After my school days, I worked at the Provincial Training School, now known as Michener Centre, and at the telephone exchange in Sylvan Lake until it was closed in January, 1963. Automatic dial phones came to Sylvan Lake that month.

Bernie Bystrom of the Centerville District and I were married July 27, 1962 in Memorial Presbyterian Church by Rev. John Yoos.

Bernie farmed with his father, Bernard Bystrom, and worked for Bell's Construction as a cat operator. We lived in the Centerville District for four years.

Our first child, a son, Douglas Bernard, was born in the Red Deer Hospital July 23, 1963.

John Craig, our second son, was also born in the Red Deer Hospital February 18, 1965.

In 1967 we purchased three quarters of land from the Walter Manson estate and here our home has been since, in the Happy Hill District.

Kathryn Elizabeth, our daughter, was born in the Eckville Hospital April 19, 1968.

Karen Elizabeth, the youngest member of our family, was also born in the Eckville Hospital January 2, 1971.

Doug, John and Kathryn attended school at Spruceview and have enjoyed being 4H members. They showed their calves each year. John had the grand champion calf in the Medicine Valley show in 1978 — his first year in 4H. In 1979, he had reserve champion. Doug won grand champion in 1980 and Kathryn had reserve champion in the Rangeland 4H Beef Club in 1983. Kathryn is still interested in 4H activities and enjoyed an exchange trip to Ontario in 1983. She is a grade ten student this year. She enjoys volleyball and music and continues piano lessons.

Our family have enjoyed farm life. Both Doug and John decided they wished to farm so, in 1981, Doug purchased a quarter section in the New Hill District. He also works on an oil well service rig. Doug enjoyed playing hockey through his school years and now plays with the Spruce View Flames.

John also enjoys farm life and was able to purchase land in the Happy Hill District this year. He also played hockey but his favorite sport is rodeo. He started riding steers when 12 years old and has continued to do so ever since.

Karen attends the Parkland School in Red Deer. She stays at the residence Monday to Friday and is home for the weekends. Karen has competed in the Alberta Special Olympics and won many medals over the past four years. She also enjoys bowling and camping.

Bernie and I are involved in the Red Deer Association for the Mentally Handicapped — Bernie is first vice-president and I am on the school committee for Parkland School. We are both on the Board of Directors of the Benalto Agriculture Society. Bernie is a 10-year director on the Burnt Lake Gas Co-operative.

We find living in a rural area and being involved in many community projects makes life very fulfilling and rewarding.

Barker, Cecil and Clara

by Tom and Elaine Barker

Cecil and Clara Barker with their five children, Frank, Shirley, Gordon, Joyce, and Tom, moved from Okotoks to Sylvan Lake in 1941. Another daughter, Muriel, was born in 1945. This land was formerly owned by Wash Petro and dad paid $4,000.00 for the NW quarter 3-39-1-W5 and part of the SW¼. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons were renting the land at the time.

The Barker home.

A new home was built and the family moved into it in 1942. There were only 12 acres broken when the land was purchased. It was a continuous job for several years clearing the rest of the land. From the clearing of the land, wood was hauled in, sawed and split and sold to the cottagers in the neighborhood. This left endless days of picking roots. Eventually the land was mostly cleared, leaving a very productive farm. Dad always had cattle and took great pride and joy in raising them. Mother raised 100 to 150

Cecil Barker family: Shirley, Gordon, Tom, Muriel, Joyce, Cecil, Clara and Frank.

turkeys every year. They were all dressed and sold to local people. Dad and mother always raised a large garden for their own use and sold potatoes to the various hamburger stands in Sylvan Lake.

Some of the closest neighbors were Bob Bromley, Murray Bigams, Saxon Soderburgs, Tom McNallys, Allan Lechelts, George Daleys, Fauchers, Chris Wagns, Ken Kingseps, and Walter Jackson, who ran the store one half mile to the south.

The family attended Memorial Presbyterian Church for several years and later attended the Gospel Chapel. Dad also canvassed for the British and Foreign Bible Society for many years, with the help of Rev. John Yoos and Mrs. Doug McCutcheon and several other local people.

All the Barker children attended Norma School, with Shirley and Joyce taking high school in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer, where Muriel also took her high school.

Gordon and Ann Barker bought the farm in 1973. They built a new home in 1980 and the old farm house was destroyed.

Mother sold 72 acres out of the south-west corner of the farm to Cliff and Cecile Richmond in 1976. They moved into their new house the same year and reside there with their two sons, Curt and Vern.

The Barkers raised six children.

Frank Leslie was born in 1928. He married Jean Reekie from Calgary. They reside in Lacombe. There are three children. Brent lives in Calgary. Michael married Peggy Riou from Sylvan Lake. They and their son Orlando reside at Didsbury. Bonnie married Tim Brown and they live on a farm in the Bentley district with their two children, Lisa and Travis.

Olive (Shirley) was born in 1929. She married Dave Polson from Consort and they reside on a tree nursery at Strathmore. They have four children. Lynnette married Henry Smith and they reside in Seattle, Washington, with their daughter Syreeta. Bradley and Scott live at home and Maureen lives in Calgary.

Gordon Leonard was born in 1931. He married Anne Vig of Bentley. Their four children are Beverly, Donald and Janice residing at home and Larry living in Calgary.

Edythe (Joyce) was born in 1935 and married Don Poole of Vancouver. They live in Delta, B.C.

Thomas Melville (see history)

Muriel Anne was born in 1945 and married Lanny Walkey of Calgary. They live in Red Deer with their three children, Lee, Shelly, and Carey, all at home.

Dad passed away in the Red Deer Hospital in 1971 after a brief illness at age 74. Mother lives in a condominium in Calgary and remains active at age 78.

Barker, Thomas and Elaine
by Elaine Barker

Thomas Melville, third son of Cecil and Clara Barker, was born in Calgary, April 21, 1937 and lived in Okotoks until 1941 when the Barker family moved to Sylvan Lake. Tom attended Norma School for nine years and then worked at various construction and oil field jobs.

On June 27th, 1959, Tom married Elaine Margaret Ruth Norem of Red Deer. Elaine was born June 19, 1939, the oldest child of Amos and Clara Norem who farmed northeast of Rimbey. In 1956 the Norem family moved to Red Deer.

Tom and Elaine lived in Edmonton until 1960 when they moved to the Barker farm at Sylvan Lake. In 1961 they moved into Sylvan Lake and rented a house from Bernard and Heather Sjare. In 1962 they rented a house from Earle Penfold, west of Rainbow Trailer Court. The family then moved to Saskatchewan for a short period of time in 1963 and, in the fall of the same year, they moved to Red Deer where they remained until 1973, when they returned to Sylvan Lake and purchased an acreage on Highway 20, which had been part of the Cecil Barker farm.

We have three children all living at home. Deanna Marie was born in Red Deer on October 15, 1961, and works at a dental laboratory in Red Deer. Travis

The Tom Barker family: Travis, Deanna, Tom, Cheryl, Elaine.

Thomas, born September 20, 1963, in Red Deer, works in the seismic field. The youngest, Cheryl Elaine Clara, was born February 9, 1977 in Red Deer.

Tom has a gravel truck business in the summertime and he works in the seismic field in the winter. Elaine works part-time at Lane's Clothing in Sylvan Lake.

We thoroughly enjoy country living and being a part of the Sylvan Lake community.

The Barlund Family
by Ernest Barlund

Mr. and Mrs. F. Barlund moved to Sylvan Lake in 1952. They were neighbors of John Kangas. Across the street lived V. R. Raivio and his mother. The Raivios, along with J. Kangas, were old friends of the Barlunds from the homestead days. Mrs. Raivio would be visiting Mrs. Barlund, and Mrs. Barlund would be visiting Mrs. Raivio every day of the week when they lived at Sylvan Lake.

There were also two very smart men who always helped with legal papers. They were Gust Maki and Andrew Jarvin. These men could express themselves to the Finnish people and were very fluent in English. My dad and mother had Andy Jarvin take care of their papers always.

Frank Victor Barlund was born in Nakilla, Finland September 5, 1872. Aine Marie Salini was born May 5, 1868 in Seikainen, Finland. They were married in 1898. Frank emigrated in 1900 to the United States of America as a result of receiving a letter from Henry Salini from Michigan telling of booming times in that country. Dad worked in several places in the United States. He got another letter from Chas. Randall, his brother-in-law, telling of the 160-acre homesteads available in Canada, for $10 if certain conditions were fulfilled. A lot of fellows were leaving the United States for Canada, infected with homestead fever and dad was one of them. He landed in 1908 at C. Randall's place. In 1909 he filed on a homestead north of Leslieville, SE 35-40-4-W5, and sent for his wife and two children, Henry and Ina.

The country was wild land when dad came — no roads, no bridges, just rough trails. Mother and the children stayed at Randalls', the children going to the Eckville School with their cousin, Eino Randall. They were some of the first children to go to the Eckville School. Dad built a house and barn from logs. Then mother and the children moved to the homestead. We lived there three years before the Leafland School was built. Henry and Ina were the first students at Leafland with Frank and May Kangas and Emil Rolfson. Clearing land with grub hoe and axe was hard work for the trees were big but they did provide us with good saw logs. The land was broken using a plow and a team of oxen. Dad was not used to such hard work for he was a tailor by trade. In Finland, he had his own tailor shop with employees to help. On the homestead dad worked in the winter building bridges for the C.N.R. The homestead proved to be a poor one, for it was littered with rocks, many of them huge.

So Frank Barlund left the homestead and bought land at Eckville, SW 8-39-3-W5 and NE 8-39-3-W5. This farm had very good soil on it. Dad and myself cleared the entire half section with grub hoe and axe. Then we broke it all with horses. Later we bought a 1927 Wallis tractor and did our plowing and disking with that. The horses were used for seeding and cutting the grain. Then in 1936, we bought a new line of power machinery and did not use horses in the field much after that.

When dad and mother moved to Sylvan Lake, Henry got the farm and farmed for a year. He then worked in Calgary as a city carpenter foreman. The farm became vacant and vandalized. Some years later, I went back to see the place. The buildings were run down, all windows broken. The neat flower gardens that had once been so tidy were now over-

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barlund.

grown with weeds. The garden where rhubarb, raspberries and strawberries once grew was plowed up and seeded to grain. The machinery was rusted and abandoned. The place was very quiet — it seemed as if it was haunted with ghosts of the past. So I hurried away very sad, back to my home, leaving the image of the years gone by to the needs of my own farm.

Beatty

In 1952, W. E. (Ted) Beatty bought two lots from Mrs. Gertrude Key of Red Deer. They were situated between the property of Dr. J. B. Long of Red Deer and Mr. Frank Leighton of Edmonton in Balmy Beach.

Mary and Ted Beatty and their daughter, Pat, spent summers there until 1957. Then it was sold to Mr. Leonard Purnell of Red Deer.

Morris and Martha Beatty

by Martha Beatty

My cottage is in the area now known as Balmy Beach, which is just south of Jarvis Bay. The cottage was built a very long time ago by two bachelors, Jack Dow (who later married Marion Jarvis whose father owned the Jarvis Bay property) and Einar Johnson (a Red Deer jeweller). My husband, Morris Beatty, obtained the cottage from Dow and Johnson a few years previous to our marriage in 1937.

Our cottage, like so many of the early ones, had a large verandah, screened to keep out the mosquitoes. Morris and I remodelled it and added two rooms. We also cleared the beach which had small trees growing in it.

My husband and I occupied our cottage for three or four months (Morris commuting to Red Deer when not on holidays) every year until his passing in May, 1971. Since a long-time friend, Harriet Robertson, lives in the cottage next door I have continued to spend the summers at Sylvan Lake.

During my stay at the cottage, I have attended Memorial Presbyterian Church and have always enjoyed my associations there. For years I was a member of the Sylvan Lake Golf Club and played many a golf game on the beautiful Sylvan Lake golf course.

Antti Bellikka Family

by Mary Moos and Viola Cosby

Antti (Andrew) Bellikka was born in Puppola, Oulu, Finland, May 13, 1871. His wife, the former Saara Bekuri, was born December 18, 1865 in Tyrnava, Oulu, Finland. They were married in Tyrnava, August 24, 1895 and emigrated to Jersey City, New York in 1904.

Antti and Saara Bellikka.

Thirteen children were born to them, including two sets of twins. Five children died while they lived in Finland and two died in infancy in the U.S.A. A little girl, Anna Elizabeth, died at the age of four. Accounts of their remaining six children follow.

Joseph Walter lived and died in Jersey City. He was married and had two children, Walter and Viola. Their present whereabouts is unknown.

Rita Hilda married Onni (Lucky) Koskinen. They had five children. Helen, born in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, 1918, married William Lindsay in Toronto, Ontario in 1946 and had no children. Bill died in 1979 and Helen in 1982. Arthur, born in Shaunavon, Sask., 1919, married in Sudbury, Ontario and had three children, James, Mavis, Kenneth. Arthur died August 20, 1970. Gladys Loreen, born in Shaunavon, Sask., 1921, married and lives in Toronto. She had three sons. Bob, the elder son, was killed in a car accident in his 21st year. Ron and Michael live in Calgary. Dorothy, the youngest, was born at Sylvan Lake. She married Roy Fraser in Sudbury, Ontario. They had nine children: Lori, Scott, Karen, Lindsay, Debbie, Gail, Roy, Gregory and Lance. Dorothy and Roy are presently living in Lockport, New York.

Sara Ventla married Harold Dale at Red Deer in 1924. They had two children, Robyn Donna, born in Penhold, Alberta, 1925, married Kenneth Thurston in Vancouver, B.C., 1958. They had four children. Kendall Dart, born in Vancouver, B.C., 1959, Bren-

da Lea, 1961, Robert Briton, 1963, Joseph Creed, 1964, all born in Chilliwack, B.C.; Baynard Mackenzie, born in Eckville, Alberta, 1929, married Ann Mitchell in Vancouver, B.C. in 1959 and are presently living in Port Alberni, B.C.

Mary and Ventla Bellikka.

Wayne Andrew (Bob) married Vicki Phillips in Vancouver, B.C. in 1943. They had no family.

Anna Mary married Fred Moos at Eckville, Alberta in 1930. They had three children. Donald, born in Bentley, Alberta in 1933, married Evelyn Honstein in Edmonton on October 14, 1962. They had three children, all born in Edmonton: Kevin, 1964, and Janice, 1965. All are living in Edmonton. Leonard, born in Bentley, 1935, married Freda Nelson. They had no children. Jennine, born in Bentley, 1937, married Barry Armstrong in 1955. They had three children. Debra Dawn, born in Eckville, November 19, 1957, married Tom McNair. Debra and Tom had two children, Jason and Katrina. All live in Edmonton. Dannet Sue, born in Eckville, November 17, 1959, married Ken Thompson. They live in Red Deer. Daileen Marie, born in Eckville, July 2, 1961, married Randy Hoffman. They have one son, Killin, and live in Red Deer. Jennine's second marriage was to George Johannson. They have one son, Brett Kajarten, born in Red Deer, 1968. They reside in Red Deer.

Arthur Johannes was born in New Ipswitch, New Hampshire, September 20, 1909. He married Viola Byttynen at Sylvan Lake on January 5, 1937. They had two children. Patricia Viola, born in Red Deer, June 27, 1940. She married Mario Bonilla in Glendale, California. She was divorced and lives in Edmonton. James Arthur, born at Red Deer, August 12, 1942, married Joan O'Dell in Edmonton. They had three children: Jerry James Arthur, October 12, 1960, Jason Norman Andrew, April 14, 1965 (both born in Edmonton), Jeffrey John Robert, born at Grande Prairie, April 8, 1971. They are living in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The trials of everyday living must have been very hard at times for our parents and grandparents. When they came to a new country with the social and language barriers, it was difficult to find work so people moved on to new locations.

Our folks moved from Jersey City, New Jersey, to New Hampshire and then on to Brandon, Manitoba. They lived there for several years before moving to Shaunavon, Sask. The dried-out prairies did not give much to live on, so they moved on to greener land, arriving in Sylvan Lake in 1918. They lived at first on rented land from the Kuores family and then from the Alex Kinnunens. Then dad bought a farm two miles west of Sylvan Lake, S.E.¼ 1-39-2-W5, known later as the Saha place. A log barn and a log house were built on the farm, dad hewing the logs himself after he and the children had hauled these logs from across the lake at Palm Bay. In those days, the pioneers had to be jack-of-all trades and dad was no exception. He was a builder, a shoemaker, a harness-maker and he even made skiis for his family. He was also a Lutheran minister. Church services were held in the homes.

Mother did all the household tasks as well as tending chickens, milking cows and feeding calves. She made such good bread, especially "rieska" bread. Mother was a mid-wife and many of the babies born at that time in that area were delivered by her. She also performed a "cupping" (blood-letting) service for people who requested it.

In 1926, the family moved to Eckville where they rented a farm north of the town. Later the folks retired to a small 22-acre parcel of land that they bought, about six miles east of Eckville. They built a log barn, a log sauna and a workshed which still stands. There was a small house on the property. This was their home for about 20 years. Mother passed away August 3, 1950 at the age of 84. Some time later, dad married Hilda Heikkinen and they moved to Sylvan Lake.

When dad took ill, he moved to live with his son, Arthur, and family in Edmonton. He died there April 13, 1954 at the age of 82. Art died June 24, 1959 at age 49. Hilda passed away February 18, 1969 in Toronto, Ontario at the age of 71 and Andrew died January 22, 1975 in Vancouver, B.C. at the age of 75 years. Ventla died November 23, 1976 in Chilliwack, B.C. at the age of 73.

Mary Moos is the only surviving member of this generation of the family. She resides at the Sylvan Lake Manor.

Arthur and Viola Bellikka
by Viola Cosby

Arthur Bellikka was born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, U.S.A. September 20, 1909. He came to Canada with his parents when he was seven years old. They lived in the Sylvan Lake area for several years. He attended school at the Marianne and Kuusamo Schools. As a young man, he continued to live with his parents when they moved to Eckville. He learned the trade of carpentry from his father. Building became his life's profession.

I came into this world May 30, 1917, daughter of John and Maggie Byttynen. I have one sister, Sylvia, and three brothers, John, Dick and Tony. As of October this year, we are all in our sixties.

We grew up on our parents' homestead on the north shore of Sylvan Lake. Palm Bay was our post office for several years. As children, we used to go on the highest hill on the farm and look across the lake to see the Sylvan Lake lights. It was exciting in those days to go to town. We had little money to spend but enjoyed seeing the things in the stores.

I remember one December in the very early thirties. My brother Johnny and I went with dad to Sylvan Lake with our team of horses and sleigh. We had about 30 turkeys, which we had cleaned, to sell. Anyone who has plucked turkeys knows what an undertaking this was. It was a family project. We started the day before and stayed up practically the whole night making sure we picked out all the pin feathers. We had wrapped the heads and washed the feet, making them look really nice. Do you think we could sell them for even one dollar a turkey? The hotel bought two for 50¢ each, and the Chinese restaurant did the same. Dad ended up selling them to Mr. Solberg at the Co-Op Store for 25¢ each!

The 1930's were difficult years. We were probably more fortunate than some others because we lived on a farm. The hardest thing for me was having to give up my schooling. There was just no money for books or tuition to go back to high school.

On January 5, 1937, Art and I were married at the Presbyterian Manse at Sylvan Lake. Our first home was an old home we rented from S. Anderson, situated right across the road from the Eckville cemetery. That summer we built a mobile trailer and, in the fall of 1937, we packed up the trailer with our few belongings and moved to my folks' place. There was no work that winter. In the early spring, Art went with my sister's husband, Elmer Kujala, to Edmonton to look for work. With continued persistance, Art managed to get a job constructing forms for the new Hudson Bay Store. We moved our trailer to Edmonton but the job only lasted a few months and back we came to Palm Bay. We built a little two-roomed cottage by the lake on my parents' place.

There were happy times that winter. Our home was the meeting place for the young people of the community who came to skate and play hockey. They got together and built a fence around the rink that was on the lake. The young Boyle School teacher, Laurence Layton, came after school to shovel the snow off the rink "to get some exercise." The Palm Bay Sports Club was organized that winter. The hockey team, Palm Bay Red Wings, went on to win the cup in the District Hockey Tournament in the spring of 1939. That summer, the Sports Club sponsored two softball teams, a men's and a women's team, and we did very well. We ended up in second place in the tournament.

It was a busy summer. Art was building a large barn south of Bentley. We lived at the place in a tent and I cooked for the crew in a granary pulled into the yard for us to use. They were Dutch folks and were very kind people. I even baked our bread and goodies in our old black stove we brought with us. I also drove the old Model T truck to town to get groceries. I ran out of gas a few times as there were no gauges on this old model.

That beautiful summer came to an end and all things changed in September when Canada entered the war. My brothers enlisted for active service, as did many others from our community. In October, we moved our little cottage to Art's parents' place and lived in it that winter. In the spring, we sold the house and moved to Sylvan Lake. We lived on Main Street in a house we rented from Mr. and Mrs. Watkiss.

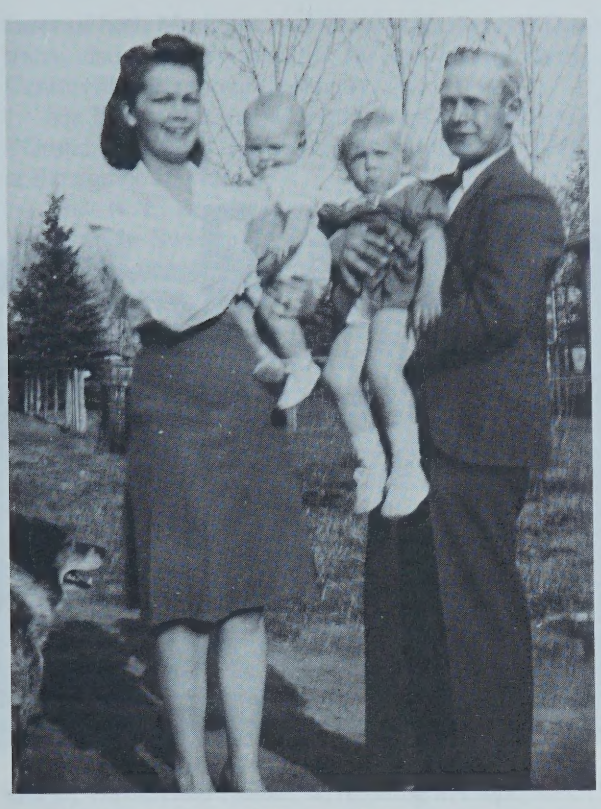
On June 27, 1940, at the Red Deer Hospital, we became the parents of a beautiful baby girl, Patricia Viola.

In January 1942, we moved to Medicine Hat where Art worked with the Bennett and White Construction Co. We returned to Sylvan Lake in August.

Our son, James Arthur, was born August 12, 1942, in the Red Deer Hospital, thanks to the care of the most wonderful doctor I have ever known, Dr. MacGregor Parsons.

Art's work took him from Medicine Hat to Suffield. We rented a cottage from Mr. Bloom and I remained in Sylvan Lake. It was a terribly cold winter. Getting water was the biggest problem as the town pump would freeze. We were thankful for the kindness of the Koots family next door for water and, to John Balog, for a load of wood. Also, I remember with gratitude the young lad, Clifford Elder, who stayed with us and did so many things to help that winter. I remember the kindness of Mr. Bloom and his concern that the children and I were alright, as the temperature often dipped to 45° below. Also, I was so thankful many times for such a lovely neighbor as Thelma Koots.

We moved from Sylvan Lake to Edmonton in



Art and Viola Bellikka with Patty and Jim.

January, 1944 where Art had been transferred. He continued to work for Bennett and White. We lived in a small two-room suite and then in a garage before we built a small house on 84 Street. Later, we moved into the home I still live in on 55 Street.

Art left the contracting business when he was accepted as an appraiser for the City of Edmonton. He was with the Assessor's Department until his death, June 24, 1959, at the age of 49.

We had lived a very busy life as we were active in community work and in our church. Art served on various boards and councils in the city and executive boards of church and community. His greatest times were with the hockey boys. At times he was manager, coach or referee. I was a Cub and Scout mother, a Guide mother, served on the executive of the Home and School and of the Community League. I was president of the Alberta group of the American Lutheran Church Women, and was the delegate chosen from our group to attend the conference at St. Olaf's College in Northfield, Minnesota in 1960. It was a rewarding experience.

On May 4, 1963, I married Leo Cosby, formerly of Smithville, Ontario. We still live in the Highlands District of Edmonton. Leo is an insurance appraiser with the Alberta Motor Association, from which he will retire next year.

Grandma Bellikka with Patty and Jim.

From July 31 to August 2, 1982, a re-union was held at the old home place, the Byttynen shore on Palm Bay. It was a happy event as many of us had not been together for years. After 43 years there were many changes and many faces were missing. I am sure they were there in spirit.

In our retirement, we hope to enjoy a few years in the country, preferably back in the Sylvan Lake area.

I look not forward; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home,
And He will face with me its every trial,
And bear for me the burdens that may come.

The Bergstrom Family

by Mrs. Sylvia Hayhoe

Nels Emile Bergstrom Sr. was born November 29, 1857 and raised in Sweden. He married Sigrid Pederson in 1883. They had a family of three sons: Nels, Carl and John.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergstrom came to Canada in 1903 with their young family and settled in Blackfalds. They farmed in that district at first and later ran a general store business. In 1913 Nels moved his business to Sylvan Lake where he retired for a time from the mercantile business and farmed a couple of miles south of Sylvan Lake. For a period of ten years he owned a shoe shop and operated an oil agency on Main Street.

Besides being the honored mayor of the town of Sylvan Lake for five years, he was secretary-trea-

The Bergstroms: Nels, Carl and Sylvia, Mabel (Nels' wife), Christine (Carl's wife) holding Nancy, Katie (John's wife) holding Harold, and Doris.

The Carl Bergstroms: Christine holding Nancy, Carl and Sylvia.

surer of both Marianne and Centreville School Districts, also secretary-treasurer for many years for the Centreville Telephone Company.

Mr. Bergstrom was well known as Sylvan Lake's "Grand Old Man". He passed away August 14, 1932 at the age of 75 years.

Mrs. N. E. Bergstrom — nee Sigrid Pederson — was born in Sweden on April 16, 1863. She was a great lady and very talented in handicraft such as sewing, quilting, knitting and macrame. She passed away December 11, 1931 in her 69th year.

Nels Emil Bergstrom Jr., the eldest son, was born July 3, 1884 in Sweden. He came to Canada with his parents in 1903. He settled in Sylvan Lake and married Mabel Wold of the Sigurd-Barbara Wold family, who owned a farm five miles south of Sylvan Lake. Nels and Mabel had a family of four. Dorothy and her husband, William Toivanen, live in Lethbridge, Alberta. They have two sons, Robert and Terrance. Lily (Mrs. Ivan Carter) has a family of six: Sharon, David, Wayne, Carol, Gary and Evan. They reside in Hope, British Columbia. Bernard married Kathleen Pelletier and they have four sons: Kenneth, Barry, Randall and Richard. They live in Savanah, B.C. Barbara (Mrs. Sidney Fietz) has a family of three, Daryl, Warren and Debra, all residing in Hope, B.C.

Nels Jr. and his two brothers, Carl and John, operated a cartage service in Sylvan Lake in the 1920's, using horses, wagons and trucks. Later Nels pursued his trade as a carpenter; his hobbies in woodworking were making interesting pieces of furniture and novelties in fretwood and using wood inlay. In 1938, Nels and family moved to Eckville. In 1944 they moved to Port Moody, B.C., then on to Hammond, B.C. and finally settled in Hope, B.C. where Nels passed away May 29, 1965 at the age of 81 years.

Carl August Bergstrom was born in Sweden, August 23, 1888. He also settled in Sylvan Lake, marrying Christina Boode. They have two daughters. Sylvia married G. Milton Hayhoe. They have one son, Richard, and all reside in Red Deer. Nancy died in 1924 during the scarlet fever epidemic.

Carl, along with his brothers Nels and John, worked in the town, draying with the Bergstrom Brothers' Cartage Service. He loved the big horses and liked to polish up the fancy harness and decked them with rings and tassels and then drove them in parades. He passed away August 31, 1964 at the age of 76 years.

Christina Mary Bergstrom, nee Boode, was born July 7, 1890 at Hitterdahl, Minnesota, U.S.A. She moved with her parents, John and Margaret Boode, in 1895 to the Blindman Valley west of Blackfalds. The Boodes were possibly the first family to move into the Aspelund District and thus suffered many hardships. There was a large family of nine boys and one girl: John, Lewis, Andrew, Ole, Axel, Magnus, Carl, Albert, Christina and one boy died as a baby.

They were all good musicians. Christina played the piano and her brothers played violins. They played for social gatherings.

Her brothers built the Royal Hotel in Lacombe and Christina worked with them. Unfortunately the hotel burned down in 1908 and she lost all her personal belongings. The boys also built the first theatre in Lacombe.

Christina moved to Sylvan Lake where she married Carl Bergstrom. She was a true pioneer of the town. Her pet hobby was gardening. She always had a big garden and did all the landscaping herself, planting trees of all varieties. She passed away January 31, 1981 at the age of 90 years.

John Leonard Bergstrom, born in Sweden on January 29, 1891, married Katie Kaila. They have two children. Harold, married to Olive Watchorn, has a family of two: David and Cindy. They live in New Westminster, B.C. Doris, Mrs. Jack Morrison, has a family of two: John and Janice. They reside in Richmond, B.C.

John Bergstrom has the distinction of being one of a very, very few who have resided in Sylvan Lake continuously since 1913.

Mrs. Lorraine Biette (Hunter)

I was born August 28, 1945 in the Red Deer Hospital — the only daughter of Gordon and Elsie Hunter. I attended school grades one through ten at Sylvan Lake, took grades 11 and 12 at Lindsay Thurber in Red Deer and graduated in 1963.

In December 1964 I met Brian Biette who had come to Sylvan Lake in the summer as an accountant with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. On November 13, 1965 Brian and I were married in the Memorial Presbyterian Church. Our first home was set up in Taber, where Brian had been transferred. In January, 1969 we moved to Bassano where we have lived since. Brian is now employed by Pan Canadian Petroleum. We have four children who all attend Bassano School: Kim Jo-Anne, born April 13, 1969; Vicki Lynn, born March 7, 1970; Jodi Leigh, born November 1, 1973; Bradley Brian, born December 28, 1976.

Some events come quickly to mind when I think back on the years I spent in Sylvan Lake. My very first day of school — how very frightened I was — only to find out school was not so bad and neither were the teachers. Some I recall were Mrs. E. Gilchrist, Mrs. D. Rozier, Mrs. S. Woima, Mr. S. Davidson and Mr. B. Cody. At that time, Sylvan Lake School was made up of three separate buildings

Brian and Lorraine Biette.

and was that way until I went into grade nine when we moved into the new school building. Also comes to mind the Christmas Concerts which were held yearly at the Prom Hall and the hours of practice that went into these concerts. Too bad there are not more of these community concerts nowadays for our children to take part in. Then there were the times a patch of ice on the lake was cleared so a skating party could be held, with a bon fire to go with it, or the hours we spent at the out-door skating rink, either skating or cheering our favorite hockey team. The year when we finally reached the age to be able to attend the variety concerts held every Sunday night in the summer at the Varsity Hall — oh how grown up we thought we were! Track and Field Sports Days were also very important events in those days and kids from surrounding schools would come for the day to compete and determine the best. These events always gave us the chance to meet new people and make new friends. I also clearly recall running home backwards every week from choir practice, across the short cut by the railroad loading dock and stock yards, singing at the top of my voice, sure that my singing would be enough to scare any monsters away who might be about to jump out at me.

Those were the good old days.

Jodi, Vickie, Kim and Bradley Biette.

Gordon Bigam Family

by Ivy (Duncan) Bigam

Gordon and I and our two boys, Glen and Leroy, aged five and three years, moved to Sylvan Lake June 1, 1944. Our third son, Jerry, was born June 30, 1944 at the Red Deer Hospital.

Gordon and his father, Andrew Bigam, operated a cartage business in partnership for three or four years.

In 1945, we established the first taxi firm in Sylvan Lake. I obtained my chauffeur's license along with Gordon and together we operated a 24-hour taxi service. In 1947, we increased to two cabs and hired extra drivers.

We had both been active in the United Church before moving to Sylvan Lake so we became involved in the Presbyterian Church: I taught Sunday School, led a Mission Band group for boys and girls six to eight years old and was corresponding secretary for the Ladies' Aid.

Glen and Leroy both started school in Sylvan Lake. Glen was in Cubs and Jerry and Leroy began skating on the rink (which was just across from our home) when each was three years old and were active in hockey until they graduated from high school.

Gordon was born in Bentley, August 13, 1915 and lived with his parents three miles south and one mile west of Bentley for three years, at which time they moved to a farm three and a half miles north of Sylvan Lake on the Sylvan Lake-Bentley road. He attended Durham School and completed his high school in Bentley. Gordon's first teacher was Mr.

Wright, who lived at Dingwall's Boarding House in Sylvan Lake. Mr. Wright borrowed a horse from Andrew Bigam, Gordon's father, and rode or drove from Sylvan to Durham each school day.

In 1936, Gordon began farming on his own, on his grandfather's homestead (SE¼ 19-39-1-W5 and W½ 17-39-1-W5) which was situated on the north shore of Sylvan Lake. (Part of that farm is now the Pentecostal Camp.)

We were married November 30, 1937 and continued to farm there for another year before moving to the Bentley district where we farmed until moving to Sylvan Lake.

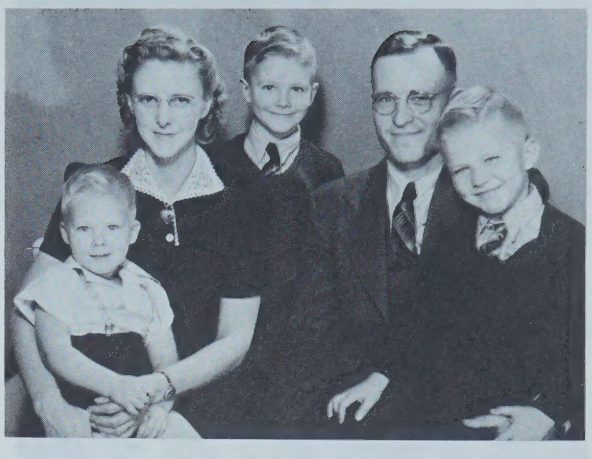
I was born August 27, 1917 at Pollockville, Alberta. My mother, Lilian Greenwood, was born in Manchester, England, in 1889 and her family came to Canada in 1902 to live in Toronto. My father, Percival Duncan, was born in Grahamsville, Ontario, August 26, 1891. He grew up in Toronto where the two families were neighbors and attended the same church. Then, in 1912, the Greenwood family and my dad came West to the Pollockville District to take up homesteads. In 1914, dad built a sod shack on his homestead and lived there while breaking his land and building his house and barn. Then Percy Duncan and Lillian Greenwood were married, January 18, 1916.

During the years, 1912-1931, there was enough rain to produce two bumper crops which encouraged them to continue farming there. However, the other years were either dried out or hailed so that, in 1931, after five consecutive years of being hailed out, the Government provided free freight for all settlers who wished to leave the area. We had two box cars loaded with livestock and machinery and arrived in Sylvan Lake on August 27, 1931 and proceeded to our new home eight and a half miles northwest of Sylvan Lake in the Rainy Creek District, where I lived until I married Gordon. I have one sister, Doris, and one brother, Roy. Mother died October 28, 1971. Dad is presently in the Sylvan Lake Lodge and will be 92 years old, August 26, 1983.

We left Sylvan Lake for Red Deer in 1949 and still make our home in Red Deer.

Gordon worked in accounting and as parts department manager for Nance Company for three years, then as appliance manager for Stewart Brothers, after which he spent over 20 years as supervisor of the classified advertising department of the *Red Deer Advocate*, retiring August 31, 1980. I worked for Jack's Men's Wear for three years and at Eaton's for several years but continued with volunteer work.

We have both been active in church work throughout the years and are still active in Gaetz United Church, having held many offices. I was also a charter member of St. John Ambulance in Red Deer.



The Gordon Bigam family: Jerry, Ivy, Glen, Gordon and Leroy.

Our son Glen was born January 24, 1939 and married Carol Ponto, formerly of Eckville. They have two boys and one girl — Trevor, Colin and Kathie. Glen does nuclear magnetic research at the University of Alberta, Chemistry Department. Carol is a former employee of the Bank of Montreal in Red Deer and now works part time for that bank in Edmonton, where they have lived since their marriage.

Leroy was born February 27, 1941 and lives in Calgary. He is divorced and has one son, Bruce. He is a senior purchasing agent and partner in a large oil equipment firm in Airdrie and commutes daily.

Jerry was born June 30, 1944 and married a Red Deer girl, Lynne Higgins. They have two boys, Jay and David. Jerry is an economist and has his own consulting firm. He also owns a picture frame manufacturing business together with a sign manufacturing plant. He and Lynne work jointly on these ventures for Lynne was a school teacher and has since taken courses in business management and administration. They make their home in Edmonton.

Gordon's grandparents, Thomas and Elizabeth Bigam, were born in Galt, Ontario of Scottish parents. They were married in Fordwich, Michigan, September 11, 1885 and moved to McBain, Michigan, where they farmed and their family of five were born. They decided to come to Canada because of the opportunity to obtain a homestead and build a better future for their family. They arrived in 1902 and settled on the unimproved land which was to be their home, situated on the north shore of Sylvan (Snake) Lake where they built their log home.

Andrew was the oldest of their five children. He was born November 24, 1886 at McBain, Michigan and married Edith Petro, who was born December 17, 1891 at Gettysburg, South Dakota, and came to

Andrew and Edith Bigam with Gordon and Ivy.

Canada in 1900. They were married August 21, 1912. A baby girl was born to them in June, 1914, Blanche Jane. She died in January, 1915 of meningitis. Gordon was born August 13, 1915. There were two other babies who died at birth so Gordon was the only surviving child. They farmed on the Sylvan Lake-Bentley highway, three and a half miles north of Sylvan Lake (NE¼ 16-39-1-W5) until 1940 when they moved to Sylvan Lake. Here they operated a dray business, hauling C.N. and C.P. mail and express and many other things. Later, Andrew became caretaker of the Sylvan Lake Schools. Edith shared and assisted Andrew in all his work. He suffered a number of strokes before passing away December 6, 1949. Edith lived with relatives until her death, December 28, 1963.

The Blakely Family

In 1960 the Blakely family came to Sylvan Lake to make their home.

Manly Blakely was born and educated in the Shady Nook District where his mother, Mrs. Ena Blakely, and brother Jack and his family still reside. Manly was employed by Gulf Oil for 21 years. The first 10 years were in the capacity of a surveyor on gravity and seismic crews, then as a landman until the time of his death in October 1968, at the age of 41.

Colleyne Patricia Blakely was born in Mannville, Alberta. Here she received her early education. In 1941, the family moved to Red Deer when her father, the late William Colborne, was transferred to A20 Army Training Camp as a driving instructor. After attending Normal School in Calgary, Pat was employed by the Red Deer School Division, teaching in the Stephenson, Tindastall and Willowdale Districts. She also taught in Mirror, Alberta.

The Blakelys were married in 1948, making their first home in Grande Prairie, the second in Peace River where their eldest daughter, Shauna, was born in 1950. There were many moves after that, 21 in all, to various places in Alberta and Saskatchewan. There were also two additions to the family, daughters Shelley and Kim, both born in Red Deer.

In 1952, the Blakelys bought land on 40th Street, built a summer home in 1953, which was sold to buy a home in Regina when transferred there in 1956. In 1960, they built the Embee Motel on land purchased from L. Ditzler, who at that time owned the Varsity Court, a motel on the site of the now proposed Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet. Pat and the girls moved here to operate the motel, making their home there until June, 1975.

Pat has taken an active part in community and business affairs. She has been on the executive and president of the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce. For eight years, she was director and table officer of the Motel Association of Alberta and one of the founding members of the Parkland Tourist Association, a forerunner of the present David Thompson Association.

When the County of Red Deer #23 was formed in 1963, the town council requested that Pat consider accepting the nomination as school representative. She was elected and has served as school trustee until the present. Since September 1967, she has continuously been chairman of the County Board of Education.

It has been a distinct honor to have had the C. P. Blakely Elementary School dedicated in her name.

Pat was elected to town council in 1974. In July 1979, she succeeded R. W. Blick as mayor when he resigned.

Shauna, Mrs. Jim Newsome, has a family of three, Shaun, Jodi and Scott, and they live in Vernon, B.C.

Shelley, who makes her home in Sylvan Lake, has been employed for a number of years by Alberta Motor Association as a driving instructor.

Kim, Mrs. Robert Popilchak, has a family of three, Ryan, Kyla and Katie. Robert, born and educated in Sylvan Lake, is a general contractor for AVX Enterprises. They are both very involved in community projects through Kinsmen and Kinettes.

Blooms' Limited
by Beth Bloom

In 1945, Bloom's Farm Supply was located at the lower end of Main Street. In 1948, work was completed on a new building, located up the street and across from Cobb's Limited, and the sign, "Bloom and Son", was erected. This building housed, at various times, a Massey Harris agency, a Plymouth-Chrysler dealership, a J.I. Case agency, a furniture franchise and a well-equipped hardware which included appliance franchises such as Kelvinator, R.C.A. Victor, Admiral, Frigidaire, etc. The hardware was first operated under the Ashdown franchise, then as Marshall Wells, and finally as Link Hardware. As well, used mobile homes were bought, sold or rented.

In 1958, the Bloom and Son was changed to Blooms' Limited.

In 1966 Marks' Television moved to Main Street. The building purchased was the old Bloom Building which had been occupied for a number of years by Cole's Meat Market.

In 1970, the decision was made to invite Don and Jean May to move their paint company into the Blooms' Limited building. This proved to be a good decision for all concerned.

In 1972 the Bloom Hardware was sold to Tom Alexander.

Some employees are a valuable asset to a company. Such an employee was Romeo Brassard. He worked for Frank and then for the company for over 34 years. Romeo did the gasfitting, plumbing and servicing of appliances. As well, he serviced farm equipment such as combines, cultivators, tractors, etc. Romeo seemed equal to all mechanical problems. Frank and Cyril often said that he was a genius.

In the same way, Elsie Hunter was an asset to the company. Because of her reliability and composure, Cyril and Beth (with only occasional phone calls to keep in touch) could leave town and know that it would be business as usual at the store.

Les Perkinson and Will Richmond were the hardware managers, both of them very capable. Jean Palmer, who worked during those busy years, was held in high regard by Frank and Cyril, as was Frank Player, who retired to White Rock, B.C. Wally Koots worked both in the service end of the business and in the hardware. He, too, was a loyal and trusted employee.

Some of the other people who worked for Blooms' Limited were: Chuck Watkiss, George Rozier, Tony Cermak, Walter Gathercole, Ernie Downton, Ann Vig, Lorraine Hunter, Roy Miller Jack Cole and Sonny Fry.

Blooms' Hardware was a gathering place for the coffee crowd which, back in the fifties and early sixties, consisted of Charlie Dunford, Jack May, Peter Cameron, Jack Innes, Dave McCutcheon, Bruce

Frank and Ann Bloom in front of original Bloom Store on Main Street.

Frank and Cyril Bloom in front of new building, Bloom's Hardware.

Lane and, most times, a farmer or two or a traveller. As well, the bank manager always joined them. Bank managers changed through the years. For part of the fifties, it was Mr. Sissons. Then Don Edwards joined the group, followed by Stan Logan and later by Harvey Hendrickson.

Cyril and Beth Bloom

Cyril took his early schooling in Winnipeg and Edmonton. He came to Sylvan Lake at the age of eleven. In his final school year he attended Red Deer High School, as a member of the first class of dormitory students, along with George Schill, Russell McClean, Audrey Appleton and others.

Cyril played Junior 'B' hockey for Red Deer and was prominent in track and field at sports' days in Red Deer.

Cyril and Beth Bloom.

As a young man, he began his career as a druggist, completing his apprenticeship at Lee's Drug Store in Edmonton. There he left to serve in the R.C.A.F. Graduating as a Pilot Officer, he was posted to England where he subsequently became a bomber pilot attached to 426 Bomber Command. He had a crew of four and attained the rank of Flying Officer.

After the war, Cyril decided not to complete his pharmacy degree; he went into partnership with his father.

On June 14, 1947 Cyril married Beth Rogers. They had two children: Wendy and Roger, born November 26, 1949 and April 11, 1951 respectively.

Beth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Rogers. They were well-known residents of Red Deer, Mr. Rogers being Member of Parliament for the Red Deer Constituency during the Diefenbaker years.

The Blooms: Ann, Wendy, Roger, Beth and Beth's mother.

Beth attended school in Castor and Red Deer. She attended the Alberta College and the University of Alberta.

Cyril and Beth started their married life in Sylvan Lake in the same apartment in which Cyril had grown up. Later, in 1950, they purchased the former Keith home from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey.

As the years passed, parents and children alike became avidly interested in water sports. Thus, in 1964, they purchased the Griffith's cottage, which had originally been built by the Vellners of Red Deer. It was situated in the area that is today named Norglenwold. In 1966, after renovations and additions were complete, they sold their home in Sylvan Lake to Serge and Shirley Andreeff and lived full-time in Norglenwold.

Living on the water brought a new dimension to their lives: water skiing in the early morning and sailing at night. The change in residence also brought new friendships: the Manes of Calgary who have lived next door for eighteen years, the Mac Johnstons of Red Deer on the other side, and the McCrackens, Cuttings and Welshes have all become wonderful friends and neighbors.

One weekend, in the family's early stages of boating, Cyril and Wendy caused a mild sensation. Cyril tipped the Y-Flyer and lost the centerboard (help arrived in the form of divers, one of whom was Professor Gil Farthing) and Wendy neglected to put the plug in place in the motor boat. Thus, after her arrival at the main pier, the boat filled up with water and promptly sank, to the amazement of the summer crowd.

Like his father before him, Cyril helped to organize the business community. He proposed the selling of lots adjacent to the golf course for $1.00, a

proposal put forth to encourage home building at a time when the town had numerous lots but was standing stagnant in building and tax revenue. This proposal was passed in 1959. He was president of the Service Club, president of the Chamber of Commerce, president of the Lions' Club and held executive positions in the Kinsmen Club and in the Curling Club. As well, he was a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, a member of the Home and School Association and a member of the Fish and Game Association. He coached midget hockey.

Beth also enjoyed participating in community clubs, such as the Curling Club. She was a member of the Memorial Presbyterian Church Choir for eighteen years, a leader of the Junior Choir and taught Sunday School. She was treasurer for the Home and School Association for a time.

She worked with Cyril in Blooms' Limited as partner and bookkeeper for eleven years. They were also involved in the oil field as partners with John and Lillian Ross. Their company was Combination Drilling Ltd.

In 1972 Cyril and Beth sold their hardware to Tom Alexander.

In 1973, Cyril purchased SW 1-39-1-5 from J. S. McInenly and M. Ginther of Red Deer and Beth purchased NW 1-39-1-5 from C. McNamee of Red Deer, which farm was located outside Sylvan Lake, east on Highway 11. Their neighbor there was Mr. Vern Furnald who became a good friend of the family. Vern was almost eighty years old then but, many a time, he welded a part together and got the Bloom combine, or other machine, in working order. As Cyril and Roger used to say, Vern kept them going. This farm was sold to Rodney Wilkins of Bentley in 1975. In 1975, Cyril purchased a farm from Reuben Hammer which was located west of Wetaskiwin. This farm was sold in 1977 because it was too far from home base.

For the next three years Cyril and Beth lived part-time at their cottage on Whidbey Island, Puget Sound. They enjoyed friendships made there. As well, they enjoyed the climate and the changing seascape, but they never quite cut the strings to Sylvan Lake.

Cyril died in 1981 at the age of 58.

Beth continues to reside in Norglenwold.

Frank and Ann Bloom

Henry Bloom sailed from Germany to Canada in 1886. He settled in northern Ontario, where he worked for wages in order to bring his family out. Three years later, Bertha Bloom and her small son, Billy, boarded a sailing vessel. It was a sad beginning: she had just buried two children who had died from diphtheria.

Bertha named her sons after the European heads of state. Franz Joseph (Frank), her sixth child, born August 10, 1895, in Ontario's Renfrew County, was named after the Austrian emperor. They all worked hard in those early years and had few conveniences. Frank helped out by working at Sudbury on the C.N.R., where track was being laid. Frank's job was to drive a mule and cart. He was thirteen years old.

People talked of homesteading benefits on the prairies and the Bloom family felt the pull of owning land. As a consequence, they came west by C.N.R., landing in Melfort, Saskatchewan. They stayed there for six months. Then they took out homesteading rights in Glenella, Manitoba.

For some time, Frank, together with his older brother, Alexander, worked for a blacksmith. Then Frank, aged 19, took out a franchise with Massey Harris Company. His younger brother, Herb, worked with him. Two years later, Frank left to serve in the First Great War and, since Herb was not quite sixteen, it seemed Frank would lose his franchise. However, the Glenella magistrate went bond for Herb, who was then able to carry on the business in his older brother's absence. Several years after the war ended Massey Harris hired Frank as a salesman, working out of Winnipeg. Frank had a strong competitive drive and soon was top salesman for the Winnipeg area.

Frank married Ann Listner on December 6, 1920. Ann Listner, the youngest of seven children, was born February 2, 1902, in Bremen, Germany. At age four, she emigrated to Canada with her parents. Her family were also homesteaders. They secured rights in the Plumas, Manitoba area.

Frank and Ann started married life in Glenella, Manitoba where their son, Cyril, was born on September 11, 1922. A few years afterwards, the family moved to Winnipeg. In 1931, Frank was promoted to blockman and transferred to Edmonton.

During Frank's travels as a salesman, he visited Sylvan Lake, and later brought his wife and son there on holiday. They all liked the little village and, in the fall of 1933, Frank resigned as blockman and opened his own Massey Harris Farm Implement Agency on Main Street in Sylvan Lake. This was at the height of the depression. He erected a two-storey building (located near where the Ritz Drug Store is today), the lower half of which he rented, for some years, to Magnet Stores and later to Jenkins Groceteria; the family lived in the upper half.

Frank's mother, affectionately known to everybody as Granny, widowed, came to stay with them. She lived to be 101 and, although she was blind for

the last thirty years of her life, she had a clear mind and a delightful sense of humor. A nephew, Gordon Listner, also joined the family.

One of Frank's earliest acquaintances in Sylvan Lake was Romeo Brassard, whom Frank hired. Romeo boarded at the Bloom home until the time of his marriage to Margaret Pierrard. (Margaret had worked for Herb and Ann Bloom at their home in Calgary.) It became a rather large group who lived in that apartment. Besides Frank and Ann, Granny, Cyril, Gordon and Romeo, there was Ruth Elle who helped Ann in the house. Also, the Nelson brothers, Bill and Tommy, lived there for awhile. Later, they lived elsewhere but ate their meals there. (Bill Nelson married Esther Woima of the Kuusamo District.)

Frank Bloom actively accepted community and church responsibilities. In 1936, he was president of the Chamber of Commerce, in 1945 he served as mayor of Sylvan Lake and, in 1953, he headed the Building Committee for the Community Center. He was president of the Curling Club and held executive positions in the Fish and Game Association. He was a member of the Board of Managers of Memorial Presbyterian Church.

He was an ardent bridge player, hunter, fisherman, and curler. Frank Bloom died in 1963 at the age of 67.

Ann Bloom had a genuine concern for people both at the community level and on a one-to-one basis, which manifested itself in tangible help. No task was too large, or none too small for her to undertake, whether it was convening the annual turkey supper, making a surplice for the minister, visiting the sick, or helping someone with a dress pattern. She learned to drive when she was 60 and was always enthusiastic about taking her friends on an outing. High on her list of hobbies was working on fancy work for the bazaar. Also, she was an avid gardener. She was president several times and a member of the Memorial Presbyterian Ladies' Aid for over 28 years and was a member of that church's choir for eighteen years.

Ann Bloom died in 1980 at the age of 78.

Herb Bloom
by Beth Bloom

Uncle Herb, at the time of his retirement to Calgary, purchased a cottage in Norglenwold, which is today owned by Mr. M. Chomolyk of Red Deer. As well, for twenty-two years, Herb has owned the farm, "Bloom Acres", on the Bentley Highway.

Herb was president of U.S. Massey Ferguson Implements and first vice-president of the parent company in Canada, on the Board of Directors and on the Executive Committee; president of J.I. Case International, on its Board of Directors and on the Executive Committee.

Herb's elder son, Frank, lives in Tampa, Florida. Frank had his own advertising company, Franklin Advertising, in Racine, Wisconsin and later in Tampa.

Herb's younger son, Norman, lives in Toronto where he is manager of the Supply and Agricultural Division of Ford Canada.

Herb is now 81. He and his wife, Charlotte, live at Saratoga Towers in Red Deer.

Roger Bloom

Roger was an avid hockey player from the time he was a "Mighty Mite". He played his minor hockey in Sylvan Lake. Later, he played for Camrose Lutheran College and for the Red Deer College Kings.

He joined his father in the farming enterprises. Roger said that he would have been happy to have been a farmer for the rest of his life, despite that wet spring when his parents were in Europe and he was preparing the land. It was so wet that a lot of the time was spent in just being pulled out — the land was good black soil but, that spring, it might as well have been gumbo. His maternal grandfather, Harris Rogers, then 83, several times drove the distance from Red Deer to Wetaskiwin to encourage his grandson and to discuss similiar springs when he himself, then a young man, had farmed in the Cypress Hills.

Roger completed two years in the Faculty of Education at Red Deer College and one year of law at Western State College of Law, San Diego, California. It seemed he was well on his way to becoming a lawyer but he had second thoughts. Apparently, he was destined to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. For the past two generations, the Bloom males have all been salesmen.

Roger presently lives in Calgary where he is Sales Manager for Western Canada of Magcobar-Dresser (Canada) Incorporated.

Wendy Bloom Russell

Even as a small child, Wendy was talented in music. She won the I.O.D.E. Award when she was 13. As well, she competed for two years in festivals in Red Deer and took top honors in several classes. Included in these was the Red Deer Motors' Scholarship. Her teacher was Mrs. Penny McCutcheon.

Wendy attended school in Sylvan Lake and Qu'Appelle Diocesan School for Girls in Regina. She majored in Education at the University of Alberta and at Notre Dame, Nelson, British Columbia.

Wendy married Wayne Russell of Red Deer on February 11, 1970. They have three children: Raegan, born February 1, 1976; Ryan, born March 25, 1979; Riley, born December 6, 1982. They live in Fort St. John, B.C., where Wayne is Fluids Drilling Engineer with Magcobar-Dresser (Canada) Incorporated.

Ken H. Bloxham Family

Ken and Elsie Bloxham and two of their five children, Fenton and Tracy, came to Sylvan Lake in 1967. Mr. Bloxman was transferred from Champion, Alberta and took over as Postmaster from Mr. Moncrieff. At that time, the Post Office was housed in the Wilkinson Building. Eighteen months later, the Post Office operated from a new building constructed by the Department of Public Works, Canada.

The Bloxhams purchased the home of Lorne and Betty Peabody at 4736-52 Street. They lived at this address until 1978 when they moved to Kelowna, B.C.

Elsie Bloxham had been on the staff of the Vulcan County School Board. After coming to Sylvan Lake she was employed as a supply teacher by the County of Red Deer, relieving for both Protestant and Catholic Schools. Upon the retirement of Mrs. Angus McClean, Elsie became librarian of the Sylvan Lake Branch of the Parkland Regional Library. She thoroughly enjoyed this work and made many friends.

Fenton and Tracy completed their high school and took advantage of the proximity to the Red Deer College to advance their academic standing. Fenton is now an Air Traffic Controller stationed at the International Airport, Edmonton. Tracy studied Secretarial Science and is employed by Ranchmen's Oil of Calgary. Fenton, wife Susan and daughter Erin, live in Wetaskiwin. Susan is employed by the R.C.M.P. Rural Division. Tracy married Melvin Lutz of the Shady Nook District. Melvin is a steam engineer and works for Texaco-Gulf at Okotoks.

Sandra Cantelon, eldest daughter of the Bloxhams, with her husband Hart and two children, Michael and Rachel, lived for a time in Sylvan Lake. They first lived on the Wayne Kuores farm and later at the Tony Dietrich Apartment. Sandra taught in Red Deer while Hart worked for the City of Red Deer Recreation Department. They now reside in Kingston, Ontario where Hart, now Dr. Hart Cantelon, is a professor at Queen's University.

The other two children, Morley and his wife and their three children, and Penny, her husband and their two children, often visited with their parents and expressed the wish that they would have enjoyed being raised in Sylvan Lake.

The Bloxhams were members of St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Anglican Church. Ken was an active member of the Sylvan Lake Branch #212 of the Royal Canadian Legion and is very proud to have been made a life member of the Branch.

Due to ill health, Ken was obliged to retire from the Post Office. After several bouts of surgery and implantation of some plastic knees and hips for Ken and open-heart surgery for Elsie, they now enjoy a full life in the Okanagan Valley. They are at home to their friends at 730 Irma Road, Kelowna, B.C. and look back with fond memories of the years spent in Sylvan Lake.

Romeo Brassard Family
by Margaret Brassard

My paternal grandparents, Henry and Victorine Pierrard came to Canada from Belgium. They had four children: Delphine, 1881-1972; Thomas, 1883-1966; Rosalie, 1887-1941; Florent, 1889-1974. Florent Pierrard married Bertha Mayville, October 10, 1910 and I, Margaret Marie, born November 23, 1912 was the second arrival of their family of seven children.

On November 29, 1934, in St. Victor's Catholic Church, Gleichen, Alberta, I married Romeo Homer Brassard of Sylvan Lake.

Romeo was born in Leominster, Mass., U.S.A.

The Brassard family: Margaret, Leonard, Romeo, Lorraine and Cecile.

Romeo and Margaret Brassard on 35th anniversary.

in 1908. when he was nine years old, the family moved to Hussar, Alberta. There his dad found employment in a store. Romeo had five brothers in World War II. One was wounded and now lives on a farm north of Cluny. The others escaped injury and returned safely.

Romeo came to Sylvan Lake in 1933. He began carpenter work for Frank Bloom, who lived above the Magnet Store. Mr. Bloom dealt in machinery, new and old, and Romeo was the repairman. He was employed by Mr. Bloom for forty years.

I have belonged to the Catholic Ladies' Altar Society for many years. The name was later changed to the Catholic Women's League (C.W.L.). Our meetings were well attended. We saw the wee church enlarged after we came. Again, it was too small, so it was demolished and a lovely new church was built, with hall and rectory all in one.

Both Romeo and I enjoyed Sylvan Lake, watching it grow for years — a very big change. When we first came here there were two doctors, Dr. Wickware and Dr. Fizzell; two drugstores, DeBarthy's and Charlie Weston's; three dance halls, the Elks' Hall beside the Lakeview Garage, the Alexander Pavilion across the highway on the lakeshore and Penley's Varsity Hall on 46 Street. The Elks' Hall and the Alexander Pavilion burned down and the Varsity Hall was demolished to make way for a motel called Racoon Lodge.

We saw the different piers being constructed on the lake. A regatta and the Wrigley Swim were held for a number of years. We also witnessed the launching of "The Norell", a trim and comfortable motor launch, which made both long and short trips on the lake carrying passengers.

The school fairs were nice functions to attend with competitions in canning, baking, vegetables and children's handicrafts, with prizes for the best articles.

We also watched a tennis tournament each fall on Labor Day weekend. People from far and near came to enter the contest, or just to watch or join the crowd.

Romeo enjoyed music; composed the music and wrote the words for "Lonesome". He played the drums in a four-piece orchestra with Ernest and Ena Kinna and Esther Woima.

Romeo did not enjoy good health but was very conscientious about his work, doing the best possible and his talents lay in many directions. He was very resourceful and usually found a solution to a problem and worked on many projects in town. He was a certified electrician, had a first class gas-fitter's certificate and a Hunter's Training certificate.

We had one son, Leonard, born February 10, 1936. He lives in Calgary with his wife and four children: Tracy, born July 16, 1964; Corie, born August 21, 1965; Noel, born July 31, 1966; Brett, born August 14, 1971.

Our daughter, Cecile, was born July 28, 1952 and her daughter, Renee Ratchel was born December 24, 1972.

Daughter Lorraine Margaret, born December 22, 1953, was married June 19, 1976 to Bill Lee. They have three children: Clae William, born September 27, 1977; Jessie Dan, born December 30, 1979; Angela Kristy, born February 8, 1982.

Cecile, Lorraine and families live in the Sylvan Lake area.

Romeo and I, his sister and her husband and the sister's father-in-law motored to Leominster, Mass. in 1960 to visit Romeo's birthplace and relatives and friends. In this year, also, Romeo and I attended my mom's and dad's fiftieth wedding anniversary in Gleichen, as well as making a trip to Waterton and Cameron Lakes. Of the family they visited in Leominster only two are now living.

Romeo retired from Blooms' Ltd. when the business was sold to Tom Alexander. His health deteriorated in later years and he passed away June 25, 1981 in the Eckville Hospital, with burial in Sylvan Lake.

I live in the home Romeo and I shared so many years at 5016-45 Street.

Brink Family

Harvey and Wynne Brink settled in Sylvan Lake in March 1946. Harvey Brink served overseas for five and half years during World War II with the Canadian Provost Company. While serving in East Grinstead, Sussex, England he met and married Wynne Darnell. Six months later he was transferred to Sicily then to Italy, later to Holland, France and Germany.

He returned to Canada and, early in 1946, he and Arthur Davies, who also served with the Provost Company, purchased the Sylvan Lake Dairy from Ada and Bruce Hagerman. They resided on one of the Hagerman farms, two miles south of Sylvan Lake, along the Burnt Lake Road.

Wynne Brink arrived in Sylvan Lake at the end of March, 1946, with Molly Davies, Art's wife, whom he had married in East Grinstead. The two girls were good friends and they left East Grinstead together, came to Canada on the "Aquitania" and then on a War Brides' train across Canada.

The four made their home on the farm for a year, sharing the work load and thoroughly enjoying the life. Wynne and Molly settled down very well on the farm, being together made the break from England much easier, and they helped each other to cope with the many complexities of their new life and country.

After a year, unfortunately, through governmental error, they were forced to leave the farm. Molly and Art Davies also left Sylvan Lake to settle in Medicine Hat, Art's home. Wynne and Harvey moved from the farm and rented a house from Mr. Jackson, around the Jarvis Bay area. They worked for three months at the Sylvan Lake Creamery with Charles Palmer and, when Charlie sold the creamery to Bill Crockett and partner, Harvey stayed on for a year to deliver milk for them.

At the end of the year, actually March, 1948, Harvey purchased the dray business from Mr. Bigam and operated it for a year. He added to his income by also delivering groceries from the Rosse and Cobb stores. He also had a contract for the winter to make the ice at the skating rink. Meanwhile, Wynne began working at the "Horseshoe Inn" restaurant which was owned and operated by Beulah and Capp Hogstead. She worked there for the next three years.

The dray business collapsed when the C.N. and C.P. railroads decided to discontinue shipping in goods by rail but brought the freight to Sylvan Lake via their own trucks. Fortunately, a job was offered Harvey at the Sylvan Lake Hotel, where he worked for four years as a waiter in the bar. When the bar closed he took on the added job of cleaning the bar. When that job was finished he operated the "Honey Wagon", arriving home around one a.m. He also juggled another job at the same time, driving a truck part time for Dick Swainson. He would leave Sylvan Lake at six a.m. and drive as far as Rocky Mountain House picking up beer bottles on route. He would return to Sylvan Lake around noon, wash, change clothes, eat a hurried lunch, and arrive for work at the hotel by two p.m. We worked like slaves in those days, not just in order to survive, but we were also building our house on Fifth Avenue South so every dollar counted.

After Wynne left the "Horseshoe Inn", she went to work at Cobb's Store. They had converted their store into a super-market, which was the coming trend in shopping. Wynne was their first checker. She loved the job, but had to leave due to the coming birth of son Wayne. This one and only child was born at the Red Deer Hospital on April 13, 1952. That was the year of the "Baby Boom!" During that year, and the next, babies were born to Helen and Gerry Fisher, the Jack Speedies, Martha and Dan Sontag, Viv and Bill Tripp, Wally and Thelma Koots, Elsie and Art Peterson, Doug and Jean McCutcheon, Ray and Dickie Ferguson, and Ellen and George Armeneau who adopted their first child. We all helped swell the ranks of the Sylvan Lake population.

After four years at the Sylvan Lake Hotel, Harvey bought a gravel truck and hauled coal for nine dollars a ton. Ah, those were the days when milk was fourteen cents a quart! He also worked during the summer months hauling gravel at Lacombe. The second winter of trucking was somewhat slow as everyone was converting from coal and wood to oil stoves, so, during the second winter, Harvey worked for a seismograph oil company, whose headquarters were at Sylvan Lake. He continued working for the company for the next three winters.

In the fall of 1953, Wynne and Dickie Ferguson went to England and Holland, travelling together via plane and boat with their offspring, Wayne and Johnny. They returned in the spring of 1954. That fall, Harvey sold his gravel truck and worked permanently with the oil crew. In November, 1955, they sold their house on Fifth Avenue South. In the spring of 1956, exactly ten years after their arrival in Sylvan Lake, they left.

Harvey worked with the G.S.I. oil crew in Willow Bunch, Ceylon, and Bengough, Saskatchewan. In October, they bade farewell the Gordie Cairns, Cam Watts, Mark Craig and other members of the crew when we transferred to Edmonton. Once there, Harvey was sent to the bush for the winter, so it was a toss of the coin that decided whether he would take Wynne and Wayne back to Sylvan Lake to winter or to Manning in the Peace River district to stay with his mother and family. The coin decided it

was to be Manning. There they remained, not for just a winter as planned, but for nine years.

In 1965, they moved to Vernon, B.C. where Harvey worked for a while as a carpenter, then began working for the City of Vernon as a carpenter, where he is still employed. He retires in 1983. Wayne married a Vernon girl, Linda Green. They have one son, Jerritt Wayne, four years old.

Wynne and Harvey remember their ten years as residents of Sylvan Lake with very fond memories. They still keep in touch with old friends and hope to return more often after Harvey retires.

Tom and Olive Britton
by Mrs. Jack Britton

When Tom and Olive's son, Jack, was married in 1956 they moved in to the town of Sylvan Lake, having farmed in the Sylvan Lake area for over 30 years.

Tom was a good-natured gentleman who had a great sense of humor and enjoyed singing, speech-making and story telling. Olive was always busy gardening, berry picking and canning for the cold winter months ahead.

Tom cleared brush for roadways and power lines. He was a member of the Marianne School Board for a time. For years, he canvassed for the Red Cross. He always played Santa Claus for school concerts. Tom was often heard telling the story of crossing the ocean by boat and the captain shouted, "All hands on deck!" Then everyone laid their hands down and some fool stepped on them!

Tom often spoke of Mr. Cobb, Percy Duffield and Mr. Palmer. They helped him over many a rough time, such as when hailed out. At auction sales, when Percy was the auctioneer and Tom Britton bid on something, Percy would say, "Brittons never, never will be slaves!"

Tom and Olive Britton, John and Lois Britton, and Lois' mother.

Mrs. Olive Britton with Betty, Daisy and John.

After Tom's passing, Olive remained in her home in Sylvan Lake until 1979. Then she moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge where she enjoyed the care and companionship of residents and staff. She was a member of the Friendship Club and also of the Anglican Church.

The children left to carry on are: Jack on the farm, Daisy Eichhorn of Stettler, Betty Johanson of Salmon Arm, B.C., six grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Those living close to Sylvan Lake are: Dale, Shari and Lindsay Britton and Deborah Rhodes of Red Deer.

Tom passed away in 1965, Olive in 1983, leaving many memories, some good and some sad. A grandson, Bryon died in 1976.

Hail to the good people who loved their country, their friends and family.

Florence and William Brown Story
printed as submitted by Mrs. Florence (Brown) Erickson

Every pioneer has a story to tell. The struggle and disappointments of William Brown and his wife from Carmen, Manitoba, William age 19 years and his bride Florence Thomson age 16, after reaching the district of Poplar Ridge between Red Deer and Sylvan Lake in 1921, settled down on a quarter section of land with poor buildings and a two-roomed house with unfinished interior purchased through the Soldiers' Settlement Board and financed by the government. Bill was a first great war veteran.

The inspector who passed the farm as worth the money asked for, did not know any more about the land or farming than we did.

They bought us a cow and some plough horses

and we really thought we had nothing more to worry about.

After seven years of trying to eke out a living on the clay soil, we hitched a team of horses onto a hayrack and headed for Sylvan Lake village six miles west.

We were required to leave all stock increase, and all, and had to buy the one team of horses that carried us away from seven years of struggling to exist.

Everyone knows what a raw deal the Government gave the returned men of the first great war.

During the seven lost years, three children were born to us, namely: Dorothy, Arthur and Harvey.

My husband bought a dray wagon and began the first dray hauling in Sylvan Lake in 1928.

The hungry thirties was fast approaching but we seemed to keep ahead of things catering to the tourists and summer cottagers owned by the more prosperous folks from the cities.

With no electricity or sewage in the village we decided to go into the ice business.

Using a buzz saw and a small horse power motor, the ice was cut from the Lake and stored in sawdust in a building at the back of our lots one block from main street.

The ice was cut from the Lake after the freezing had reached the required depth for safety to work on.

City folk brought their wooden ice boxes and we began an ice delivery service with use of a second-hand Chevrolet three-quarter ton truck.

Flo Brown.

It was a good business for the summer months.

We sold stove wood to the campers and hauled their express. We took on the Super Heat Coal Company agency owned by Major Lipsett of Calgary. We then purchased a two-ton truck to haul the farmers' grain to the elevators. This was good.

Other truckers among the local people decided to follow suit. Competition lessened the trade for everyone in the business.

In 1931, the Imperial Oil offered us the management of their bulk sales plant in Sylvan Lake. The farmers were a good trade for tractor fuel and gasoline. We made tank wagon deliveries to a service station at the location known as Lower Camp. I kept the books for all our businesses.

Once again, other oil companies decided to move in and the profits were less because of the divided service.

We built a seven-roomed house in 1932 and installed ourselves in it, along with our three children.

As a wife, I was introduced to the business at hand. Filling gas drums, weighing them; sold grease and oils, and kept the books for our business and the Imperial Oil.

I sawed ice after it had been stored in the ice house using a cross-cut saw; this was necessary to reduce the blocks stored from the large size into ice-box size. I did this when the one hired man we had and my husband were out delivering to the cottages and restaurants. This was necessary for tourists who came to the house to get ice for the start of their food supply preservation.

The time involved, the hard work to do a man's work, look after a house and three children, and make ready the meals for us, all seems so far away now, one wonders how so much could have been crammed into the time from morning to night.

1939 saw the outbreak of World War II. A few days afterward, when the news came that Canada had entered the conflict, my husband was in the uniform, with the first contingent of the Army Service Corps landing in England at Christmas time with my husband helping them sing "Roll Out The Barrel".

War changed things for everybody. After six years peace was declared.

In my husband's absence overseas, the government paid soldiers' wives fifty-five dollars a month for a wife and two children; even some with five or six or more children were expected to live on the same amount. Sylvan Lake council enacted a by-law exempting house and property tax on homes of servicemen; this helped to cut expenses.

To provide funds to educate and clothe my three

children and myself during the children's last years in school, I took on more work.

Major Lipsett, who owned the Super Heat Mines of Ardley, asked me to carry on as his agent after my husband's enlistment. I accepted.

I was approached by a Mr. West of Edmonton to represent his coal company, the Great West Coal Company, as agent in Sylvan Lake. I knew all about the coal retail trade by then and so added another coal agency to my list.

Since I knew the ice trade and realized the necessity of ice for tourist and local trade such as restaurants, I branched out further. I acquired a loan from the Imperial Bank at Sylvan Lake through the manager, Fred Appleton. Other business men offered to back me, if necessary, but I was trusted on my own signature. By contract, I had stored in my ice house the regular amount to carry on the trade. Arthur, our eldest boy, used the old Chev truck to deliver the ice. The big two-ton Ford, Bill sold before joining the army.

Bill Brown.

Evenings saw me as Hat Check girl at the Varsity Hall, owned and operated as a dance hall by Mr. J. K. Penley of Calgary.

I rented rooms to tourists like all other local people who had a spare bedroom.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good". The R.A.F. Training Center was located at Penhold, a short way from our summer resort town to train for combat in the war zone. A-20 Army Service Corps was set up in Red Deer. Soldiers and Airmen flocked to Sylvan Lake to enjoy the jitney dancing in the two dance halls. Jitney dancing for the uniformed was a dime a dance number.

Many eighteen-year-old lads were in the uniform, school chums of my children. My home was opened to the lads and their girl friends for amusement and dancing and for the snacks I provided. Some came back from the war and some we never saw again; they lie in graves abroad and are remembered on November 11 each year, Armistice Day or Remembrance Day as it is now called.

Dorothy and I were inseparable. I accompanied her to the dances and we came home together.

After six years, peace was declared.

My children were on their own. Dorothy, with her lovely singing voice, was in the church choir and often sang solos at funerals and weddings. In 1946, she was married to George Schill of Sylvan Lake, who later became the genial, efficient postmaster there. They had three children also, which will be related in the Schill chapter of this book of historical facts.

Arthur Brown.

Arthur studied radio in the Air Force and was discharged as medically unfit with excellent marks in his studies.

Harvey joined the Merchant Navy, along with his friend, Hugh Learned, and travelled the world, as it were, on a cargo ship.

Dorothy married first, as aforementioned. Arthur married Sarah Cook of Vancouver, B.C., where Arthur joined the firm of income tax experts, H. & R. Block. Harvie married Joyce Ayers of Vancouver B.C., where Harvey is, as of 1982, Police Inspector. Both boys had two children each. My children's father, Bill, re-married and presently lives in British Columbia.

And me, after seven years of employment in the china retail trade with Eaton's and Prudden's Ltd., I am married to Joe Erickson. We are spending our retirement years in a three-roomed self-contained suite at Bow Valley Senior Citizen's Homes in Calgary.

Such is the result of war changing families, and so different from a news item appearing in the Red Deer Advocate in 1921 when we arrived in Alberta from Manitoba as follows, quote: "There are good prospects for Mr. Brown and his bride settling in the district, as both seem most popular young people."

Such is the ending of our pioneer days with all members still alive and well along with seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Mrs. Ida Brown

Ida Elizabeth Burton and her sister, Norah Baker, set sail from Newbury, England to visit their brother, Jack Burton, who was farming near Carlyle, Saskatchewan. Enroute to Canada, Ida met Ted Brown on board ship. The sea voyage romance blossomed into marriage and they took up farming at Crane Valley, Saskatchewan. Here a son, Harry, and a daughter, Dorothy, were born.

Mrs. Ida Brown and her sister, Mrs. Nora Baker.

In 1943, Ida Brown moved to Sylvan Lake and took up residence in a small home on 50th Avenue East.

Mrs. Brown was among those who were instrumental in establishing an Anglican Church in Sylvan Lake. She was the first president of the Anglican Women's Auxiliary (W.A.), which was organized while Church services were still being held in the W.I. Hall. She continued as president for some years during which time the Sylvan Lake Flower Show became an annual event.

Ida Brown was a member of the Sylvan Lake Chapter of the I.O.D.E. and, when the I.O.D.E. began the library in part of the Town Office building, she and Mrs. H. H. Jamieson were the first volunteer librarians. She was also very interested in tennis and advocated improvement and regular upkeep of the courts. As an I.O.D.E. member, she assisted, on several occasions, with serving lunch at the Provincial Tennis Play-offs.

For many years, Ida Brown enjoyed her weekly bridge game with Emily Speedie, Alice German and Flo Tooley, until ill health forced her to give up her home and become a resident of Valley Park Manor, Red Deer. She died in December 1979, at the age of 94.

Harry Brown farms at Darwell, Sask., where he and his family reside.

Dorothy (Brown) Graham worked for many years at the Information Desk in the Red Deer City Office. She had three daughters and one son. Dorothy is retired and, at present, lives in Red Deer.

Robert L. Brown Family

Robert Brown, second son of Sydney and Emma Brown was born November 19, 1919. He was raised on the family farm near Delburne and attended the Cumberland School.

Bob and Doris Brown.

The Brown daughters: Wendy, Denise and Julie.

Bob joined the R.C.A.F. at the age of 20 and served in Canada and overseas. Upon his return to Canada after the war, he worked in Red Deer and, in 1946, he and his cousin, Bill Bolze, purchased the Haven Hotel in Blackfalds.

In 1949, Bob married the former Doris Kirkham of Innisfail who, at that time, owned and operated a dry goods store, "The Quality Shoppe", in Red Deer.

In 1950, they sold the hotel and moved to Sylvan Lake having purchased the Balmoral Service Station and Tea Room. During the next ten years many busy hours were spent remodelling and operating these two businesses.

Bob Brown cleaning up after the March 1951 blizzard.

In March of 1951, the worst blizzard many residents had ever experienced hit the area. Drifts which buried cars were seen everywhere. When Lakeshore Drive was plowed by the Department of Highways, the road looked like a tunnel between snowbanks that were 15-20 feet in height.

In 1952, construction began on the paving of Highway 11 along the lakeshore and west. Because of heavy rains that continued for two or three summers, there were weeks on end that traffic either could not go through on the lakeshore or had to be pulled through with large track-type tractors. With the low volume of traffic the effect on the service station-garage business was very real. To this must be added the endurance required to cope with the mud that was unavoidably tracked into the office and into the tea room. Those years definitely covered the highlights, or lowlights, (depending on how you look at it) of the Browns in business.

A new service station replaced the old structure and the tea room was torn down in the process. As well, in 1962, a new building was constructed on part of the property adjoining the garage on the south. Here, Bob and Doris operated the Sylvan Lake Coin-wash and Dry Cleaners. Then, for health reasons, they sold the Balmoral Service but continued with the Coinwash for 14 years, eventually selling it in 1974. After this, Bob went to work as part of the maintenance crew at the Sylvan Lake Golf Course where he is still employed during the summer months.

In the early years of his residence at Sylvan Lake, Bob was very active with the Regatta committees. He served on the Town Council and was a Volunteer Fireman for some years. He is still active in the local branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. During the winter, Bob swims twice a week in Red Deer with the "Happy timers" at both the Recreation Centre Pool and at the Dawe Centre. At one time he assisted with the swimming program for paraplegics at the Michener Centre Pool. He also is an avid cross-country and down-hill skier.

When Mrs. Margaret Gibson retired from the Dry Goods in Cobb's Store, Mr. Fisher prevailed upon Doris to "fill in". She has continued to be employed there for the past eight years except now she just works part time.

Bob and Doris have three daughters. The eldest, Wendy, was a cheer leader while attending high school in Sylvan Lake. She obtained her Bachelor of Education degree and taught one year at Carbon. Then, in June 1974 (on her parents' 25th anniversary), Wendy married W. C. (Bill) Smith of Sylvan Lake. They reside in Sylvan Lake where Wendy is employed at Cobb's Store as produce manager.

Julie, the second daughter, was active in sports, particularly basketball, while going to school in Sylvan Lake. She furthered her education at Red Deer College and the University of Alberta where she received a Bachelor of Arts degree, majoring in Psychology. She married Craig Staniforth of the Evarts District in August, 1979. At first, Julie worked in Customs at the International Airport in Edmonton. Presently she is Record of Employment Specialist with Canada Manpower and she and her husband reside in Red Deer.

Denise the youngest daughter, took piano lessons and achieved her Grade Eight Diploma from the Toronto Conservatory of Music. While attending high school in Sylvan Lake, she was a member of the basketball team. After graduation, Denise worked for a time in the Royal Bank, Red Deer. Then she enrolled at Red Deer College and completed a secretarial course there. She is presently employed in Edmonton as a secretary with Texaco Resources Limited.

Jerry and Megan Brzak
by Megan (Shephard) Brzak

Jerry was born and raised on a farm in the district of Evergreen, 30 miles southwest of Sylvan Lake, the second son, in a family of seven, of Joseph and Charlotte Brzak.

Jerry's father and grandfather had immigrated from Czechoslovakia in 1913 to settle at Evergreen. After farming for a good many years, Jerry's father took up residence in the Sylvan Lake Lodge where he passed away in January, 1982. Jerry's mother resides at Eckville, Alberta, where she has been employed, for a number of years, as nightmatron at the Eckville Manor. Two of Jerry's brothers, Henry and Harry, reside at Sylvan Lake and his brother Ken lives at Stoney Plain. His sisters are Mrs. Nellie Grant of Eckville, Mrs. Josie Gibbs of Evergreen and Margaret Robertson of Sylvan Lake.

At the age of 15, Jerry went to work for the C.N.R. where he is presently employed. His career as a railroader has seen him travel to many parts of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, but his home base is Eckville as Foreman of Maintenance of Way.

Jerry Brzak family: Shelley, Bonnie, Jerry, Megan, Mark and Dan.

Shelly, Bonnie, Dan and Mark. Taken Xmas 1966 in our home next to Frank and Anna Bloom on West Crescent.

I, Megan, was born at Drumheller, Alberta, the youngest in a family of ten, to Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Shephard. My parents immigrated to Canada from Wales in 1927. At that time, the family consisted of five children and they settled on a farm in Gladstone, Manitoba. My father's Welsh coalmining blood took two winters of farming in Manitoba and then they were off to the coalmines of Drumheller. Later, they took up farming in the Breton, Alberta area, known then as Wenham Valley. In 1941, it was back to Drumheller and the coalmines. By this time, one brother and one sister had passed away, leaving eight children.

My folks retired to Sylvan Lake in 1955 and bought a home next door to the Anglican Church. My mother passed away, after a short illness, in 1960 and dad in 1971.

At the time my parents retired to Sylvan Lake, I was working in Calgary for Alberta Government Telephones. I came to Sylvan Lake in the spring of 1956 and, later, worked for A.G.T. at Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Marj Weir had just moved to town to take over her new position as Chief Operator. The telephone office was then located in the Antler Lodge on Main Street.

In January of 1957, I joined the staff at the Sylvan Lake Post Office, as assistant to Postmaster George Schill. Bernice Johnson was the part-timer and working with George and Bernice in those days are among my best memories. After an absence of about 15 years, I have been back at the post office since 1971.

Jerry and I were married in the Anglican Church at Sylvan Lake in August, 1957. We rented a small house on 50 Avenue and 44 Street. Our neighbors were, "Robbie" on one side, and McCallums on the other. We purchased our first home three months later, from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bloom, who were our neighbors as well as George and Dora Rozier.

Our four children were born in Red Deer and Eckville. Shelley, October 22, 1958; Bonnie, August 12, 1960; Dan, August 16, 1962; Mark, January 22, 1964.

Shelley married Dale Carlson of Mirror, Alberta in May, 1982. They live and work in Red Deer. Dale helps his father run their business, Pro-Fencing. Bonnie also lives in Red Deer. Dan and Mark are both at home and employed with the C.N.R. We also have one granddaughter, Stacey, born August 16, 1983.

In 1970, we built our own home, south of the Senior Citizens' Lodge. We moved into our house in 1971 and have resided there ever since.

My nephew, Dana Shephard, and two nieces, Holly and Jackie Shephard, made their home with us, over a period of years, as well. They all attended school at Sylvan Lake. Dana and his wife Debbie now live in Edmonton and have two daughters, Shawna and Amanda. Holly and her husband, Gaetane Cadrix, live at Stoney Plain, Alberta and have two boys, Lance and Ryan. Jackie and her husband, Lyle Nichol, live in Wetaskiwin and they have two children, Carey and Tyler.

The Buga Family
by Margaret Joan Herder

My family took up residence in Sylvan Lake in 1945. Our house was purchased from Mr. Auguste Loquet. It was a two-storey frame house with a fireplace, oil heater, coal and wood stove and no electricity. Power came shortly after. Our house was located on 4th Street East, only a block from the water's edge. Our house was located in a mixture of summer cabins, converted summer cabins, and a few really well built houses. Insulation at that time was unheard of, so the stoves had to really put out in winter to keep everyone warm. This mixture of houses and cabins was fairly consistent throughout

The Buga family at John Jr.'s wedding reception, October 1977.

most areas in this section of town north of the CNR tracks.

Prior to moving to Sylvan Lake we called the district of Poplar Ridge home. We, the children, were all born while the family resided there. My dad was employed in a variety of jobs while in the district. They included farming, mining, railroad work, and then, in 1941, he enlisted in the army. Willie and Sylvia attended school in Poplar Ridge.

Our neighbors on 4th Street included the Roberts family, the McCallums, the Jim Gillespie family (Mr. Gillespie was the town policeman for several years), Mrs. Niemela, the Vansons, Robbie Robinson. Further down the street was the George Wilson family and, in summer the Richard Whiteside family, who were right next door.

Each May was marked by the re-opening of the Varsity Dance Hall. This meant the start of dad's summer night job, taking tickets at the dances. It also meant the return of Rosemary's and my friend, PJ, Paul John Guloien. PJ's return meant doing Half Nelsons, Full Nelsons, our kind of gymnastics on our special bar, long bicycle rides, and long swims once summer holidays arrived. PJ attended school during the latter part of May and all of June, so it meant a new friend to walk with. Once Labor Day arrived it was time to bid goodbye as his family lived in Vancouver in the off season. Our joy was marred one winter when reading a weekend magazine. Rosemary opened the page to an article on polio victims in a Vancouver hospital. There was PJ in a wheel chair. We stared at the picture in disbelief, thinking back on the previous summer when we, being under 16 years of age, were not allowed in public places since we were in the polio high-risk group. That summer, PJ did not return. He returned the next summer with a brace on his leg. We swam a few times together but

his stamina was not up to a lot of exercise. The next fall we moved, so we started to lose touch with our old friend. I was very pleased to see that he has done extremely well playing his saxophone, as he appeared on a Michel Le Grand Special on TV several years ago.

Summer meant swimming lessons and hours in the water. The three of us, Sylvia, Rosemary and I became accomplished swimmers, but Willie only went into the water occasionally, just short dips to cool off. He spent most of his free time with Bill Hedemark working on various projects in the Hedemark barn. Our long summer swims were sometimes brought to an abrupt halt by violent electrical storms. The storms would send everyone scurrying home for safety. After the storm we would enjoy walking in the soft mud — letting it squish between our toes. The best mud was on the road next to the Peters' house. When we got home, we would just wash our feet in the rain barrels. Mom could never figure out why there was so much sludge in the barrels. Now she knows.

Summer also meant going to Day's Riding Academy. It was great fun riding their horses. We were all relatively green riders and I'm sure the horses were smarter then we were. They moved as slowly as possible when we left the stable but, if a drop of rain appeared on their hide, they ran home as quickly as possible. That was when you had the ride of your lifetime.

We also enjoyed playing tennis on the shale courts. These courts at one time hosted several important tournaments. When we moved to the southwest part of town, we took up the game of golf, as the course was just a short walk and we could tee off on the then fourth hole.

Willie was busy in summer with his paper route. He delivered papers in some of the worst weather. Rosemary and I would go with him occasionally, and it was his treat to buy popsicles at the Shamrock Store. He enjoyed his customers, and over the years got to know many of them very well. I was always amazed at the Caughey's (one of Willie's customers) house with all the news clippings hung with clothes pins on strings that ran back and forth in the kitchen. Another job he enjoyed was doing chores for Miss Stone.

Willie enjoyed membership in the Boy Scouts and mom enjoyed membership in the Women's Institute. She still returns to the Lake to take part in anniversaries of the WI. The rest of us enjoyed singing in Senior and Junior Choirs. It was a real joy to perform under the direction of the Rev. and Mrs. Roulston with Mrs. Angus Martin at the organ. The Roulstons introduced us to exceptional music and opened our eyes to new adventures in music. I owe my success in music at that time to Mrs. Roulston's discipline and high standards. Songs that we learned under the Roulstons' direction remain with us today. Sylvia also belonged to Brownies and Girl Guides. Rosemary and I belonged to Brownies and CGIT.

Summer jobs for each of the women in the family varied. Mom and Rosemary both worked for Mrs. Watkiss at her restaurant. Sylvia, mom and I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Hoofdecker at the Old Dutch Bakery and Cafe. Working there was hard, but for me those night rides home in the bakery truck were something else. I'm sure Roseanne Komarnicki was praying each time we made those trips. Mr. Hoofdecker would take all of us home at the end of the evening shift, and Roseanne and I were the last to get off. He had several workers who lived down near first point, so he always took us along for the ride. The old truck used to sway from side to side and, driving down those tree-lined lanes, you had the impression that the trees were about to cave in on the truck at any time as the truck did not have any side windows to look out of.

Mr. Hoofdecker expected a lot of work from us, but I was always glad that he would not put up with any nonsense from drunks and rowdies. He spared us that embarrassment. Sylvia also worked at the Ritz Drug Store and it was during her time there that Ritz Drug Store had the best ice cream in the whole area. It was just super, especially when Allie Lou Turner made it. We all worked in the dining room at the hotel, doing banquets and I did the waitress work in the dining room. Sylvia and I also did the books at Untinen's Garage. Willie did summer work with the Department of Highways doing gravel checking and then working with surveyors. Sylvia worked at the Telephone Office which was located in the Antler Lodge, and became Agent at the tender age of 17 years.

Going to school in winter was full of problems. In heavy snow it was very difficult to walk, hopefully a few vehicles had gone by on Railroad Avenue to pack a trail that we could walk on. Our snow always seemed to be extremely heavy with water. Some mornings the power lines would be down on the ground, as the heavy snow would cause breaks. Winter also carried its annual terror of being hit by snowballs as we tried to run down the hill from school.

Among my favorite teachers was Mrs. Alice Schaer, who was a substitute teacher. She taught me to use my imagination and be creative. Another was Mr. Bert Strain who taught me to think logically and to love mathematics. He also taught me that there was a world beyond the town limits. Willie was the only

one who was able to finish his schooling at Sylvan Lake. When he graduated his class consisted of five graduands: Marjorie Roberts, Bev Sontag, Doreen Watt, Bill Hedemark and Willie. Sylvia, Rosemary and I went to Red Deer for our high school. Rosemary and I took grade nine at River Glen in Red Deer. Rosemary was the recipient of the IODE award in grade nine for honors. We were fortunate to go to the "COMP" in the 50's as it spared us the correspondance school courses that Willie had to take to complete his high school.

Riding the bus was rather novel. In the early years we rode the Courier with a Sorenson bus driver. Most of the students slept on the bus as its plush seats allowed you to get very comfortable. Once Prairie Bus Lines took over, it was the yellow buses, noisy and crowded. Our bus picked up all the highway children along Number 11 Highway and also up Gaetz Avenue to the Blue Pine Motel.

A highlight while attending school in Sylvan Lake was the planting of the Golden Jubilee trees. They are not there now. They must have been bulldozed down in the name of progress when the new school was built. It's funny to look at what became of the buildings that we once called school. Grade one for me had been partly spent in the Legion Hall. My elementary school is now the town office and my junior high building is now an apartment building by the Steam Bath. I might add here that for recess and so called physical education we played baseball and a lot of scrub, some basketball on a dirt court, snowball fights in the winter, and the odd trip to the skating rink.

In 1954 we sold our house and moved to the southwest part of town, south of the railroad tracks. The house we purchased was owned by Mr. James C. Moulton; the address was 5112-47 A Avenue. Our new neighbors were the Dave McCutcheons, Dan Sontags, George Wilsons, Bill Crocketts, Mary Pell, Mrs. Dagmar Neilson, Margaret Harju and, in summer, the Hal Craig family.

Moving, for me, meant a new friend, Bev Crockett. We had lots of fun riding bikes, swimming and camping. We spent many summer nights camped outside their back alley. Bev's mother was very protective of Beverley but made the big break by letting her camp several days out on what was then second point. In winter we would ski on the hill below Mrs. Vincent's house. It was terrific sliding down the whole distance. Often we ended up in Mrs. Macarthur's garden. Sometimes the boys in the neighborhood got a bobsled out of storage and we would go for some rather hair-raising trips down the road with about twelve people piled high on one sleigh. Sylvia was the only one of our family who pursued an interest in hockey playing, as she played on a girls' team and, even though they were rough players, she really enjoyed the game. In winter Sylvia and Willie used to play hot and heavy Monopoly games with Bill and Brenda Hedemark. We, the girls in the family, had the pleasure of both piano lessons and dance lessons. Sylvia first took dance lessons in Red Deer at the Martin School of Dancing, and then we all took lessons with Marion May at Sylvan Lake. Our piano teachers were varied. Probably the most devoted teacher was Mrs. Hildegard Grutter, who frequently had to walk well over two miles from her farm home in often adverse weather to teach us piano lessons.

In the mid sixties, mom got a job at the Michener Center. My dad was due to retire from the Sylvan Lake Hotel after working there for twenty years. A move to Red Deer would make my mom's job a bit more pleasant since she would not have to worry about rides to and from work, especially on weekends, so in 1968 they sold the house at the Lake and moved to Red Deer, where they are now both retired.

As for their children, Willie pursued a career with the Department of Transport and now lives in Edmonton with his wife Alice and four children: Bernadette, Philip, Eugenia and Antonette. Sylvia followed a career in Secretarial and Business work. Now, after living and working in various provinces, works for Dow Chemical of Canada at Joffre and resides in Red Deer. Rosemary, who attended university in Saskatchewan, and travelled and worked in various provinces, now calls Regina home where she works as a librarian. I studied nursing, business and accounting and worked and studied in various provinces. I am able to put both careers to good use raising two daughters, Carla and Lesley and assisting my husband, Charles Herder, operate our business, Balmoral Golf Course, in the Balmoral District east of Red Deer.

Sidney W. Byers Family

Sidney W. Byers was born in Eganville, Ontario in 1889. He was the first C.N.R. agent at Nordegg, where he served from 1915 to 1918.

Mrs. Byers passed away in the Baker Sanitarium, Calgary on January 25, 1925.

Mr. Byers, with his daughter Evaline and son Campbell, arrived in Sylvan Lake from Edberg, Alberta in January, 1935. His daughter Lillian was attending Camrose Normal School at this time and joined the family at the end of April. She taught school at Burnt Lake for two years and at Norma School for two years.

Mr. Byers was an ardent curler and worked as

S. W. Byers and daughter, Lillian Duffield.

drawmaster for the club for several years. In Red Deer he was on a team that scored an eightender — a real thrill! He also enjoyed the game of golf and, even at the age of 65, could play 45 holes a day. His pals, Ward Keith, Clayton Hay, Frank Martin and Bob McCallum thought they really had him "beat" the day he made a very poor shot. Imagine their amazement when a sea gull picked up the ball in its beak and dropped it right on the green! Sid won the hole. (This is a true story.)

Cards of any kind, especially bridge and cribbage, were much enjoyed by Mr. Byers. He loved people and was a friend to all children.

Mr. Byers was a member of the Masonic Lodge in Red Deer and was a past master of Kenilworth #29 Lodge.

Mr. Byers retired from the C.N.R. in June, 1954 after 41 years of service and continued to live in Sylvan Lake. He died in March, 1961 at Bethany Nursing Home, Camrose after a lengthy illness.

Evaline Byers married Alexander Dingwall in August, 1940. They have resided in Red Deer since 1945 when Alex returned from service overseas with the Armed Forces.

Lillian married Clifford Duffield on December 26, 1939. They have resided in Sylvan Lake since, except for Cliff's years of service in the Armed Forces overseas.

Campbell served in the Royal Canadian Navy for seven years. His ship, H.M.C.S. Prince Robert, was one which was ordered back to pick up survivors of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He is also a member of the Masonic Lodge, Red Deer and was Master of the Kenilworth #29 branch in 1970. He resided in Red Deer where he worked for the Department of Transportation, Alberta Government for 27 years, retiring February 1, 1980. In 1981 he moved to Calgary where he now resides.

Dick Cameron Family
by Doris Cameron

Dick was 16 when he came to Sylvan Lake with his parents. His father had come to purchase the bakery from L. T. Churchill and then returned to bring his wife and two sons, Tom and Dick, back with him. A small house behind the bakery was moved, by the Loiselle brothers, to the back of the lot and faced, what is now, 50 A Street West. A much larger addition was built on and it not only sheltered the family, but also the girls who worked at the shop and coffee counter.

Dick and Tom worked in the bakery with their father and, as business expanded, other help was taken on. Emil Leicht started there as a young man and stayed for several years. Everyone worked hard as bread was supplied to the local stores as well as the bread, buns and pastries for their own establishment. The ovens were fired by coal and wood so it meant an early start in the mornings.

Mrs. Wm. Cameron, John Zimmermann, Doris and Dick Cameron, Wm. Cameron, Mrs. John Zimmermann.

The Dick Cameron children: Allen, Bill, Tim, Jean and Laurie.

The summers were especially busy with thousands of hamburger and hot-dog buns baked over the years. Church groups, Guides and Scouts held summer camps at the Lake and large orders were always placed at the bakery. Several times, Dick worked the night shift as tourist demands had to be met. The boys were expected to put in regular hours, which they did, but were still able to enjoy the pleasure life of a resort. By this time, Mr. Biss had established a golf course and the town soon laid out tennis courts. Dick, with the other young people, took advantage of these facilities as well as swimming.

Winter was a quieter time and people were able to relax more. Dick enjoyed hockey and played for the Sylvan Lake team in a league made up of teams from neighboring towns — as close as Eckville and as far away as Rocky Mountain House. He also had a stint with the Red Deer Senior team.

In 1941, Dick joined the R.C.A.F., radar section, and went overseas in 1942. He was attached to the R.A.F. Bomber Command, Pathfinder Group and, on January 1, 1945 was mentioned in dispatches. He returned to Canada in August, 1945 and was discharged the following month with the rank of sergeant.

Dick, having finished high school in Saskatchewan, attended Department of Veterans' Affairs' (DVA) classes in Red Deer with several other veterans. He entered the University of Alberta in the fall of 1946, graduating in 1949 with a B. Sc. in Chemistry.

Dick and I were married in September, 1947 at the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Sylvan Lake, by Rev. Ian McSween.

Sylvan Lake was my home town though I grew up on my parents' farm four miles away. My mother came to the area as a young girl and saw the town grow and change over the years. My parents, John and Stella Zimmermann, lived on the farm from their wedding day. Dad died in 1965 and mother in 1982. My brother Bud still resides on the farm.

I took my four years of high school in Sylvan Lake, boarding in town during the winter months. The school still provided a barn on the grounds, so a few of us from the country rode horses in nice weather. Bicycles were not too practical as the highways were not paved and the side roads were not gravelled. When I dared to take the bike, I spent the entire day hoping it would not rain until I got safely home. Mr. Slapak, the principal, and Mrs. Brogan were my teachers in the two-room school. Mr. Cody was in charge of Social Studies and current events. Dick and I met after he returned from overseas. When Dick left university, job opportunities were very scarce due to the large number of veterans seeking employment. Dick was able to find work with a seismic crew and, in a few months, was hired by Dowell, an oil-well service company. He was with them 27 years. For the past five years, he has worked for another service company, Nowsco, and we now reside in Calgary.

Our oldest boy, William John (Bill) was born three months before his father graduated from the U. of A. He now resides near Edmonton with his wife Shirley and two children, Cameron and Khirsten. Bill is with the Edmonton City Police. Jean is teaching in Red Deer and is a member of the Presbyterian Church in Sylvan Lake. Laurie May lives in Edmonton where she is now employed at R.C.M.P. headquarters. Alan also lives in Edmonton with his wife Debbie and their daughter Jillian. After five years with the National Hockey League, he is now with a sporting goods store. Our youngest, Tim, is in Red Deer with a sports shop.

When the children were young, we often brought them to Sylvan Lake in the summer. Grandmother Cameron's house was headquarters and many happy hours were spent at the beach or at the farm — often in the company of their cousins.

The William Cameron Story

William and Christina Cameron, with their three children, Jessie, Thomas, and Richard left Edinburgh, Scotland and arrived in Canada in the spring of 1924. After several changes in their plans, they settled in Central Butte, Saskatchewan, There, Mr. Cameron carried on a successful bakery business for many years. While there, Mr. Cameron and his family were actively involved in community affairs. The economy of the prairies fell to a low ebb so he decided it was time to move on. In the autumn of 1937 he bought a bakery, delicatessen and lunch counter business in Sylvan Lake, Alberta from Mr. L. T. Churchill. The business became known as the Dell Bakery and Heather Lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, with their sons Tom and Dick, operated the family business. Their daughter, Jessie, remained in Saskatchewan to continue her career in teaching. She joined the family a year later.

Mr. Cameron was an active man; he worked hard and played hard. He was president of the Sylvan Lake Service Club which organized and set up a Youth Centre, using the Alexander Hall for its activities. His interest in sports culminated in coaching a winning Sylvan Lake hockey team. His business expanded, especially in the summer time. Many friends and neighbors helped out each summer. Then came the war. Both sons volunteered. Mr. Cameron's greatest sorrow came with the death of his son, Tom,

overseas. His spirit to carry on diminished. After a year of ill-health and suffering he died in March 1950.

Mrs. Cameron was an exceptional woman. She was her husband's firm support. Never was her voice ever raised in anger. She was well known for her friendly smile and her home-cooked meals. She always seemed to find time to listen to some of the lonely people who came into the coffee shop. After her husband died, she sold the business but kept her home. The tea pot was always ready for whoever called. She kept active with the I.O.D.E. and the Presbyterian Church. After a few months of ill-health she passed away peacefully in August 1968.

Jessie Cameron arrived in Sylvan Lake in the summer of 1938. She taught school in the Shady Lane School District, near Hespero, for a year. In 1938, she joined the Sylvan Lake School staff where she continued to teach until her marriage. She was active with the young people of the town, being Girl Guide Captain, Cub Mistress, Sunday School teacher, as well as taking part in our local activities. During the war, she helped her parents in their business, as bakery help was difficult to get. In 1943, she married Arnold (Art) Hilman who was a local young man serving in the R.C.A.F. After the war was over, they moved to Nordegg, Alberta, for a few years. While there, she continued with her teaching. In 1947 a son, Donald, was born in the Nordegg hospital. Work in Nordegg was slowing down so the family moved to Red Deer in 1953. Art began working with the City of Red Deer Electric Light and Power Department where he continued to work until his retirement. Jessie taught many years for the Red Deer School District, being principal of the Piper Creek School when she retired in 1974. Art and Jessie live in Red Deer while their son, Donald, makes his home in Victoria, British Columbia.

Thomas (Tom) stayed with his parents in Sylvan Lake, while working with his father in the bakery. Hockey became his key sport interest. He took a winter away from Sylvan Lake to play with the Junior Trail Smoke-Eaters the year they won the B.C. Junior Championship. When the war broke out he joined the R.C.A.F. During the war he achieved the rank of Flight Lieutenant. For his courage he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (D.F.C.). The Geographical Society also named some lakes in Northern Alberta, the Cameron Lakes. In 1945, while testing a plane in Holland, he met his death. He was buried in the city of Rotterdam's cemetery.

Richard (Dick) also worked with his father in the bakery. He took a year off to attend the University of Alberta. The war interrupted his career so he changed his plans and joined the R.C.A.F. When the war was over he continued with his education, graduating from the University of Alberta in 1949. In 1947 he married Doris Zimmerman of Sylvan Lake. They have five children, William, Jean, Alan, Laurie and Tim; also three grandchildren. Dick and Doris live in Calgary where he is employed by Nowsco. All their family live in Alberta, three working in Edmonton, and two working in Red Deer.

As the years go by, changes inevitably take place. The Cameron home was demolished to make way for the Sylvan Lake Mall. The business on Main Street changed hands several times before it was severely damaged by fire in 1970. Now it is no more, its place being occupied by Chelsea's Restaurant. Many people still remember the "Cameron Bakery" as a special place to enjoy good home baking.

Dell Bakery and Heather Lunch.

The Dell Bakery staff 1938: Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, sons Dick and Tom, Mae Wells, Mary Learned.

W. A. Cameron and Family

Sheila and Bill Cameron came to Sylvan Lake in January, 1947. Bill was employed by the Veterans' Land Act Branch as a field supervisor. They took up

residence at Sylvan Court, owned and operated by Clarence and Jessie Cyr.

The infant Blake was two months old and, two years later in December, 1948, Margaret Anne was born and came to live at Sylvan Court.

The Camerons purchased "Britannia" from Clarence in the spring of 1949 and the lot north of it and Bill built the house on the East Boulevard. Son Bill was born in 1950 and, in January 1952, Sheila and Bill moved to Red Deer.

Subsequently, they bought a lot in Norglenwold, at that time known as Whitewold Beach. Bill spent 30 years of summer labor finishing the house which is log construction and now occupied by tenants as the Camerons moved to White Rock, British Columbia.

The boys, Blake and Billy, are married and both are chiropractors. Margaret Anne is also married and instructs in nursing.

We all have happy memories of Sylvan Lake and our many kind and beloved friends.

Winnie Cameron.

Fred and Winnie Cameron Family
by Winnie Cameron

When asked to write this history, I wondered just where I should start. What better time than when I first saw Sylvan Lake? This was when I was eight years old. My father and mother moved from Metiskow, Alberta where I had been born and came to Condor, Alberta, west of Sylvan Lake.

From this time on, Sylvan Lake became our fun place. We came to dine, to picnic, to swim and to play baseball on the beach. It was also to go to the cinema and to attend special events, such as the Wrigley Swim.

Fred and Winnie Cameron.

In later years, I married Fred Cameron who, having returned from World War I with a knee injury received at Vimy Ridge, was unable to continue with the engineering department of the C.N.R. He had taken up telegraphy and remained with the C.N.R. being station agent at Leslieville when we were married.

Fred had built a cottage at Sylvan Lake in the mid 1930's at 5124-50 Avenue and called it, "Kemelworth". Since then, this property has been owned by Mr. A. Nyman, Ed Valli, Frank Bardwell and, at present, by Mr. Bowey. From the time we were married, Sylvan Lake again became our fun place, as we came to our cottage on weekends from very early spring until the late fall. The following appeared in the November 12, 1941 issue of the *Sylvan Lake News*: "Golfer makes Eagle. Among the golfers who took advantage of the lovely weather was Fred Cameron of Leslieville. Playing the ninth hole, a distance of 455 yards, he sank his approach shot for an Eagle (3). Nice going, Fred."

Fred had other hobbies besides golf, such as playing the violin and saxophone. This came in handy for many dances through the years at the many places we lived. He also wrote a book of poems, one of which I will include with this story. He also loved to dance and, as a young man in Vancouver, he and his sister did a lot of exhibition Scottish dancing.

After we sold the cottage it was some time before we saw much of Sylvan Lake again.

When Fred passed on in 1953, I bought an acreage at Eckville and started working in the jewellery store that a Mr. Schlamp from Caroline was then setting up. Later, my brother, Rex Baker, and I bought this store. We had only owned it for about a year when Jack Innes phoned to say that the jeweller, Mr. Lawrence, was leaving Sylvan Lake and asked if we would consider opening a branch store here. This we did. I spent 22 years in the business in Sylvan Lake, first renting store space from Gerry Fisher and later buying the building which Mr. Reid had built for a grocery store.

Through the years, I studied and became a graduate jeweller (GT) from the Canadian Jewellers Institute. These were good years in the store and people were very friendly and I made many lasting friends through the store. Just before I retired I decided to build a home at Sylvan Lake. This I did after driving from Eckville for 22 years.

Now I am retired and live in my home on 50th Street. This is handy to my son and daughter who both live in Edmonton.

Son Jim is with the C.N.R. as Regional Manager Accident Prevention. He married Vivian Ramsted from Edson, Alberta. They have two daughters, Pattie and Pam, who are both married and both work for Alberta Government Telephones in Edmonton.

Daughter Laurie used to help me in the store on Saturdays in the summer. She also worked for Dr. Gibson in the office here in Sylvan Lake. After completing grade 12, she attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton and received her B.A. in Sociology. After graduation, she worked for the provincial government in the Social Services Department in Drumheller and district, going from there to do the same kind of work for the City of Edmonton. When the Dr. W. W. Cross Hospital first opened, Laurie was engaged to set up a Social Services Department in that hospital. She continued to work there until two years after her marriage to Bill Johnson. Bill is land department supervisor for Gulf Oil in Edmonton. They have two sons, Robb and Erik.

During the years that I was in business I belonged to the Chamber of Commerce and was a member of the group who made the float that took prizes in Edmonton and Calgary. I travelled with the float on trips out of town and well remember getting up at three a.m. in order to pick up the girls who were to ride on the float. To be sure of getting to our destination with enough time to have everything ready to roll at parade time meant that I really had to be organized and also had to work quickly. While sometimes hectic, it was a rewarding and pleasant experience taking part in this promotion of Sylvan Lake as a tourist resort.

I have belonged for many years to the Evening Guild of the Presbyterian Church and still take an active part in their projects. I have also been a member of the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. since 1957. The following is one of Fred's published poems:

Persuaded

The Lord my guide and shepherd is,
He rules my life's estate
I am no captain of my soul,
No master of my fate
The Captain of my soul and fate
I know He is most surely,
And while He guides my ship of life
I know it sails securely.
I pray but that His will be done —
With trust and eyes unseeing
I ask, that in Him I might live
And move and have my being.

While I had the store, my sister, Betty Ulmer, and her husband Emil came from Onoway, Alberta where they had farmed for many years and Betty had taught school. They lived in the apartment above my store and again Betty carried on with her teaching in the H. J. Cody School until her retirement. Betty was often with me in the store on Saturdays and evenings. After Betty passed on and I sold my store, Emil bought a mobile home and lived at Spruce Line Trailer Court until 1981 when he sold the mobile and moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge. He passed on in the fall of 1981.

Betty and Emil had one son and one daughter. Son Ken lost his life in a drowning accident on the St. Mary's River. Daughter Fern, now Mrs. David Brooks, lives in Fort McMurray. Fern was librarian there for many years but has now returned to teaching. David is employed in the hospital there. They have one daughter Tamsin.

Edna (Wares) Clancy

Edna Wares was born at Wheatley River, Prince Edward Island. Her grandparents had come to Canada from Caithness and Argyleshire, Scotland in the early part of the nineteenth century. She graduated from Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown, P.E.I. as a teacher. After teaching several years in her home province, she came west to Granlea, Alberta, a farming community forty miles south-west of Medicine Hat. Her older brother, George, was a teacher, homesteader and post master there. She taught school in the district for two years before marrying Michael Clancy, another farmer.

Michael Clancy was born at Shepstow, Ontario of Irish parentage. His people had come from Ireland in the early part of the nineteenth century to settle in Bruce County, Ontario.

Edna and Michael Clancy had seven children. The youngest, John, was killed in a traffic accident in

Edmonton in 1958, while serving in the R.C.A.F. The other children are: Dan of Medicine Hat, Helen and Dorothy of Edmonton and Sylvan Lake, Mary (Mrs. Robert Stewart) of Red Range, New South Wales, Australia, Noreen (Mrs. William Shankaruk) of Trail, B.C. and Isobel of Vancouver, B.C. There are seven grandchildren living in Australia and British Columbia.

Helen and Isobel are both nurses, graduates of the Holy Cross and the University of Alberta Nursing School respectively. Mary and Dorothy are both teachers by profession. Dorothy, as well as teaching in Alberta, has worked as a civil servant in Ottawa, and in Montreal after attending McGill University there.

After leaving their farm at Granlea, Alberta, Mr. and Mrs. Clancy lived for two years in Medicine Hat and then moved to Kelowna, British Columbia in 1946. Mr. Clancy died there in 1961 and Mrs. Clancy died in Wetaskiwin in 1966. Mr. and Mrs. Clancy and John are buried in Medicine Hat.

Prior to coming to Sylvan Lake in 1957, the Clancys had lived at Butte and Eckville, Alberta where Dorothy taught school. In 1974 she became librarian at the Wetaskiwin Composite High School in Wetaskiwin.

What we have always found charming about the town of Sylvan Lake, apart from the beauty of the lake setting, is the human element. When you have been away for a few months in a city it is very nice to be welcomed back by name in places of business or on the streets.

Other family members visit each summer and thoroughly enjoy their holidays here.

William Clark Family

by Jean Findley

William, Signe and their children: John, Jeanette, Malcolm and Keitha moved from Demaine, Saskatchewan, to the Burnt Lake District in the fall of 1934. They resided on the farm of their relative, Fred Sjoquist, until September 1935, when they moved into Sylvan Lake so John could attend high school.

William Ezra Clark was born in Oregon in 1895. He immigrated with his family to the Stoughton area of Saskatchewan in 1906. His father, Palen Clarke, was originally from the Picton, Ontario area where one of his ancestors had helped repel the Fenians in 1866. William moved with his family to the Demaine area were they homesteaded in 1912. In 1917 William joined the army and was posted to the Maritimes. After the war he returned to homestead west of the South Saskatchewan River near Riverhurst.

Signe Erica immigrated from Sweden with her family to Roseau, Minnesota about 1900. Her father moved to the Gull Lake District of Saskatchewan to homestead and was followed by Signe after she graduated from high school. She attended Normal School in Saskatchewan and began teaching there in 1912. After the war she moved to Los Angeles to continue her education, but soon returned to the peace and safety of Saskatchewan.

William and Signe were married in December, 1921 at Moose Jaw. During the depression they moved to Alberta because of the lack of crops caused by drought and grasshoppers. They became involved in renting cabins when they moved to 46 Street in Sylvan Lake.

In the summer of 1940 William joined the 49th Edmonton Regiment and remained posted in Canada until 1945. After the war William worked as a boiler engineer in the winter and as a roughneck on the oil rigs in the summer until his retirement in 1981.

In 1940 John attended high school in Red Deer where he completed his Grade XII. He rode his bicycle from Sylvan Lake to Red Deer for three months from April until the end of June, making the 30-mile journey daily.

In October 1943, Signe re-entered the teaching force and continued teaching until her retirement in 1967. She continued to return to Sylvan Lake each summer to supervise the renting of the cabins until most of the property was sold in 1959. The present Westway Motel is located on some of her property.

There were many types of tenants who stayed at the cabins; often they came for a wild weekend. Signe had a beautiful purebred Scotch Collie dog called Jip. Early one Sunday morning in July she was awakened by Jip's loud barking. When she went to investigate she found one of the tenants chasing the dog around the yard. The dog had a live hen in his mouth and the tenant had an axe in his hand. He yelled at Signe to call off the dog. When Signe inquired where he had obtained the hen he claimed that he had bought it. When he could produce no receipt as proof of purchase, Signe refused to call off the dog. The tenant went back to bed in disgust. Signe called the dog, grabbed the chicken and chopped off its head. As she did not know who really owned the hen Signe decided to have a delicious Sunday dinner.

We had tenants from various places in Alberta; among them was a Calgary Swimming Club team who won the Wrigley Cup. Also some of the Calgary football team stayed one Labour Day weekend.

John left Sylvan Lake to attend the University of Alberta and then joined the Department of Transport as a Radiosonde technician. He remained there until his retirement in 1981.

Jeanette finished the requirements for the

A.R.C.T. Diploma in piano and then attended university. Keitha followed her and they both graduated as teachers. Later on Davena joined the family and is now attending the Camrose Lutheran College. John, Malcolm and Jeanette live in Edmonton and Keitha lives in Calgary.

Signe was killed about two miles south of Sylvan Lake on July 13, 1970. William moved to Edmonton and remarried. He died in October, 1978.

Signe was a firm believer in the value of higher education. She had two daughters and four grandsons (three of them engineers) all graduates of the University of Alberta. She always enjoyed Sylvan Lake and felt that it was a beautiful area in which to live. Jeanette Findley still owns some of the property on 46 Street, where the family has resided on and off, since 1935.

The Cobb Family

by Edith (Cobb) Hartley

We came to Sylvan Lake in 1928 from Delia, Alberta. My dad, Mr. Cobb, had bought the store which is now called "Cobb's Limited". We lived in three different houses. The first was the brick house called the "Wren's Nest" (later Dunfords'); next was the old Toye house behind the Varisty Dance Hall (I believe it burned down some time ago); the last house was on 50A Street next to the Wilkinson home (later owned by Parkinsons).

Mom and dad were both born in Ontario and dad was a Baptist preacher in the East before he went in for store-keeping.

I attended the Sylvan Lake School until about 1935. My first teacher was Mr. Matheson. I remember he had a two-seater car and we used to pile into it at noon and get a ride to Main Street. Another teacher was Mr. Evernden; another was Miss Helen Hunter and the last teacher I had was Mr. McCullough.

Mrs. Toye, Mrs. Cobb, Margaret Cobb and Mr. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb.

Dad died February 5, 1939 and was buried on February 9. It was 50° (F) below zero and the church was packed.

Mom moved back East in 1948 and died in Belleville, Ontario on August 12, 1953.

I married an Englishman from the R.A.F. in Penhold in 1944 and went to England until 1949 when we moved to Ontario.

Our store in Sylvan Lake burned down in December, 1938. We rebuilt it in 1939 and sold it to Mr. H. N. Fisher in 1943.

H. J. Cody Family

Herbert John (Bert) Cody, son of Herbert Alexander and Mary Elizabeth (Hoskin) Cody, was born June 4, 1911 at his grandparents' home, east of Red Deer. He attended the Willowdale and Edwell Schools and Red Deer High School, graduating in the spring of 1929.

Bert Cody took teacher training at the Camrose Normal School, 1929-30. He was very active in the sports' program of the school and excelled in basketball, baseball, track and field (coming in third in Provincials in 1932). This keen interest carried on into his activities as an educator and community worker.

Bert began his teaching career at the Burnt Lake School in the fall of 1930, moving on to Centerville,

the adjoining district, three years later. For his enthusiasm in teaching and his love of sports, Bert is well remembered in both districts.

In the fall of 1935 he came to Sylvan Lake. Being no stranger to the area, he was immediately involved in community efforts, team sports, service clubs, Wrigley Swim and whatever was going. Many were the hours he spent at the old baseball diamond (now the site of the Sylvan Lake Lodge) "umping" games.

On August 23, 1938, Bert married Anna Ottelia (Lil) Bystrom, daughter of Swan and Carolina (Bergstrom) Bystrom, of the Centerville District. Lil was also a graduate of the Red Deer High School and Camrose Normal School, 1930-31. Prior to their marriage, she taught school for five years at the Spruce View School, a one-room school with grades one to nine at that time. Many good memories: Christmas concerts, school fairs, music festivals and inter-school softball games.

Bert and Lil spent their first year of marriage in the Jamieson cottage just west of Koots' Store (now Long's Mayfair). Here they were taken under Mrs. Jamieson's wing, to enjoy the hospitality of the Jamieson household and the overflowing cookie jar.

Money was a scarce commodity for all, young and old, so that the entertainment and activities were simple home parties, bridge games, choir and, for the girls, "knitting bees" to make Red Cross comforts for overseas personnel.

In December 1939, the Codys bought the McCrimmon bungalow, "Glengarry", on East Crescent on a lease agreement, paying $15.00 a month. Their eldest daughter, Carol Beverley, was born December 22, 1939, while they were in the process of moving their few possessions to their new home. Again, the Jamiesons came to the rescue, lending a kitchen table and chairs until they could get settled. They now sold their car and, little by little, managed to acquire their own bits of furniture. A hand-wringer washing machine, bought with $3.00 monthly payments, seemed quite an undertaking, but was a real godsend. Bert delivered groceries for Cobbs' after school and sometimes filled in at the store on Saturdays. During these first years there was always a crowd at the Cody home — Ida Bergstrom, a cousin, and Elsie Bystrom, Lil's sister, stayed with them and attended Sylvan Lake High School. Later, the bank girls, Laurel Kirkpatrick, Eli Jensen and Audrey Berteau were taken in.

On July 9, 1945, their second daughter, Mary Lynn, was born. They sold their Glengarry home and purchased the Holsworth house on 47 A Avenue, which was then the outskirts of the populated area, west of Main Street. Again changes had to be made. In the evenings and on weekends, Bert built an addition to the house for a porch and bedroom and dug out a cellar for storage.

The Cody daughters: Rhonda, Lynn, Pat and Carol.

It was about this time he first served as an alderman on Town Council, 1945.

Bert was always fond of gardening and poultry and soon had a small flock of chickens in the back yard. The treed lot east of the property made an ideal garden spot so, when they were able to buy it, Bert set to work, cleared the land and had it put into shape for a very productive garden and fruit area.

Bert, ever interested in chickens, found the backyard flock needed more room. They were happy to be able to buy property from Mrs. Wilkinson (Ken's mother) for this purpose and soon had a new chicken house and a fair-sized flock.

A third daughter, Patricia Dianne, was born November 1, 1947. Bert, by this time, was back upgrading his education. There was summer school every summer and extension courses in the winter. He served on town council in addition to his regular teaching duties. He was later the Sylvan Lake representative on the Red Deer Hospital Board.

Rhonda Anne arrived on the scene May 27, 1954 to complete their family of four girls. It was at this time, after 16 years, they were again proud owners of a second-hand car.

Pressure of school and extended courses made it necessary to dispose of the poultry but Bert kept a pen of golden pheasants in the back yard for a number of years. He taught school 41 years — 36 years in the Sylvan Lake School — and retired in 1971. He then went to work for the Federal Government, first for the Canada Census, then the Department of Agriculture and lastly by the Department of Transportation. The greatest honor paid Bert was in the naming of the

Gov. Gen. Roland Michener at presentation to Bert Cody commemorating 36 years as an educator at Sylvan Lake.

H. J. Cody School, which was made official only days before his death, October 22, 1979.

The four Cody girls, all born in the old Red Deer Municipal Hospital, attended public school in Sylvan Lake. Carol, Lynn and Pat attended and graduated from Lindsay Thurber Composite High School in Red Deer. Rhonda completed her schooling in Sylvan Lake and graduated from Sylvan Lake High School. Before attending the University of Alberta, Carol was employed in the Eckville Hospital, Imperial Bank and Ritz Drug Store in Sylvan Lake. After a year of teacher training she taught in Rocky Mountain House. Lynn, after graduating, was employed at Horsley's Drug Store, Red Deer. Pat received her Bachelor of Education degree from the University of Alberta and taught in Edmonton. Rhonda was employed for a short time at Eaton's, but returned to the Insurance and Real Estate office of Innes Agencies in Sylvan Lake.

Bert and Lil Cody, 25th wedding anniversary.

The girls are all married: Carol to Eugene F. Austin of Benalto and they reside in Red Deer with their three daughters, Teresa Michelle, Tammy Jeanette and Susan Annette. Lynn married Darryl D. Read of Red Deer. They live in Leduc with their three sons, Darryl Arthur, Darren John (twins) and David Cody. Pat married Eric J. Connor of Calgary and is, at present, residing in Americus, Georgia, with their three children, Mary Dianne, Catherine Elizabeth and Eric James III (Ricky). Rhonda married Donald G. Shannon of Spruce View and they reside in Leduc with their two children, Angela Dawn and Ryan Cody.

Having lived in Sylvan Lake for 45 years, Lil Cody is well known by the residents of Sylvan Lake and district. When the girls were on their own, Lil began working at Innes Agencies, then continued with W. Pickering Insurance. She has been a devoted member of the Memorial Presbyterian Church Senior Choir for more than 40 years. Lil continues to reside in the family home on 47A Avenue West where she enjoys the frequent visits of members of her family.

The Jack Cole Family

Jack and Bernice arrived in Sylvan Lake in May of 1946, coming from Calgary, where Jack received his discharge from the R.C.A.F., having served in Canada as a wireless instructor and overseas with #6 Bomber Command.

Jack, and his brother LaVern, took over the Tendersweet Meat Market from Bert Woodrow of Red Deer. The business was operated as a partnership for two years, at which time LaVern and his wife Mildred decided to move to Trail, B.C. We carried on the meat business until 1959, when we built a new building on Main Street and opened a super market under the name of "Coles' Foods Ltd.", as an I.G.A. Food Liner. We carried on in this business until it was sold to Western Grocers in 1964. For the next 15 years Jack was employed by I.G.A. as a meat merchandiser.

Jack also served on council, school board, fire department, Legion, and is a charter member of the Lions Club.

We have two boys. Bob attended school in Sylvan Lake, Red Deer, and S.A.I.T. in Calgary. After graduating from S.A.I.T. he worked for a food chain in

Jack and Bernice Cole with Bob and Barry.

Calgary, later transferred to Red Deer and is now living in Sylvan Lake with his wife, Judy, and son Cory.

Barry also attended school in Sylvan Lake, graduated from N.A.I.T. in Edmonton, and is employed by the Alberta Government in Red Deer. He and his wife, Janet, also reside in Sylvan Lake.

We have many fond memories of Sylvan Lake and hope to enjoy our retired life in this area.

The Conaty Family

by Estelle (Conaty) Browne

Our parents, Mike and Anna Conaty, were married in Rochester, Minnesota. Shortly after, they moved to Saskatchewan. They lived in Kenaston and Saskatoon before settling in Maple Creek. All six of their children, Genevieve, Maxwell, Morgan, Lloyd, Jack and myself, Estelle, were born in Saskatchewan.

Later, we moved to Eckville and lived there for seven years, before making our home in Sylvan Lake in 1933. This was during the "hard times". However, who would not like spending the holidays at the Lake? The winters were quiet — hockey games, skating on the lake, bob-sleighing — all bring back many memories of the good times we had at Sylvan Lake.

The war changed our lives as it did all families. The four boys enlisted in the Army. Soon after, Genevieve, a teacher in Oyen, joined the Navy. Dad worked at the R.A.F. Station in Penhold. I was operating a beauty parlor in Rimbey. I moved my business back to Sylvan Lake at this time. Mom was very busy working with the Red Cross. The dining-room table was always covered with goodies she had collected for parcels to her boys. Our reunion, at the end of the war, was wonderful.

Dad worked at the Alpha Plant in Red Deer, until he passed away. Mom spent the winters in Strathmore with Genevieve and returned home to Sylvan Lake in the summers. After mom's death, Gene moved to Calgary to teach. Her retirement was short and she, too, passed away.

Max and Kay live in Edmonton. Their children, Maureen and Gerry, live in Burnaby B.C. Max is retired.

Morgan and Betty lived in Calgary until Morgan passed away. Betty still makes her home there.

Lloyd and Alice, daughter Beverley and son Mike, live in Calgary. Bev and Peter McNally have two boys, Kevin and Robin. Mike is married to Bonnie.

Jack and Vera met and married in Manchester, England. They have three children. Lorraine is married to Don Peryk and they have two children, Jodi and Todd. Linda is married to Gilbert Cook and they have three children: Christina, Catherine and Christopher. Bob married Lou. They have two boys, Jonathan and Patrick. Jack and Vera and all their children reside in Calgary.

Ronan Browne and I were married in 1946 in Sylvan Lake. We lived in Rimbey for a while and then moved to Peace River. We have two daughters. Patricia, married to Dave Lomax, lives in Surrey, B.C. They have two children, Deena and Ryan. Judith (Dee) helps manage our store, Browne's Men's Wear. Last fall we celebrated 35 years in business in Peace River.

John and Annie Cordon

by Violet Safron

John James Cordon was born December 21, 1893, at Bonnemain, Donegal, Ireland. In 1910 he enlisted in the 78th Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and served in France and Belgium. In 1917, the German Army sprung a surprise attack on the British Troops, using the deadly poison gas. John became very ill, spending considerable time in the hospital and never really recovered from the effects of this gas.

On November 23, 1920 in St. Eugene's Cathedral, Londonderry, John married Annie Devlin, born February 4, 1903 in Bogye. Their son William (Bill) was born December 15, 1921 at Bonnemain, Donegal.

The family set sail for Canada on August 11, 1923, on the White Star Liner, from the port of Belfast, and they landed in Montreal on August 21, 1923. They proceeded on a seven-day train ride to Red Deer, arriving August 28, 1923 at the C.P.R.

Station. They stayed at the Industrial School on the Burnt Lake Trail for three days. While there, John accepted his first Canadian job, August 31, 1923, doing farm labor for the Bob Edgars (NE 36-38-4-W5). John was kept busy with chores and field work. Annie worked hard washing clothes and keeping the farmer's house clean, as well as helping to milk the cows and separate the cream during the busy seasons. She also had to do her own housework and take care of her small child.

On August 14, 1924, they were fortunate to be hired by O.J. Miller, also a farmer, whom, Annie and John would form a partnership with in the future years. In May 1927, they purchased a quarter section of land through the Soldier Settlement Board. During these years, the partnership with Miller spread into the building of roads in the M.D. of Raven. Annie often cooked for the hungry road crews as well as threshing gangs in the fall. They were among the first contributors of fluid milk to the Red Deer Condensery. Even with all of this work, time was found to show their prize animals, horses, Shorthorn cattle and sheep, both at the Red Deer and Benalto Fairs. Annie rode and showed her horse in the horse competitions, as well as displaying her cooking and sewing, with much success and winning many prizes. During the years, Annie made flowers, wedding cakes, and decorated wedding cakes for numerous couples. She also made flowers for the funerals. She was sometimes called in the middle of the night to sit with someone who was ill. This is how, over the years, bonds of friendship were made with Indian friends, whenever they were in need or if they were ill, they knew that Annie would help. She had the rare honor of receiving an invitation to a Sundance.

A surprise package arrived to Annie and John in 1938, when the birth of their daughter, Violet Ann, took place February 5 at Mrs. Sim's Nursing Home in Red Deer.

In 1939, Jim Brown Jr., then employed by John and O.J. Miller, received permission to accept mink on shares from the late Dr. Frank Coppock, who had taken them in lieu of medical fees, and raise them on their farm. Cordons and O.J. Miller purchased another 40 mink and this is how their mink ranch originated. They later purchased both Brown's and Coppock's shares. Annie now found herself with another trade, meat cutting. Annie, along with the men, would spend hours cutting up and grinding quarters of horse meat to feed their furry friends, who now had expanded to 300 mink and 80 foxes.

In 1960, John and Annie sold their farm to their son-in-law and daughter, Harry and Violet Safron. Surrounding communities and friends joined Annie and John to celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary, in conjunction with a farewell party, by presenting to each of them a platform rocking chair, in appreciation for their services to their fellow neighbors, friends and community, at the Hespero Hall, November 18, 1960.

They purchased a new house at Sylvan Lake and, supposedly, went into retirement but, after so many years of hard work, they were unable to sit idle. John continued to take an active part in the farm, anxiously anticipating seeding and harvest time, when he could take over the complete operation of chores, checking granaries and many other duties. He dearly loved his grandchildren. Amazed at the wonder of each new arrival, he did not hesitate in the education and the love that he shared with each. Many fond memories of those good ol' days are often reminisced and cherished as precious hours spent with grandpa.

In 1963, Annie took over domestic duties at Our Lady of the Assumption Catholic Church. Eventually, John and Annie assumed the duties as caretakers for, not only the rectory, but also the church and hall. Hot coffee was always available for the parishioners every Sunday immediately after Mass.

It was a very traumatic experience for Annie to go to work one morning and discover that Father J.O. Sullivan had passed away in his sleep.

Annie and John celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, surrounded by family, friends and neighbors, at Sylvan Lake, November 21, 1970.

John's health had been failing and even the long walks that he enjoyed so much along the beach became laborious. Finally, it was discovered that he had cancer. He passed away February 11, 1973.

In 1973, Annie's cooking was in for another test. Harry and Violet Safron, who now lived on the homestead and were operating a Guest Ranch, accepted 52 young people from the ages of 16 to 23, for five weeks, supplying them with room, board and farming experience. Again, mother was called upon to help them cook for the entire group. One week there were 70 people lining up to eat. It was this group of people that nicknamed Annie, "Hot rod grannie", for she still drove her 1957 Ford Fairlane — never under the speed limit.

Annie continued with the housekeeping and caretaking at the church. She spent endless hours cooking, washing, cleaning and polishing candle sticks, keeping the church beautiful and Father Heffernan and Father O'Hallaron happy and well fed. There were other tasks, like making ice cream for Our Lady of the Victory Church Camp at Gull Lake, catering to visiting priests, or helping to put out the fire when Father Heffernan's clothes were on fire and then helping to nurse him back to health.

In August 1976, Father Heffernan was transferred

to Edmonton so, again, Annie went into retirement until 1982 when she, at age 79, took on the task of making meals for Father O'Halloran, age 90, so that he would be able to continue to live at the rectory instead of residing in a Senior Citizens' Home. She walks to the church each day.

Besides all these duties, she lives alone and cares for her own house, lawn and flower garden. She still drives her own car out to Eckville to visit her family, Bill and Hazel Cordon, and to her daughter's family, Harry and Violet Safron, on the farm.

Every spring at seeding time and every fall at harvest, Annie, who was supposed to have retired in 1960, gets to quench her thirst for the farm when she comes out to the farm and cooks, while the family is rushing to do the field work. She keeps the kitchen full of the beautiful aroma of fresh buns and pies simmering in the oven. Often we run short of operators for the extra shipment needed — Annie finds herself out in the field driving the grain truck or driving the water truck, hauling water to the sprayer. Last spring she drove the water truck, dashed into the house while the tank was filling, which she had timed by now, and had dinner on the table at 1:00 p.m. for our M.L.A. Jack Campbell, two other officials, two hired men, as well as for Harry and Violet and herself. Now, don't ask me to try to keep up with my mother!

Family and friends gathered at the Safron home in February, 1983 to celebrate Annie's 80th birthday. She had the time of her life, reminiscing with her old neighbors and friends about the good times they had shared together. Mr. Jack Campbell presented her with a pin and scroll. Mrs. Campbell was also present. She stayed up until daybreak; she didn't want to miss one minute of this special occasion nor the antics of her grandchildren trying out her new snowblower outside the window.

John and Annie Cordon on 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Annie Cordon's 80th birthday — daughter Violet, Jack Campbell M.L.A., and son Bill Cordon.

Yes, these are my parents, both very special and precious people. Dad, we greatly miss, but have very special memories of him to treasure. Mother has helped people all her life. No matter how busy she is, she still makes time for others. She has proved that it can work and that people appreciate her by her many friends of all ages, all over the country. She is a super senior citizen as well as the best mother, grandmother and great grandmother, that anyone could ever wish for. God bless you both.

Barbara Craig

My parents, Charlie and Jean Palmer, came to Sylvan Lake in the spring of 1926, bringing with them my sister Jean. In January of 1931 I arrived on the scene and Shirley arrived in October of 1932.

Our parents worked at the creamery, later purchasing it. My sister Jean hauled Shirley and me all over the place in her doll buggy; to the beach, along the railway tracks, to picnics and birthday parties. The doll buggy was large and very sturdy, which Jean won in a popularity contest run by Charlie Weston of Weston's Drug Store.

We were quite early indoctrinated into some of the easier chores. The butter was weighed and wrapped manually, cream sample bottles to be washed and butter papers to be prepared. Many times when we were outside playing, we would hear the churn stop. That was the signal to run for the line dad had painted on the churnroom floor. We were not to cross that line while he was taking out a churn in case we got some dirt into the butter. Even the dog lined up and sat up with his mouth open. Dad would then pop a chunk of butter into each mouth. Ah! Heaven!

At the house were many chores (it seemed never-ending); piling and carrying wood, beds to make, dishes by the score, darning, feeding chickens and gathering the eggs. We had one pet rooster that would come to the back door of the house every night to be taken to the chicken house and put to bed. There was weeding to be done in the garden. I think mom had a tough time with her peas. I once picked every bloom and brought her a bouquet of "Pitty fowers". Another year she knew we were eating the peas, but did not know where the shells were. Upon investigation, she found the floor of the old barn, behind the house, was just littered with pea pods.

Getting to the beach early was not always easy, but when the opportunity arose, Shirley, Georgina Tooley and I took off like hares, armed with huge lunches. If you did not have to come home to eat, you did not get more chores to do! Mom called us "The Three Musketeers"!

Mrs. Tooley always seemed to be saving our hides. When we got muddy, she would wash, dry and iron our dresses before we went home. If our socks got wet inside our rubber boots we would lay them on the railway tracks to dry.

Bill Sharp had Shetland ponies for hire on the beach just west of the landfill. We would help him sometimes and get a free ride as pay.

In the winter we went sleighriding down Main Street. The hill would be full of kids, but the cars just went around us. Mr. and Mrs. Andy Bigam drove the dray, either hauling freight from the Canadian Pacific Railway depot or coal. We would all hitch our sleighs on the back when they were going up the hill and save our selves a long walk. At one time, the town had covered the road, just south of the Canadian National tracks, with ashes they had obtained from Tooley's. This was to stop the sleighs before the tracks. However, someone just borrowed Tooley's shovel and covered the ashes with snow. We could then coast all the way to the lakeshore. Garnetts had the fanciest bobsleigh of all; windshield, steering wheel and lights. It was a great sport to race them. If we armed ourselves with snowballs, the game could get quite rough. Fisticuffs sometimes resulted, but that was part of the game. When we finished, a gang of us would come to our place, where we just sat on the kitchen floor in our wet clothes and had hot chocolate. Some people continued to sleighride till two or three o'clock in the morning. During the war, we had many Royal Air Force boys spending their leaves at our house. We initiated them to the sport, of course, and it was quite a novelty for them.

Mom and dad never knew how many people there might be at the house. If there was a blizzard, you could count on there being several pairs of boots at the back door. We would then have to find an empty bed or two or a piece of floor for ourselves. Doors were not locked in those days. Mom never knew how many people might appear at mealtime. If someone at school forgot his or her lunch, we just brought them home.

It seems as if the house was always full and, not satisfied with that, we filled the yard too. Half the kids in town gathered to play "Cops and Robbers" or "Cowboys and Indians". We would whoop and holler until dark. Our poor old dog loved to play the games too, but if we were playing "Hide and Seek", he would be banished to the engine room of the creamery, where he would howl and cry. He had the bad habit of telling where we were hiding.

There was no phone at the school and no cars so, if someone got sick or hurt, someone else was sent to the creamery and dad or mom would to have to drive them home. Our great joy at school was Mrs. Kinna. There was a lesson in every game we played and we never knew we were learning. There was no running water or indoor washrooms. By the back door was a stone crock with drinking water, for which we had to bring our own folding cups. There was also a barn on the school grounds, as some of the students who lived in the country had to ride their horses to school.

Later, Mr. Cody dealt with our exuberance in a firm but different way. Many times he stayed late to help me with some mathematics problem that I could not get through my head. Towards the end of the school term he would take the whole class around to Second Point on a breakfast hike. The rule was "no bikes or car-rides". We were to walk there and back. Lavern Holbrook and I always carted enough food to feed an army. Since we usually got our campfire going first, Mr. Cody ate with us. One year we were so tired when it was time to come home that he decided to help carry some of our gear. What a laugh we had when we got back. The leftover cream in the bag that he was carrying had turned to butter!

As we got older, Bill Sharp had some big horses in a barn near the golf course. One evening, it was getting dark and I was racing for the barn when the R.C.M.P. stopped me — I had no lights! Another time, some older kids were chasing Shirley. She just ducked her head and rode under some low branches; they got wiped off their horses!

Then there was the "Norell". Mr. Jennijohn ran cruises around the lake. He would blow the horn about fifteen minutes before each cruise left the pier to let people know, and give them time to make it to the docking area. Sometimes there would be a midnight cruise after the dance — very romantic!

Lily Cuendet gave all three of us piano lessons at the house. During Christmas and Easter holidays

Shirley and I would walk across the fields to her farm for extra lessons. We were both also members of the Junior Choir at the Memorial Presbyterian Church under the capable hands of Mrs. Dodds. We lost Shirley in 1946.

Before the war Mr. Jack Penley owned the dance hall and Sonny Fry's band played for the jitney dances. From the dance hall to the hotel was a board walk. It was like a promenade with people strolling back and forth. When we were small, mom and dad would park in front of what is now known as "The Centre" eating chips out of brown paper bags and watching the people going back and forth.

The Wrigley Swim was held here every year. I believe it was for the Provincial Championships. We also had the Provincial Championship tennis tournament each year.

Saturday afternoons, the Uptown Theatre owned by Mr. and Mrs. Watkiss, ran matinees. In the early days, the power supply was not too reliable, especially during a storm. Sometimes when the power went out we would sit for a while waiting. When it did not come back on, we would get a ticket to come back the next week. I can remember paying ten cents admission.

Dad was making dandelion wine one year and sent Shirley and me to pick a bucket of dandelion heads. Despite the fact that there were plenty to be had, it took a long time. We could see we were not going to make it to the beach very early so we filled the bucket half full of water and filled the other half with dandelions. They floated very nicely so we felt we had really put one over on dad. He never said a word, but the next day he sent us for another bucketful. Of course we pulled the same stunt. But he got his dandelions all the same and everyone was happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosse had a general store on Main Street. They roasted peanuts, and the aroma that wafted out to the street through a vent was heavenly. The vent was also very handy on a cold day to warm our hands. Speaking of nice smells, there were two popcorn stands on the beach — Adie Kanten's and Mr. Muckle's.

The night Cobb's Store burned down, I remember Shirley and I watching the high flames from the upstairs window.

One night we talked dad into letting us sleep in the loft of the chicken house. None of us was very popular when mom got home; her blankets and we were covered with lice and straw.

A drive to Rocky Mountain House was quite a thrill as we got to ride on the ferry to cross the North Saskatchewan River. There was no bridge at that time. On VE Day we rode over the railway bridge in the car, worrying that a train might come along while we were on it.

Barbara and Shirley Palmer.

My first paying job was at Cameron's Bakery on Saturdays. I spent one summer working in the cafe at the Alexander Pavilion, then four summers at the Sylvan Lake Hotel under chef Amy Cull. They were building the addition on to the hotel that summer.

Grade twelve was taken at the Red Deer Composite High School. From there, I went to Edmonton and worked for three years at the Bank of Toronto (later the Toronto Dominion Bank), transferring to their Calgary branch for another year. The Ammonia Plant (Cominco) Laboratory was the next stop and from there to Robin Hood Mills Laboratory for three years. Somewhere in there my sister Jean, her husband Ken Jensen and myself, built our cabins on the back lots.

Shortly after that we lost dad in 1957. I spent two years working in the laboratory at Alpha Milk; then in 1960, went to work in Technical and Research Labs of Imperial Oil and stayed there for five years. In 1965 I married Jim Craig in Calgary, where we still reside. I have two children: Marlene living in Sylvan Lake and Christopher still living at home.

Hal D. Craigs

by Marge Craig

My introduction to Alberta began as an adventure to a new life. Hal D. Craig and I, Marguerite Steele, were married in 1940 in Ripon, Wisconsin. Hal had been here off and on whenever vacations from his work as an United States government surveyor per-

mitted. His brothers, Jesse and Mert, had preceded him and homesteaded about 1903. Letters from them made him feel this part of the country held an attraction for him. When he arrived a few years later, he fell deeply in love with this area. He began purchasing land which he rented to tenants. During summer vacations, he came here to help with the fall harvest. He loved his land, tenants and everything here.

Being the descendant of Scottish fishermen, he had a true appreciation of being able to fish in this country of inviting trout streams and lakes. They made him find time to enjoy them. It was quite a sight to see and feel the flurry of excitement on fishing days. His fishing partners, Bill Crockett, Bruce Lane, Jack Cole, Jack Pell, Mr. Rozier, sometimes son George Rozier, and Micky MacLean, gave the fish a rough time at the Raven, south fork of Prairie Creek at McDonalds', and Blueberry Creek. Hal's nephew, Johnny Craig, Eckville, often mentioned that Hal always said he could not catch a fish until he had fallen into the water at least once.

When Hal and I were married October 19, 1940, naturally he felt a trip to Alberta was the ideal wedding trip — which it was. When we left Ripon, Wisconsin, after our marriage, we headed west and north. Of course, my wedding outfit was not warm enough for some very cold October weather. My wedding clothes took a back seat for all the warm ones Hal had to spare. Though cold, the country treated us to unbelievable sunsets and indescribable rainbows and Northern Lights. They are treasured memories and made up for the bad and dangerous roads.

We visited the Jesse Craig farm. Jesse, his wife Pearl, sons Hal and Johnny, and daughter-in-law Neva made us more than welcome. When Jesse and Pearl retired from farming, they moved to Sylvan Lake.

In 1947 our son, John Steele Craig, was born. We thought it would be a good idea to buy a home here. Through the efforts of Dave McCutcheon, we were introduced to Mrs. Sandy Smith who wanted to sell her property and we bought it. I do not know how we could have been so lucky to find a neighborhood with Bert and Lil Cody, Bill and Vi Crockett, Mary Pell and other good friends in it.

The old Catholic Church was a real inspiration. It was a place of worship for the people and by the people. The business people were friendly and did their best to have neat stores in spite of gravel roads. A walk, starting at Ken and Isabel Wilkinson's shop proudly displaying some of Mr. Cameron's special flowers, began the day right. Then a stop at Lane's presented the same cheery greeting from Mr. Cameron. One of the high spots of a trip downtown was a stop at Adie Kanten's Variety Store. After a trip to the beach, it was a must to visit the excellent Watkiss Coffee Shop. My son always enjoyed Mrs. Watkiss' olive burgers.

When we felt the need to enlarge our cabin a bit, Mr. Huss, Mr. Stinn, Mr. Armeneau, Romeo Brassard and, last but not least, Andy Murray, did their best to serve our needs in answer to a cry for help.

Through the years our real welcome to Sylvan Lake was the royal one of the Cody girls sitting on our steps and the smiling faces of Vi and Bill Crockett who opened our place, with everything hooked up. Their garden has been a real delight during our summers.

It was to my delight that I learned that Sylvan Lake had an active Historical Society. It needs all the help it can get. The difficult, as well as the pleasant times should not be forgotten.

As time marches on, my husband, Hal, is no longer with me. Also, many of the former interesting Sylvan Lakers are not here.

My son, John Steele Craig, and LeAnn Zwirchitz were married in January, 1968. John is a chemist with the Agriculture Department in Madison, Wisconsin. Our son had his first introduction to grade one at Sylvan Lake School before it was renamed the H. J. Cody School. He was graduated from Ripon High School and the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh. LeAnn has a teaching degree in mathematics from the same university and is also a Certified Public Accountant. John and LeAnn have two children. John S. Craig Jr. enters high school in Madison this

Hal. D. Craig family: Marge, John, LeeAnn, Hal, Johnny and Becky.

year (1982) and Rebecca (Becky) Ann will enter middle school.

In retrospect, Sylvan Lake has a wealth of beautiful people and resources that are unique and need to be recognized and protected. I sincerely hope my son John, his wife LeAnn, and their children, John and Becky, will experience and know the fulfillment of life in Sylvan Lake I have felt, even though it is only during the summer.

Sylvan Lake Revisited

by Temple (Crawford) Campbell

I finished my year at Eureka School in June, 1927. Inspector Gibson visited me near the end of the term and asked me to remain in his inspectorate. He suggested I apply for the Junior Room at Sylvan Lake. I had specialized in primary work and here I could apply the knowledge I had acquired. My sister and I spent a restful holiday in Victoria and on our return I was ready for another year in the class room.

Sylvan Lake was a small village on the shore of Sylvan Lake. The fall was beautiful with the colored leaves and so many interesting walks the summer visitors pursued. The lake was so blue and peaceful looking. Most of the summer cottages were closed so there was not much activity at this time.

I boarded at the Dingwall Hotel which was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Dingwall. Mr. Dingwall was a quiet, kindly man and always busy around the hotel. Mrs. Dingwall was a plump, cheerful person with a keen sense of humor and took an active part in all that went on at Sylvan Lake. Alex and Helen were teenagers and there never was a dull moment. The living room was a place for the gathering of the young people and their activities; as well, many lovely dinners were served there.

The first day of school I met the principal, Mr. R. Thomas. He was a very pleasant man and easy to work with. He had the senior room with grades seven to eleven. I was faced with 61 children in grades one to six. Quite a few children were summer students and left for their homes while other families moved away. It was still too heavy a class for one teacher. The School Board realized this and, by January, they opened another classroom in a hall down town. Mr. Mathieson, from near Lacombe, was hired to teach grades four, five, six and seven. He was a young man who understood young people and added much to the community activities. Now, I had grades one, two and three. My 17 grade one's were an eager little group. I had time for individual attention and their progress was encouraging. The children were willing workers and a pleasure to teach. I enjoyed my two years and, looking back, I have many fond memories.

Temple Crawford Campbell.

World War II broke out and many of my little boys, now young men, and girls, too, joined the Forces. Some of them did not return.

I will leave the school now and talk about other activities.

In the fall, Sylvan Lake froze over and was like a great sheet of glass. Now we had nature's skating rink and many skating parties were organized. When the snow came, we had a very nice skating rink in town. We spent many evenings skating and watching and cheering our local hockey team. Mr. Mathieson was the coach and competition was keen with the district hockey teams. The first curling club was formed this fall and much of the playing was done during the day. I was unable to take part but did enjoy watching them in the evening.

There was baseball, tennis and basketball when the weather turned warmer. I coached a very active basketball team and admired the keen sportsmanship. They were a joy to be with and we had fun as well as serious playing.

The lake was a great swimming pool and most of the young people swam. In spite of the opportunity I never learned to swim. The young people teased me and said I would rather drown than get my hair wet.

Mrs. Thomas and I had a very active C.G.I.T. group. Working with the teenage girls gave us a better understanding of youth. Apart from the usual activities we had fun planning concerts, banquets, hikes and picnics. The girls did most of the planning and we acted as a governing influence.

There was a well attended church, with Rev. Mr. Mann as our minister, when I first went there. Our Sunday School was well attended too and I taught a class most of the two years. Mr. Dingle replaced Mr. Mann and he arrived one spring day with a beautiful big dog. He boarded at the hotel and roomed across the street at Mrs. Falkner's. We enjoyed his sermons, and his singing was an asset to the church. In the dining room he had his own special place at the table and it was not well for the one who took it. During the holidays, when there were so many guests, an elderly lady took his place. When he came in, he told the woman she had his chair. She did not hear him so he pulled the chair out. It was well one of the girls who was serving was right there and pushed the chair back so the guest did not fall. He stamped out of the hotel and went across the street in a very angry mood.

The Ladies' Aid and Women's Institute were active organizations. Mrs. Dingwall, Miss Graham, Mrs. Falkner, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. McCrimmon and Mrs. Miller were only a few of the willing workers that planned the many social events. Many dances were enjoyed as well as card parties, banquets and concerts. One evening, they planned a debate. Mr. Dingle, Mr. Mathieson and I were on the negative side while Miss Graham, Mr. Colpitts and the third party (whose name I have forgotten) took the affirmative side. Plays came in from outside districts which we enjoyed and they were entertained later at the hotel with a nice lunch.

After two years in Sylvan Lake I changed my name and profession, becoming Mrs. William Campbell and making my home in Calgary. We had two little girls. Audrey became a teacher, married a farmer and rancher and is still teaching in Claresholm. Rilla is married and lives in Calgary and teaches handicraft at Bethany Centre.

I taught in Calgary nine years and, when Bill retired, I quit teaching as we wanted to travel. In the next five years I saw much of the world. In 1966 Bill was quite ill and I was left alone on November 12, 1966. Later, I took a trip to Alaska and another to Australia and New Zealand. I have visited San Francisco several times and Vancouver and Victoria.

Quite some years ago my sister and I drove back to Sylvan Lake where I visited the many places I knew so well. There were many changes with more cottages, a new dance hall and an improved campground and picnic area. We drove up to the cemetery; there were so many I had known quietly sleeping there.

It has been a pleasure revisiting Sylvan Lake and I hope, in some small way, you have enjoyed coming down memory lane with me.

William (Bill) and Viola Crockett

William C. Crockett, son of Bill and Annie Crockett and one of a family of five, was born in Markdale, Ontario. His family came to Alberta in 1917 and settled in Nanton in 1918.

Viola M. (Caspell) Crockett, daughter of Gordon and Fern Caspell and one of a family of four, was born at Cayley, Alberta. Her family moved to Nanton in 1932. From that time on, until her father's death in 1956, her parents operated a coffee shop.

Bill Crockett and Viola Caspell were married in 1941 in Nanton and resided there until moving to Sylvan Lake. They have one daughter, Beverly Margaret (Crockett) Rutherford.

Sylvan Lake Creamery 1947.

In 1947, Bill and a partner, Lee Bridget, purchased the Sylvan Lake Creamery from Charlie S. and Jean Palmer. Bill became the sole owner in 1949. When they first purchased the Creamery a pasteurization plant was added for local distribution of milk and cream. A logo of the sail boat on the wavy waters was designed and plated. This was used for all signage, stationery, bottle caps and butter wrapping, and so forth. Through the years this logo was used in a variety of ways by the community. Many high school boys found summer employment at the Creamery.

At first in 1947, an ice storage room provided the refrigeration, coal was the fuel for the boiler and the machinery was operated by a line shaft at the Creamery.

The building was originally a school. In about 1953 the slanted roof was replaced by a flat roof and

Sylvan Lake Creamery, Bill and Vi Crockett owners.

the front office part renovated. In 1976 "The Creamery" ceased operations.

Bill served on the town council for 20 years and also was an active member of the Volunteer Fire Department. When the curling rink was built he was one of the shareholders. He was a member of the first Sylvan Lake Kinsmen Club and president of the Chamber of Commerce.

He is an active member of the Lion's Club; was a charter member and served as president twice. He is also an elder of the Session of the Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Viola was active in the business throughout the years.

She served in the church as a Sunday School teacher, helped with the C.G.I.T. and is one of the founding members of the Evening Guild of the Presbyterian Church. She has been Sylvan Lake and District's representative on the Board of Trustees of the Red Deer Regional Hospital since 1971 (eleven years).

Bill and Viola were both ardent curlers and contributed many hours to the club and work at the curling rink and hall.

Beverley, our daughter, was born at High River, Alberta. Her schooling started in Sylvan Lake and was completed in Red Deer; first at River Glen and then at the Red Deer Composite High School. She attended University in Edmonton and Winnipeg and is now a practicing architect in Tustin, California. In 1969 she married Leland Rutherford and they are presently living in Southern California.

Bill and Viola (retired now) are still residing in their home on 47 A Avenue.

Cuendet

by Lily Cuendet

Charles and Martha Cuendet

The C.P.R. was sending out pamphlets on immigration to Canada and, as my father was tired of being a watchmaker in Switzerland, he immigrated to Canada in about 1906. Although he and my mother were engaged, it was deemed best for the man to come out first and get settled. My mother, the former Martha Thevenaz, left Switzerland in 1908 to come to Pittsburg, U.S.A., where she was a French governess to the Laughlin children (of Jones & Laughlin Iron & Steel Works of Pittsburg).

My father roamed around Saskatchewan and British Columbia, but finally took up a homestead at Alhambra. He was advised to buy a team of oxen to plow the land. However, after a bear ramsacked his cabin, he thought it best to move closer in so he bought a homestead at Leslieville. My father did not wish that my mother live in such a wilderness, so he bought a house and then the farm at Sylvan Lake from Mr. Dath. (S.W.¼-34-38-1-W5)

My parents were married at Red Deer in 1913 by the Rev. Brown, a Presbyterian minister there for many years. Rev. Brown was fluent in French and performed the ceremony in that language.

Sylvan Lake had its own newspaper at the time and my father worked there setting type. Although there were 80 acres on the farm, only about ten were cultivated. Water for the cattle had to be brought up from the lake. As soon as they could finance it, they had a well drilled.

Their only transportation was by horse and buggy and to come to Red Deer and back was all in a day's work. If you did not own a horse or buggy, the neighbors would rent you one.

In 1917, my mother had a major operation. She was three months in the Red Deer Hospital. Those were the days when you paid for everything — no

Mrs. Rosse, Mrs. Huerlimann, Mrs. Cuendet.

Mr. and Mrs. Thevenaz, Lily Cuendet, Martha and Charles Cuendet.

Medi-care, Blue Cross — a public ward of eight was $6 a day. Interest rates were 20%, so borrowing was prohibitive to the early settlers. Selling the homestead at Leslievlle just paid the hospital and doctor's bill.

After that, things began to pick up and, by 1924, we all went back to Switzerland for one year. That year we were completely hailed out. It was −50°F at Christmas and on our arrival home at the end of March, the snow was up to the top of the fence posts.

My father helped to build the first Presbyterian Church. I played my first hymn there when I was nine years old and Patricia McCaskill and Mabel Wesslen sang it.

Mother joined the Ladies' Aid at its beginning and worked hard with the other ladies to raise money. For their annual chicken supper, she would take a day or two and drive a few ladies around the country, canvassing for the chickens they needed for the supper. Sometimes it took all three of them to coax a chicken from a farmer. All the live chickens would be taken to the Dingwall Boarding House and there, Mr. Dingwall would kill, pluck, and clean them. They had bake sales and anything that did not sell was peddled along the lake shore to the summer campers. There was nothing wasted, plus many laughs and good fellowship.

The Calgary Power line and the first natural gas line were on our property. For convenience, we asked to have a road opened (only one mile apart instead of the usual two). This is now the Calgary Power line road and this east-west road goes past the Senior Citizens' Lodge.

My father retired from farming at the age of 50. He then fulfilled a life-time dream, to raise honey bees.

We left the farm in 1942 and moved again to the town. My father passed away in 1945 at the age of 69. Mother and I then moved to Red Deer where she continued to reside until her passing in 1978 at the age of 96.

Julie (Lily Cuendet)

I started taking piano lessons at an early age and at nine years played my first hymn for the Sunday School. I also taught all the pre-schoolers. At first I studied with Mrs. Soderman, but when I was in Grade VIII piano I studied with her daughter, Mabel, in Red Deer. I started playing for the church services when Mrs. Duffield became ill. By that time, I had my associate degree with the Royal Conservatory of Toronto. However, I played for about 50 funerals gratis, and for the large sum of $25 a year as organist. I do not recall how many weddings. I was very interested in a larger organ, and so, in 1942, I left Sylvan Lake to come to play in Red Deer.

When I started teaching piano, there were four others doing the same. Therefore as there was no work, I branched out to Benalto, Eckville and finally only at Red Deer.

The Bruce Cumpstone Family

Bruce Sinclair Cumpstone was born in Assiniboia, Saskatchewan on March 16, 1916. He took his schooling at a one-room school (Holly) in the Willows District of Saskatchewan. He married Marie Florence Gladue in 1938 at Boissevain, Manitoba.

Bruce worked as a lignite coal miner. Having his miner's papers, he ran a crew and operated the Wright Mine at Willow Bunch, Saskatchewan. Florence and their two daughters, Mary Lou and Carol, lived with him at the mine in a small two-room, log, miner's

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cumpstone.

Cumpstone children: Kris, Linda, Karon, Eddie, and Ron.

shack. In a mine cave-in, Bruce lifted a shoring timber off his brother John in an effort to save his life and he, himself, received a back injury which brought his career in the mines to an end.

From Willow Bunch they moved to Congress, Saskatchewan, where they lived for a time, then moved to the family farm near Congress. There, daughter Karon was born (in Assiniboia). Also, a son Keith was born prematurely and lived only a few hours. In those times hospitals were not equipped as they are now.

Bruce's grandfather, Edward Cumpstone, passed away at this time. Another son, Edward Bruce (Eddie), was born in Assiniboia.

Mary Lou and Carol started school at Holly School and took their first years of schooling there; Mary Lou took grades one to three and Carol grades one and two.

In 1949 Bruce, Florence, Mary (Granny Cumpstone), Mary Lou, Carol, Karon and Eddie, with their farm machinery, all household effects and personal belongings, left the farm and arrived in Red Deer, Alberta by train. From there they travelled by car with Mr. Dingwall to Sylvan Lake.

Bruce worked in the Alix Mine for a short time, then took up carpenter work for many years. He later went into a lumber camp west of Rocky Mountain House. He worked up north in the oilpatch for a winter then went into plumbing work and also tended bar at the Sylvan Lake Hotel.

Linda, Kris and Ronald were born in the Red Deer Hospital.

Mary (Granny) Cumpstone passed away after a lengthy illness in 1955.

Bruce did not go back to farming. He traded his farm machinery to Joe Mannix for a piece of property with a small log cabin, which he later enlarged. The family lived in this home for many years.

The year Linda was born (1950), there was a terrible snow storm in April. The trees were weighed down, telephone and power lines were broken with the weight of the wet, heavy snow.

The fall before Kris was born, everyone in the family had German measles, red measles, whooping cough and chicken pox. The kids were all under quarantine for about two months. Kris was born during this time. Shortly after her birth, Florence came down with the mumps; she was rushed to Bentley Hospital where she spent some time in isolation. During this time, friends and neighbors came to help with food, transportation, babysitting, brought clean bedding and clothes, and looked after all the family. Kris was the only one not sick and Ron was not yet born.

Bruce was member of the Benalto Elks' Club. He enjoyed fishing, camping and hunting.

Bruce and Florence curled a few seasons, attended barn dances at Wayne Kuores's farm and other dances around the country. They also attended whist parties and turkey suppers at the country halls.

Bruce passed away in May, 1966 leaving Florence with four children still at home: Linda, Eddie, Kris and Ron.

Florence took a hairdressing course at Red Deer School of Beauty, then worked in Sylvan Lake at the Capri Beauty Lounge for Cherry Ottley. She later bought the business which she owned and operated for several years. She sold the business and moved to Stettler, next to Spruceview and then to Caroline. During this time, she married Jack Melrose and they now live in Bowden, Alberta.

Karon, Carol, Mary Lou Cumpstone.

Mary Lou Cumpstone worked for Alberta Government Telephones in Sylvan Lake and in the Sylvan Hotel dining-room. In 1950 she married Joe R. Un-

tinen. They have two sons, Kelly and Kerry, and live in the Bentley district.

Ruth Carolyn Cumpstone married Malcolm B. Rathwell. They have a son, Malcolm Jr., and a daughter, Tara Lynne. They reside in Grande Prairie, Alberta. Prior to her marriage, Carol worked at Deerholme institution in Red Deer and then at hairdressing in Red Deer. Following that she owned and operated the Capri Beauty Shop in Sylvan Lake.

Karon Florence Cumpstone worked for Alberta Government Telephones in Sylvan Lake, Red Deer, Calgary and Medicine Hat. She was promoted to the position of Service Adviser in the A.G.T. Calgary Regional office. Karon married William R. (Bob) Weir. They have two sons, Anthony and Sheldon, and a daughter, Dawn.

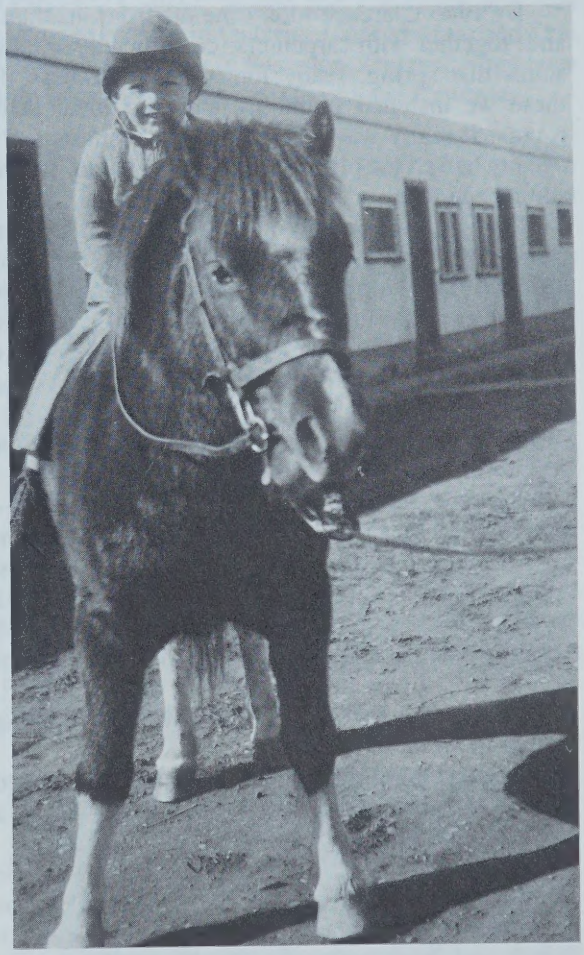
Edward Bruce Cumpstone worked in the oilpatch. He is married to Diane Elson Lambrights. They have one son Edward and live in Calgary. Eddie has a daughter, April, and a son, Jason, by a previous marriage who live near Edmonton.

Linda Joyce Cumpstone also was a hair dresser and also owned and operated the Capri Beauty Lounge in Sylvan Lake. She married David Krause of the Markerville area. They have a son Dion and two daughters, Treva-Lee and Rebecca, and live in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Kris Roberta Cumpstone worked at the Deerholme in Red Deer. She married Bruce Perrin and they have one girl and one boy, Malina and Randy, all residing in Red Deer.

Ronald Dale Cumpstone was in the trucking business but now lives on a farm south of Sylvan Lake with his wife, the former Gale Angevine, and their infant son, Bruce.

Ronald and Barrie Cyr.



Delbert Cyr.

Clarence Cyr Family

by Jessie Cyr

We, Jessie and Clarence Cyr and two sons, Ronald and Barrie, bought a small cottage on three lots on 2nd Street Boulevard in Sylvan Lake from Mr. McCrimmon, owned by Mr. Dingwall, in April 1939. We had lived in Calgary previous to that.

We lived in the cottage until November, when it became too cold to live there. My husband was in the Life Insurance business at that time and previously in the Red Deer area, with the Branch Office in Calgary.

Clarence's father and stepmother lived in Eckville and, as they were going to Oregon for the winter, we occupied their home for the winter, returning to our cottage in April.

By August of that year we decided to stay in Sylvan Lake. We moved the cottage to one side, dug a basement and cemented it in and also drilled a well which had good water 13 feet from the top from there on in. Then we moved the cottage back on. We hired Mr. Murdock as our contractor to rebuild the cottage and they tore off both ends and went from there, ending up with a six-roomed home and garage with a suite over the garage. We moved into one of Alex Robertson's cottages near the Balmoral Service Station till we could occupy our new home.

By 1941 my husband decided to start building a motel on one of the remaining lots. We built one building with three suites in it, namely, two two-bedroom ones and one one-bedroom suite. These had cold water taps, coal stoves and outside plumbing.

A year later, he added two more two-bedroom suites with hot and cold water and washrooms with showers and laundry facilities at the end of the building. This was the first modern motel in Sylvan Lake.

We catered to the tourist trade from May 24th until after Labour Day, then rented to winter tenants.

The following year we bought six lots down the street, the other side of Alex's other cottage.

By 1946 Clarence took time off from insurance and, together with carpenters, constructed six more suites that spring, ready for summer business. In these we installed plumbing and individual bathrooms. It really was a very thriving business and I usually had all the places booked by February for the summer months.

By this time we had another little son, Delbert Clarence. I had to run the motel alone, with my husband travelling five days a week, and had to employ a girl for the house, a full-time helper, Mrs. Olsen, for the motel cleaning and laundry, and two extra women on Saturdays and Sundays when we had a change over of tenants.

While we lived there those ten years, we were very busy in activities and clubs in the village.

We were members of the Presbyterian Church — I taught Sunday School, sang in the choir, occasionally played the organ, and belonged to the Ladies' Aid, holding several offices in that group. I was also a member of the W.I., having been a member for 16 years in other parts of Alberta, and am still a member here in B.C. I was an early member of the I.O.D.E. and also of the first P.T.A. formed there, holding offices in all these groups.

We played golf on the weekends and I belonged to the Thursday ladies' group. I also belonged to a two-table bridge group that Mrs. Falkner was in.

After World War II broke out, we helped get the Red Cross organized, of which Mrs. Carscallen was the first president. Many of we young mothers with babies and small children, found it hard to spend time at the Red Cross Unit to do work. The need was great at the time for layettes and things for small children. I asked about 20 young girls, married and single, to the house one night to a bridge party and we formed a night club which was later called "The Knitterbugs", a name chosen from many submitted, this one being from Miss W. Winning, one of the teachers, now Mrs. Charles Douglas of Calgary. Later, after the war was over, the club carried on as a social club.

When Mr. Carscallen passed away suddenly, my husband helped Mrs. Carscallen in her insurance and rental business, as we were very good friends. He later sold the business for her to Jack Innes of Edmonton. I was Muriel Innes' first caller and we have been good friends ever since.

I was born in Okotoks, Alberta and Clarence in Missoula, Montana. His early life was spent on ranches with his father in the Rosebud-Drumheller area. At age 24 he went into the Life Insurance business from Calgary and travelled the province for 39 years with Canada Life, Dominion Life and was manager in Calgary with Excelsior Life. I was raised on a farm at Champion and music was my main hobby, having taught music and had an orchestra of my own. I spent two years in Calgary at 19 years of age furthering my music education. It was there I met Clarence and married him in 1930.

We sold our motel, Sylvan Court, in the spring of 1949 to a family from Lougheed with two teenage daughters. The mother, being very religous, objected to the Sunday change-over and the young men running around in bathing suits and wanted out of the business. So we took it back and resold it to Otto and Ruth Tettolowski. We also owned two summer cottages on 9th Street. We moved down there for the rest of the summer, returning to Calgary in late August, having purchased a home there.

Five years later we sold our home and moved to Vancouver Island where we bought another motel at Sooke on the waterfront, close to Victoria. After operating it for 22 years, we sold it and travelled around in a trailer for some time, finally settling here in White Rock. We spend our winters in California and Arizona and our summers here.

Ronald, our eldest son, and wife and family live here, working in Vancouver. He has four children, two boys and two girls, and three grandchildren.

Barrie, our second son, lives in Calgary and is General Manager of McDonald Appliances. He played with the Calgary Stampeders for four years. He has a son and two daughters.

Delbert lives in Quesnel, B.C. having taught school there for 20 years. He teaches special classes.

Percy Dare Family

Percy Dare was born on November 2, 1901, in London, England. He joined the British Army and served in Rajputana, India for seven years. After his discharge he went back to England for a short stay before sailing for Canada to join his brothers at Millet, Alberta. Later he went to work as a farm labourer in the district.

In 1936 he ventured to Edmonton and was lucky in getting a job with the Douglas Printing Company but was later laid off because he had not joined the

union. That was when he met Rosie. They were married on September 26, 1936. Percy then went to work on road construction until the freeze-up. They made their home in Edmonton at this time.

Rosie was born in Whitford, Alberta. Her parents had come from Bokovena, Austria in 1899. Over three hundred people from that Austrian village came on the same ship and all settled east of Edmonton.

Percy had joined the army militia and trained men before World War II. He was in charge of the Color Party for the visit to Edmonton of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on June 2, 1939.

A year later, after war broke out, Percy enlisted in the Army and was stationed in Red Deer as an instructor until the end of the war.

After Percy's discharge, he went to work for Cec Hewson in Red Deer as drayman hauling coal.

In 1946, Percy and Rosie went on a Veteran's farm at Hespero, Alberta. After crop failure because of hail, dry weather and bad luck, Percy sold his farm and moved to Penhold where he worked as a steam engineer at the Air Force Base until his retirement 15 years later. Percy and Rosie moved to Sylvan Lake in 1956 with their four children.

During the 26 years he lived in Sylvan Lake, Percy served on the Town Council for a term, as well as being president of the Friendship Club which he had helped to organize and raise money for, by running bingos. He was also a member of the Royal Canadian Legion and served as their secretary although in poor health at the time. As well, he was secretary of the Anglican Church and in charge of building the altar in St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Church. He was a member of Pensioners Concerned in Red Deer and held an office in that organization. As president of the Homecraft Club, he helped to raise money with bingos which was donated to the Eckville Hospital and doctors' offices. Rosie was also a member of these clubs as well as the Women's Institute.

Percy and Rosie enjoyed travelling with their trailer and camping. After a short illness Percy passed away on January 29, 1980 and was laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Percy and Rosie had six children. Phyllis, born October 23, 1937, joined the Air Force and was stationed mostly in Ontario. Later she married Don Davis and they live in Kingston, Ontario. They have three daughters: Debbie, Cheryl and Candace.

Percy and Rosie Dare with grandchild.

Rosie Dare with children: Phyllis, George, Laverne, Larry and John.

George Dare and brother-in-law.

George was born June 4, 1939 and still lives in Sylvan Lake in his parents' home. He has been a volunteer fireman for some time. He worked for the town in 1964, then at Bill Vincent's Garage. He now works for Scope Automotive in Red Deer.

Allan was born August 4, 1943 and died while the family was on the farm at Hespero.

Twins Laverne and Larry were born on January 19, 1949. Larry lost his life June 4, 1971, as a result of a car accident. He had been working in the oil fields after taking his schooling in Sylvan Lake and completing grade twelve.

Laverne also took her schooling in Sylvan Lake and completed grade twelve before working in Calgary. She married Norman Pruett there and they have one daughter, Kimberly.

John was born September 25, 1954 and attended school in Sylvan Lake. In 1964 he lost his life when hit by a hit-and-run driver while riding his bicycle on Railroad Avenue.

Rosie moved to Calgary after Percy's death and now makes her home in Calgary at a Senior Citizens' Home in Forest Lawn. Many fond memories of Sylvan Lake linger, never to be forgotten and always appreciated.

Sam Davidson and Family

by Molly (Davidson) Stone

Sam, Molly and children, Charlotte and John, moved to Sylvan Lake in October, 1959 and lived on 47 Avenue. Sam, a teacher for 42 years, was a native of Lacombe, Alberta. He attended Camrose Normal School and started his career as country school teacher at Central School just east of Lacombe.

Sam Davidson.

In 1941, Sam and Molly Gauld were married and lived at Eureka Valley School just southwest of Joffre for nearly ten years. The next move was to Poplar Ridge School, west of Red Deer, where we lived until

Molly Davidson, son John standing at left and daughter Charlotte seated at right and their families.

the school was closed and pupils were bussed to River Glen. Sam was transferred to Sylvan Lake and taught there until his retirement in 1969.

Charlotte and John attended River Glen School and Lindsay Thurber Composite High School, although John took two or three years at Sylvan Lake. Charlotte attended University in Edmonton and obtained her B.Sc. and Med. Lab. Technologist degree. She worked in hospitals in Prince George, B.C., Edmonton and Calgary until her marriage to Glen Murray. They make their home in Calgary and have two daughters, Michelle and Barbara. Glen is in construction and Charlotte is an instructor at S.A.I.T.

John took a Petroleum Engineering course at S.A.I.T. and has worked for Dowell of Canada. He married Mary Cody of Red Deer and they have two girls, Lisa and Lori. They lived in Sylvan Lake for a few years then moved on to Calgary. They now live in Grande Prairie where John still works for the Oil Well Service business.

I worked for several years in the Dry Goods Department of Cobb's Store and enjoyed the experience. Working in the Sunday School and Evening Guild or other projects of Memorial Presbyterian Church was a satisfying contribution to the church work. Charlotte and John took part in Young People's Church activities and enjoyed curling and hockey.

Sam's health was failing and he died in March, 1977 in the Eckville Hospital. I was able to share my home every summer and most holidays with Charlotte and John and their families these past few years.

In December 1981, I married John Stone of Alix, Alberta where I now make my home beside Alix Lake.

The Harlan Densmore Family
by Arthur Densmore

When we moved to the village of Sylvan Lake in 1934, my father taught a small class of grade twelve students. We had come from Penhold where he had been principal of the high school. My grandfather, Robert Niblock, had lived with us there and I remember his having passd away while living at our place. My mother, Eliza Niblock, had been raised in the Hill End District east of Penhold in a family which had been part of a group of settlers which had originally settled the general Innisfail district about 1885. My father, Harlan Densmore, had come to that district as a teacher after the First World War. He was descended from a very old Nova Scotian family who had settled in the Noel Shore area of Nova Scotia, following the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755.

When we arrived in Sylvan Lake in 1934 we lived in a white house next door to the Jamiesons who lived in a large house which I believe is still standing. I was eight years old and remember Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson and girls being very kind to us. I believe Edith Jamieson was in "Daddy" Densmore's class which was held in a makeshift classroom in the front of the house, which I think had also been part porch. I think the former Sylvan Lake realtor, D. McCutcheon, and the Ponoka optometrist and M.L.A., Don McCrimmon, were also in that class. (I cannot find the list of the remaining members of that class which Mr. McCutcheon had very kindly given me about four years ago.)

My brother Bob and I, along with other kids, had a great time that winter with bobsledding down the hill. The Sylvan Lake hill was a sleigh rider's paradise! Our bobsled consisted of a 2×8 or 2×10 with a fixed sled at the rear end and a bolted steerable sled at the front. The person in front got to lie on his tummy and steer; the remainder sat upright in succession behind with legs folded around the person immediately in front; the last person at the rear having the job of getting the sleigh moving. We would start up somewhere near where the Co-Op Bulk Station was formerly located and try for as much speed as possible in order to make it over the C.N. railroad tracks. At that time the hill seemed a lot longer and steeper than it does now and I think we did manage to make it over these tracks. Occasionally a farmer would come into town in a sleigh behind horses and this was about the only interruption of this bobsledding fun.

I believe there were two Keith boys near our age; Mr. Keith ran the hardware and I think we played with the Keith boys. Also, I remember two Ramsey boys from out in the country east of Sylvan Lake.

There are three other major events which I associate with living in Sylvan Lake.

One was the Saturday night bath. Mom had a galvanized tub which sat in the kitchen and as boys, Bob and I bathed (or were bathed) in water which was poured from a kettle on the stove. The water must have come from a well in the backyard.

Another major event was Bob and I uncovering the identity of Santa Claus. "Daddy" Densmore had driven to Red Deer Christmas Eve and Mom was busy at the tree downstairs. Upstairs Bob and I peeked down through the heat register and saw Mom at the tree putting items on it and under it. This raised questions. Bob was only six, a bit young for this disillusionment!

The third memorable event was seeing our first movie. This was "Wagon Wheels" which was shown at the theatre on Main Street and was torn down only in the last few years. I distinctly remember the cowboy actor standing beside the wheel of a covered wagon singing the title song. In more recent years we have attended the old movie at that theatre with our own boys and their friends and have always enjoyed the atmosphere which was set by the earlier "cowboy" show era and today we miss the presence of the theatre in the town.

My father was taken ill with appendicitis in March of 1935 and taken to the Red Deer Hospital where he died from peritonitis. This was only about six years before antibiotics. We then moved into Red Deer where Mom was nearer to relatives and where she worked at practical nursing until she remarried in 1941.

During the years 1935-41 while my mother was widowed and before she remarried, we had a continuing connection with Sylvan Lake through Camp Woods on the south shore. Bob and I as cubs, and then as scouts, attended summer camps there each year. The cub camp was conducted by Mr. Callander with the help of parents and older boys and was held in tents on the grounds several hundred yards west of the present Camp Woods Scout building. At that time there was an old building there which we used as a cookhouse.

Each tent held six boys, our establishment being made up of "sixes". In the mornings we were lined up in columns of "sixes" for exercises done to military band music played on an old gramophone. Raising the flag was a ceremony conducted with the "pack" in a circle around the flagpole. There were prayers including the Lord's Prayer and reference to the Royal Family and the Empire. Our Flag then was the Union Jack and as cubs we learned its history and composition.

At both the cub and scout camps, the program consisted of games, swimming, and outdoor lore. In the evenings we had a large campfire with a sing-

song, many of the songs being of the Civil War era: "Johnny Comes Marching Home", "Swanee River", "Old Folks at Home", and so forth.

The cubs and scouts were a great training ground and a substantial help to my widowed mother.

A major event at the cub camp one year was our rescue by the "Norell". The wet weather had made the dirt road into the camp impassable for cars and trucks near the end of our camp period, so the worried parents in Red Deer had organized a rescue with the "Norell". At our age, this was a huge adventure being taken out in stormy weather to the village in such a large craft. The "Norell" had been used for taking sight-seeing trips around the lake for paying passengers and was absolutely the largest boat we had ever seen. I think the biggest part of the exercise was getting out to this "big ship" from shore at the camp since there was no dock in deep enough water. The old row boat was used to get us out, a few at a time, to the "Norell".

It was this same old row boat which was used each evening by the scouts in camp to fetch the daily milk supply from the farm further west along the lake.

Robert Dickie Family

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dickie and their two daughters, Myrna and Lynda, came from Saskatchewan to Alberta in 1953. They lived on an acreage west of Bentley for several years, where the girls went to school in Bentley on the bus. In 1959, Myrna was married to Dennis Vig and the next year the family moved to Sylvan Lake.

The first rural mail route out of Sylvan Lake was started the next spring and Robert Dickie was the first driver on it. He delivered the mail for six years until his health failed. He was well-known for being so punctual.

Lynda went to school in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. She was married in 1965 to Robert Cardinal of Red Deer. They have two children and live in Sherwood Park.

Robert Dickie and granddaughter.

Myrna also has two children. Her daughter Sherry is married to Everett Haarstad and her son works for a gas company.

Robert Dickie passed away in 1975 at 86 years of age. Mrs. Dickie resides in the Sylvan Lake Lodge and has been a faithful member of the Ladies' Aid of the Memorial Presbyterian Church. Many beautiful quilts were hand-quilted under her supervision, the money realized being turned over to the Ladies' Aid.

The Dickies also had a son, Clifford, who came to Sylvan Lake to live. He was well known in the town for his carpentry work and for his ownership of a four-plex on East Crescent. Clifford passed away January 1, 1983, after a short illness.

James Dingwall Family

by Alex Dingwall and Lillian Duffield

James Alexander Dingwall and Catherine Ann McCrimmon were married in 1908 in Glengarry County, Ontario. They had two children, a son, Alexander born March 27, 1909 and a daughter, Helen born April 24, 1911.

The family moved West to Red Deer in 1913. Mr. Dingwall worked for Great West Lumber Co., which firm operated a saw mill on the Red Deer River.

On April 17, 1917, the family moved to Sylvan Lake where they operated the first Dingwall Boarding House. Mr. Joe Rosse had a store in the front part of the building. This building was destroyed by fire on January 21, 1921, when a gasoline lamp exploded. It was rebuilt in 1921 and this building still stands. At present, the P & F Off Shore Grocery occupies part of the premises.

The Dingwalls catered to C.N.R. freight train crews hauling coal from Nordegg mines. There were 14 to 16 trains a day at that time. Many boarders enjoyed the sumptuous meals served by the Dingwalls. Some of these were: Dr. E. K. Wright, who organized the first Sunday School in Sylvan Lake; school teachers, Miss Spicer, Miss Baker, Miss Buzzard, Mr. Les Matheson and others. Also, the late Jack Penley, who operated Varsity Dance Hall for many years, and members of his orchestra boarded at the Dingwalls'. Many free meals were handed out to those in need during the depression years. Mr. Dingwall's beautiful big garden helped supply food for the table.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dingwall were faithful church workers. Mr. Dingwall looked after the heating of the church and the hall for many years. When the basement flooded and caved in, Mr. Dingwall built the new foundation. Mrs. Dingwall was a member of the

Ladies' Aid and worked hard for the turkey suppers sponsored by that group. She was on the committee in the early days that acquired the church bell and this bell still hangs in the new church belfry. Mrs. Dingwall was also responsible for obtaining a building, donated to her by Mr. Z. Mederis, which was moved in beside the church to be used as a Sunday School Hall for many years. Ladies' Aid meetings, teas, and turkey suppers were held in this hall as well as many other functions.

Mrs. Dingwall was also a faithful member and worker for the Women's Institute and served as president for a number of years.

The Dingwalls' son, Alexander (Alex) Edgar Dingwall, married Evaline Mina Byers of Sylvan Lake on August 31, 1940. He served five years with the Canadian Forces in the Second World War and saw service in England and in Italy. On his return in 1945, he and wife Eve made their home in Red Deer where he was employed for 30 years at Red Deer Motors. They obtained a home through the V.L.A. at 3511-44 Avenue in 1949 and still reside there. Alex and Eve have two daughters.

Susan Catherine, born April 15, 1948, married Syd Nichols of the Willowdale District and they now farm four miles east of Rocky Mountain House. They have two daughters, Janet and Laurie.

Mary Louise was born August 28, 1949. She married Gordon Dolling (son of a former Sylvan Lake councillor) and they live in Fort McMurray. They have two sons, Jimmy and Darin.

The Dingwalls' daughter, Helen Barbara Dingwall, married Robert Thompson of Calgary on September 12, 1945. They moved to Vancouver, Washington, where Helen still resides. Robert passed away in January, 1982. They have one daughter Shirley Ann, who is married and has two sons. They live 20 miles from Helen.

Alex and Ev Dingwall's 25th wedding anniversary, with Ev's sister, Lil Duffield and her husband Cliff.

Helen Dingwall.

Mr. and Mrs. McCrimmon and Mr. and Mrs. Dingwall.

Another early Sylvan Lake family was Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McCrimmon, who were doubly related to the Dingwalls. Mrs. McCrimmon was Mr. Jim Dingwall's sister and Mr. F. D. McCrimmon was Mrs. Jim Dingwall's brother.

They also had a sister, Mrs. Mary Bell (McCrimmon) Falkner, who resided in Sylvan Lake for many years.

Mr. Jim Dingwall passed away on July 27, 1954 at the Red Deer Hospital. Mrs. Dingwall passed away in the Rimbey Nursing Home on February 18, 1960. They are both buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Dodds, Robert and Emily

by Mickey Dodds

Robert and Emily Dodds and their two children, Orton and Margaret, first visited Sylvan Lake in

1921. They liked what they saw and spent the next 12 summers there. In 1933, they moved from Vulcan and built a permanent home at the Lake just east and a little north of the creamery.

Mrs. Dodds was active in the I.O.D.E. for many years and also, for a time, led the choir of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Dodds was an elder of that church. Being an Anglican, Emily was helpful in getting an Anglican Church established and she became an active member in that congregation. After the children were married, they sold their first house and built a small home on Main Street just south of the C.N.R. tracks on 47 A Avenue. Robert passed away in June of 1957, and Emily died May 4, 1972.

After his school years, Orton owned and operated a meat market until he joined the Air Force in 1941. He is married to Margaret (Micky) Turpie of Edmonton. After the war years, the family moved to Banff where Orton worked as a meat cutter. In 1957, they moved to Ponoka where he purchased a meat market. In 1961, he entered the Life Insurance business and has just recently retired. Orton and Mickey have three daughters. Kathleen is married to Grant Magwood of Fergus, Ontario. They have two children and live in St. Albert. Joanne married Brian Walker and they have three children and live on a farm west of Wetaskiwin. Wendy, the youngest, is married to John Crandall and they have two children, and also farm west of Wetaskiwin.

Margaret married John Martin of Leslieville and they lived at Sylvan Lake where John worked for Ken Wilkinson. He joined the army in 1940. After the war, they were in Benalto for some time where John worked as a grain buyer. Later, they moved to Sylvan Lake where John took over an elevator there. They now live in New Westminster, B.C. They have two daughters. Marlene married Lloyd McLeod who is in the R.C.M.P. and they now live in Ottawa. They have two daughters. Shirley married Douglas Kinnear of Richmond, B.C. and they have one son. Both Marlene and Shirley attended Sylvan Lake Schools, grade one through twelve, where they were well known for their leadership and artistic abilities.

Robert Dodds Family
by Marg (Dodds) Martin

My mother, Emily Dodds (nee Orton), came out from Leicester, England in the early 1900's to Vulcan, Alberta where her aunt lived. Later, she met and married my dad, Robert Dodds, who was the agent for Massey Harris and Cockshutt Machinery. He also owned a livery barn.

My brother Orton and I were born in Vulcan. When I was a year and a half old, our mom and dad decided we should go to Sylvan Lake for a summer holiday. Our parents liked it so well that they decided to buy a cottage. After that, we went to Sylvan Lake every summer until my dad sold his business and we decided to live in Sylvan Lake. Our cottage had been sold to the Speedie family so my dad built a home for us. The parents of our son-in-law, Lloyd McLeod, live in the house now.

My brother and I took most of our schooling at Sylvan Lake. I belonged to C.G.I.T., Brownies, Girl Guides and Orton was in Cubs, Scouts and Rangers. Mother belonged to the Rebeccas and Eastern Star and my dad to the I.O.O.F. and Masons. Mom was a regent of the I.O.D.E. in Sylvan Lake and they took part in raising money toward the purchase of a bomber airplane by sponsoring a dance. It was after selling a ticket to Johnny Martin, with the encouragement of Ken Wilkinson, that we began our courtship. My mom and dad were ardent curlers so Orton and I were also. We really enjoyed the game and the many bonspiels in which we took part. Mother, though always an Anglican, attended the Presbyterian Church with my dad since there was no Anglican Church in Sylvan Lake at that time. My mother started and led the junior and senior choirs and served on the Church Board and dad was an Elder. We had lots of fun in those days. I even sang, believe it or not, and we worked hard in the choir. Mother was a good leader but also had a good sense of humor so it was not all work and no play.

We had a butcher shop in Sylvan Lake for several years. Orton and I helped out in the shop. In those days, you started from scratch, cut the meat off the bones by hand for hamburger and sausages. It was work but we had a very good business and enjoyed it. We supplied meat to all the camps around the lake and also to the restaurants in town, which really kept us busy. As Johnny and I became better acquainted, we even had him helping us.

Johnny and I were married in 1941. After he came home from overseas, he bought grain for Alberta Pacific Grain Co. in Benalto. Then he was transferred to Sylvan Lake and the name was changed to Federal Grain.

We have two daughters: Marlene is married to Lloyd McLeod and they have two girls, Dayna and Terri; Shirley is married to Doug Kinnear and they have one boy, Tommy.

My brother Orton was also married in 1941 to Mickey Turpie. They have three married daughters, Kathleen, Jo Anne and Wendy.

Johnny and I have lived in British Columbia for 10 years and, at present, reside in New Westminster. We live about a block away from the people we lived with 41 years ago when Johnny was stationed here during the war. We see them quite often, in fact,

Johnny mows their grass. Of all the places we lived in B.C., during the war, New Westminster is our choice. We have a wonderful location and the climate is great.

Joseph M. Donlevy and Family
by Rita Henderson

Joseph Michael Donlevy was born at Queon, Quebec in 1878, the youngest of seven children. Cecilia Charlotte O'Connor (later to be his wife) was born at Rockcliffe, Ontario in 1877, also one of seven children. Both of their parents had come to Canada because of the potato famine in Ireland. They both went to school in their respective areas, across the Ottawa River from each other. Later on, they met, kept company and became engaged.

Before getting married Joe came west to establish himself. His mother and brother Will (Don) and sister were already living in Stavely, Alberta. Joe worked in Allan's General Store in Stavely and helped on the Volunteer Fire Brigade.

In 1911, Joe sent for Cecilia and they were married in Calgary, June 29, 1911. They went to live at Camrose where Joe drove a dray. Then, out of work, they moved to Red Deer where they lived for a short time. Then Joe got work with the Canadian Northern Railway and they moved to Leslieville. They lived in the railway station and this is where their daughter, Mary Rita, was born July 11, 1913. As an infant, Rita developed pneumonia and, after the doctor said he could do no more, Joe asked him if he could try a little coal oil. After dripping a little on the back of her throat, it cleared the phlegm and saved her life.

In 1915 Joe continued to work for the railway, only now it was the Canadian National. He was transferred to Joffre. There Joe's job was to pump water to supply the train engines on the line between Mirror and Nordegg.

Rita started school in 1920, at James Valley, one and a half miles north of Joffre. Realizing that Rita would not be able to walk that distance in winter, they started her at St. Joseph's Convent in Red Deer.

In the earlier 1920's, they bought a beautiful Mason and Risch piano. Cecilia spent many hours playing the piano. She was deeply religious, an excellent cook, loved company and spent many evenings crocheting and knitting for gifts. They had many friends. Joe was a generous man, well-liked and a friend to all.

Rita can still remember an incident, which happened when she was quite young. One very cold day, a patient from Ponoka Mental Hospital somehow got to the General Store at Joffre. Someone phoned the Lacombe police and they sent a policeman to take the escapee back by team and cutter. The policeman was warmly dressed in buffalo coat and lots of blankets. When they were ready to leave, Joe noticed the man had no mitts. Rita can still see her dad taking off his own new warm mitts and giving them to the man to keep his hands warm.

Joe and Cecelia Donlevy.

By 1927, Joe had to pump water at Burbank, also, and had to spend more time at Burbank than at Joffre. They moved to Burbank to live in 1929. The engine, in the pumphouse on the bank of the Blindman River, pumped the water up a big hill to a big red water tank alongside the railway tracks. There was a dam and fish ladder on the river, right near the pumphouse. The river was fairly deep just below the dam, and this spot became a swimming hole for many around. It was also a spot where Joe loved to fish, while keeping an ear open to the pumping engine. He would come proudly up the hill with his catch, but never would eat any fish. The Donlevys got their drinking water from a spring half-way down the hill.

Working for the Canadian National Railways, Joe got passes once a year for long trips. Joe did not like travelling, but Cecilia and Rita would go for a nice trip to visit relatives in Ontario and friends in Vancouver.

In 1930, Joe had to pump water at Horburg and Harlech, also. He even pumped water at Sylvan Lake for a short period, along with other places.

In 1931, after attending the Convent for ten years, Rita graduated after completing grade 12 and then attended Camrose Normal School in 1931-32. There she met her future husband, R.F. (Jimmie) Henderson. They were married August 20, 1936 and went to live at Mirror.

Joe and Cecilia lived at Burbank until 1943. As Joe was about to retire, they bought a house at Sylvan Lake from Mr. and Mrs. Woolatt. However, it was the war years and the Canadian National asked Joe to

continue working. It was a difficult schedule, having four places to pump at and having to do it all by train and also to try to get home to Sylvan Lake. Cecilia loved their little home and planned on having lots of company. However, she had a serious operation in July, 1944 and then, in April 1945, had a bad stroke. She came home from the hospital and her daughter Rita cared for her for six months, as Joe was still working. Then Cecilia's brother and sister-in-law cared for her for another six months. By that time, Joe had retired and devoted the next four and a half years caring for Cecilia, which he did so well and so cheerfully.

Jim and Rita Henderson and Rita's father.

Rita and her husband taught at Victoria Composite High School. Their daughter, Donna Cecilia, was born January 19, 1949. Cecilia was never able to enjoy her little granddaughter. She passed away suddenly on December 19, 1949.

In the spring of 1950, Joe went to work at the Haven Hotel in Blackfalds, until it was sold. After that, Joe spent the summers in his home at Sylvan Lake and his family spent much time there with him. Joe spent the winters in Edmonton with his daughter and family. He was very proud of his little granddaughter. Joe kept quite well until 1957. After a short illness in the fall, Joe died in November, 1957 in an Edmonton hospital. Both Cecilia and Joe are buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Jimmie and Rita kept the house at Sylvan Lake and spent summer holidays there with their daughter Donna. Donna grew up loving Sylvan Lake and she, too, enjoyed holidays there, where she was able to go swimming and to attend movies. She made some lasting friends.

The years went by. Donna was married in 1970 to Robert Jones of Vulcan. They went to live at Lethbridge and their son Michael was born in 1975. Now Michael loves to come to Sylvan Lake and spend time with his grandma in the little home there.

Rita's husband, Jimmie passed away in November, 1978. Rita still has her home at Sylvan Lake and tries to impart to her grandson, Michael, a little of the love and kindness to others, taught to her by her parents, Cecilia and Joe Donlevy.

William Charles Donlevy
by Wm. J. Donlevy

William Charles Donlevy, known to his family and friends in Western Canada as "Don", was born August 29, 1876 in the village of Queon, province of Quebec, on the east side of the Ottawa River. While still in his youth, the family moved to the Ontario side of the valley, settling in Stonecliffe, Renfrew, and later in Arnprior.

Completing his education in Renfrew, he studied and became proficient in the craft of Morse telegraphy which permitted acceptance as a telegrapher with the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1896. Thus commenced a lifetime career in the railroad industry.

Opportunities for advancement in Central Canada appeared extremely remote at this time. Application was made, and accepted, for a transfer to what was still in 1898, the North West Territories. He was assigned to the C.P.R. Passenger Department in Calgary that year, later at Banff through 1903. Joining the C.P.R. Telegraphers' "spare board" in 1904, he worked in that capacity at various locations until assigned to the agency at Stavely, Alberta in 1905.

In December of that year, Don returned to the Ottawa Valley to be married, January 9, 1906, with Miss Teresa Agnew, a young school teacher in the village of Douglas, Ontario. Returning immediately to Stavely, William Charles and Teresa Donlevy made their home in various locations in the province of Alberta the remainder of their lives.

They were parents of seven children, the writer being the eldest son. As the father of the family pursued his railway career, frequent transfers were made. Consequently, their children were born in various communities including Stavely, Carstairs, Red Deer, Calgary and Drumheller. The mother of our family, Teresa (Agnew) Donlevy, in ill health for

Wm. Charles Donlevy.

Agatha Donlevy.

some years, passed away in Calgary in September, 1929.

Don terminated service with the C.P.R. while stationed at Red Deer in 1916. In April of that year, he joined the Canadian Northern Railway (later Canadian National) which at that time was rapidly expanding throughout the West. He remained with that company through to mandatory retirement in 1940.

While on assignment with the C.N.R. in Mirror, Alberta, he met Agatha Bromley and they were married in 1939. Following his retirement, they made their home in Mirror for two years then property was purchased on 49th Street, Sylvan Lake and the decision taken to make it their permanent home. Here, they took part in community affairs and made many friends. Don's brother, Michael Joseph (Joe) and his wife Cecilia were also residents of the community, having purchased a home on 50th Street.

Retirement from the railroad industry in 1940 was of short duration. In August 1942, the writer was on special assignment with the Northern Alberta Railways Co. at Dawson Creek, B.C., the southern terminus of the Alaska Highway, then under construction by the United States Army. Don answered an urgent appeal for assistance, the terminal being hopelessly understaffed due to wartime conditions and huge traffic congestion. He joined the company through to May, 1944. His years of experience in the industry proved invaluable in bringing the traffic problem to a successful conclusion.

Some years prior to taking up residence in Sylvan Lake, Don had experienced a gradual deteriorization of his eyesight. According to various specialists in the field, it was caused as a result of a serious sunstroke suffered during performance of his duties as Trainmaster with the Canadian National Railways in the Drumheller Valley in 1920. At one stage, visual acuity was lost entirely, then partially rectified through surgery in 1960. He joined the C.N.I.B., who provided their "talking books" and, in spite of objections, carried a white cane. This followed a near serious accident at Sylvan Lake. With limited partial sight restored he could, for the first time, recognize his grandchildren visually which, to that time, was only by voice.

The handicap of impaired sight did not prevent Don and Agatha from taking part in Sylvan Lake community affairs. They were members of the Roman Catholic parish, Our Lady of the Assumption, and, upon their arrival in the town, the church was in immediate need of extensive repairs. As he had done in many other communities through the years, funds were solicited for the purpose from anyone willing to listen, including many residents not of his religious persuasion. With a committee of interested parishioners, the Archbishop in Edmonton was persuaded to provide the church with its first resident priest.

The father of our family was born with a rare ability, none other in the experience of the writer. Many who knew him well were unaware of this exceptional gift as he was exceedingly reluctant to discuss it with anyone. He possessed a computer-like mathematical mind, enabling him to solve complicated mathematical formulae presented either by sight or voice, without benefit of written or mechanical assistance. He was unable to explain how it was done, saying, "I simply 'see' the correct figures." Of his seven children and many grandchildren, not one has inherited the remarkable gift.

Agatha Donlevy was in ill health during the late 1950's and passed away in hospital in Red Deer, April 1960. Interment followed in her native Halifax, Nova Scotia. Don lived alone in Sylvan Lake until October, 1963 when serious illness confined him to hospital. Recovering, he returned to the Lake at which time he was fortunate in obtaining the services of a long-time resident, Mrs. Bertha Doeg, as housekeeper. The family is deeply indebted to this fine lady for the care extended our father in his declining years.

The insidious cancer that was to end his life became increasingly evident in 1964. Under the care of his close personal friend, Dr. Leonard Patterson, he entered the Dr. Richard Parsons Auxiliary Hospital in Red Deer in July of that year. During the months that followed, the suffering increased but, at no time, did he lose consciousness nor his amazing mathematical mind. He passed away April 6, 1965 at age 89 years with interment in St. Mary's Cemetery, Calgary.

The passing of William Charles Donlevy brought an end to an era in the history of our family.

Walter Dorin Family

by Lynne Lawrence

Walter Dorin was born in 1916 and was raised at Holden, Alberta. He attended the Vermilion School

of Agriculture and served in the R.C.A.F. during World War II. While overseas, he met and married Anne Dunlop, born in 1926 in Glasgow, Scotland. They had two children: a son Barry, born in York, 1946 and a daughter Lynne, born in Daysland, Alberta in 1948.

Walter and Anne owned and operated the Holden Meat Market and Lockers and, in 1955, moved to Bentley, where they bought the Bentley Hotel. From Bentley they came to Sylvan Lake in 1960, where Walter operated a gravel truck and later worked for Bannister Construction. Their children attended the Sylvan Lake School. Anne passed away in June, 1967 and Walter in June, 1975.

Barry graduated from the University of Alberta with a petroleum engineering degree. He married Cathy Baugh of Stettler in 1969. They reside in Calgary with their two sons, Ryan ten and Curtis nine. Barry is an engineer with Gane Energy. Cathy teaches continuing education.

Lynne married Ray Lawrence of Sylvan Lake in 1969. They reside on an acreage at Benalto with their four children: Caron, twelve; Allen, ten; Stacey, seven; Jimmy, six. Ray is self-employed with an oilfield servicing business.

Driscoll Family

The summer cottage "Ramblers' Rest", 4531-50 Street, owned by the Driscoll family of Calgary has passed its 50th anniversary.

Frank Driscoll, a C.P.R. engineer, bought eleven lots from Angus McClean in 1928. When he married Emma Haslam in 1930 her father, a Calgary contractor, built the cottage as a wedding present.

The cottage in those days meant the bare necessities. At first they used coal-oil lamps and cooked and heated the cottage with a wood cook-stove. Water was pumped from the school well and carried across the street. Frank and Emma spent summer holidays and weekends enjoying the resort atmosphere of Sylvan.

By 1936 they had three sons, Raymond, Lloyd and Bob, who all have fond memories of those early days. They were often joined by Emma's parents, her great aunt, her brother and sister-in-law and their children. The cottage was always filled to capacity, if not by family, there was an open welcome to many friends.

It was Frank's dream to retire to Sylvan Lake but it was not to be as he passed away in 1943. Although the following years were hard, lean years for Emma, she managed to keep up the cottage. She let many of the extra lots go. As a social worker for the Children's Aid Department of Calgary she found the cottage a much deserved change and rest for her.

Improvements were slow, but as her sons grew up, more comforts were added. Gas replaced the wood stove, a fridge was a treat from buying the scarce and expensive ice. Water was piped in from the neighbor's well.

During the fifties her sons married and Emma's grandchildren enjoyed the same summer pleasures as her sons had. Coming to Sylvan Lake for swimming, boating and exploring was special but "Ramblers' Rest" meant a place for young and old a closeness of generations that joined into games, conversation or just relaxing. The yard accommodated tents for the over-flow of family members and their friends.

When Emma retired in 1967 she was able to spend a lot more time relaxing, bringing with her a friend or grandchild to keep her company. In 1975 she turned over the ownership of the cottage to her oldest son, Ray.

Now in the nineteen eighties the cottage hears the laughter of her great grandchildren. Six generations from her great aunt have come through its doors. Emma left us in 1979, sadly missed but cherished for the joy and caring she brought her loved ones and the legacy of "Ramblers' Rest".

Percy Duffield Family

Percy Duffield was born in Kidderminster, England, October 18, 1893 and immigrated to Canada in 1912. He settled in Toronto where he worked for Harris Abattoirs for some years.

Nellie Todd was born in Leeds, England on October 15, 1893. She came to Toronto, Ontario with her parents as a young woman.

Percy and Nellie were married in April, 1915 and together they ran a grocery store and meat market in Mount Dennis, a suburb of Toronto. A son, Clifford was born there in October, 1916.

In 1919, they moved to Birch Hills, Saskatche-

Percy and Nellie Duffield.

The Duffield children: Cliff, Jean, Irene and Betty.

wan, where daughter Jean was born in September of that year. In 1920, they moved to Calgary where again they operated a grocery and butcher shop on the corner of 14th Street and 12th Avenue S.W.

They came to Sylvan Lake in the fall of 1921 where they opened a butcher shop in the original building at 5008 Main Street. The family resided upstairs. Irene was born in July, 1922 and Betty in January, 1927.

In 1923 the shop was converted to a pool hall. In 1924, Mr. Duffield became an agent for Stone's Funeral Home of Red Deer. From the same office building, Percy operated an insurance and real estate business for many years. He registered births and deaths, sold marriage licenses and was a Justice of the Peace and, as such, even performed some marriage ceremonies. He held auction sales in the surrounding country and was called, "The Singing Auctioneer". George Daley was his clerk.

In 1925, Percy started his own funeral business and a furniture store. He sang at most funerals and, when a minister was not available, he conducted the complete funeral service.

Percy Duffield enjoyed the sport of boxing, starting first in England and then in Toronto and Montreal, when he came to Canada. In Alberta, he refereed boxing matches and soccer and was manager for boxer, Baden Whiteside.

Percy was also a great entertainer, organized minstrel shows and concerts. He sang on the first radio station in Red Deer. Percy had a trunk full of costumes so that when he sang, he would dress the part. Nellie accompanied him on the piano.

Mr. Duffield served on the school board, town council and was mayor for several years. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias, Elks' Club, Board of Trade, Curling Club and a member of the Sylvan Lake Vets.

Nellie was organist at Memorial Presbyterian Church for many years. She was a member of the Pythian Sisters, also a long-time member of the W.I. and the Ladies' Aid. The women spent hours doing fancy work for bazaars, baking for food booths, had plant sales in the spring, canvassed farmers around Sylvan Lake for chickens for the Ladies' Aid chicken suppers. Later, this became the turkey supper which is still held each year in the Presbyterian Church Hall.

Housework took longer in those days, with few modern conveniences and most women sewed for their families. Money was scarce and Nellie often wished that Percy had a job with a salary coming in each month. Sylvan Lake was small back then and everyone worked together to make the good times. Whatever they decided to do was done well and always successful. A real community spirit prevailed.

Nellie was a cheerful, friendly person. She died in January, 1940 after a lengthy illness.

In 1941, Percy married Ida Pass of Sylvan Lake

Percy and Ida Duffield with their son Mac.

and they have one son, Macgregor. Percy sold the funeral, ambulance and insurance business to his son, Clifford, in June 1947. He and his wife Ida had purchased the Innisfail Funeral Home and moved to that town, where he resided until his death in May, 1959. Ida, with the help of her son Mac, carried on the business for several years, then sold it. She still resides in Innisfail.

Clifford married Lillian Byers in December, 1939. They have three daughters, Marilyn, Donna and Joan. Cliff and Lil still live in Sylvan Lake but spend their winters in Florida.

Jean married Douglas McCutcheon in October, 1940. They have three sons, Jack, Joel and Jim.

Irene married Fred Cudney of Chatham, Ontario in December, 1941. They have a daughter, Linda, and a son, Fred. Fred Sr. was killed in a car accident when he was 49 years old. Irene still lives in Chatham.

Betty married Bruce Bisaillion of Toronto, Ontario. They have a daughter, Renee, and a son, Ted. At present, they live in Brampton, Ontario.

Macgregor married Susan Lees of Calgary. They have two daughters, Wendy and Kathy, and reside in Innisfail.

Clifford Duffield Family

Clifford (Cliff) Duffield was born in Toronto, Ontario, October 6, 1916. When he was three years old, the family moved to Birch Hills, Saskatchewan, then to Calgary in 1920. In 1921 they moved to Sylvan Lake arriving on Cliff's birthday so he remembers it well.

Their father, Percy Duffield, had come in April to start his butcher business and to locate a home for his family. Mrs. Duffield, Cliff and sister Jean travelled to Red Deer by train. Mrs. Duffield bought a birthday cake and ice cream to have a party in the park by the Canadian Pacific Railway station (now a parking lot). Mr. Duffield arrived in a Model T Ford to pick them up and said, "No time for a party, we want to get to Sylvan Lake before dark." They loaded everything up and journeyed over the little trail, through fields and mud holes covered with willow branches, arriving at Sylvan Lake about three and a half hours later. Out came the picnic supplies (minus the ice cream) and they had a good time with the first two friends they met, Edith and Walter Jamieson.

Cliff received his education in Sylvan Lake. Some of his teachers were: Miss Spicer, Mr. Evernden, Mr. Matheson, Mr. McCullough. Cliff's father would come to the school to get Cliff, age 13, to go on a funeral call with him. When he would return, none of the other pupils would sit beside him. Finally, the teacher put a desk off by itself for Cliff. Today, psychologists would say this would adversely affect a young person, but Cliff thought it a great joke.

School Fairs were of great interest to Cliff and Jean. For three or four years Cliff took first prize for his squaw corn, bran muffins and spice cake.

On December 26, 1939, Cliff married Lillian Byers, also of Sylvan Lake. Cliff worked in the funeral and ambulance business in Sylvan Lake, Rocky Mountain House and Rimbey from 1929 until he joined the army in 1940. No paved roads in those days and many trips were made in the mud to Nordegg. When the highway was being built between Sylvan and Rocky Mountain House, some farmers had a lucrative business pulling cars out of mud holes.

Cliff and Lil Duffield on 35th wedding anniversary.

Cliff served in the Armed Forces five years and two months, four of these overseas. On returning from overseas he worked for his father one and a half years, then bought the business June 1, 1947, at which time his dad bought the Innisfail Funeral Home and moved to that town.

Cliff built a new funeral home in 1955, which is now operated as the Johnson Funeral Home. He sold the funeral and ambulance business in August, 1961.

Cliff also operated the Real Estate and Insurance business which he bought from his father in 1947. The old office (built in 1912) was demolished and a new cement block building, housing real estate and insurance business, beauty parlor and barber shop, was constructed on the same Main Street property. He operated this business until September 1, 1971, when he sold the business and building to the present owner, Mr. Jim Elliot.

Cliff was very active in all community affairs: served on the School Board for several years, on the Memorial Presbyterian Church Board of Managers, was a member of the first Kinsmen Club, president of the Lions' Club, president of the Legion, president of the Curling Club and spear-headed the installation of artificial ice in the present rink. He was also treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce.

He enjoyed all sports, golf, curling and hockey. He was a member of the 1933-34 hockey team which won the Highway 11 trophy that year. Other members of that team were: Ken Wilkinson, Dave and Doug McCutcheon, John Kask, Ralph Nelson, Birge Toye, Max Conaty, Hal Gilday and Ches Jacobs. Cliff loved to dance; learned at the age of 17 when he took his mother to the dances, especially the barn dances at the Hagermans', Hedemarks' and Lofgrens'. Everyone thought she was his girl friend.

Cliff has enjoyed his retirement years with sports, cards and friends. He and his wife Lil spend the winter months in Florida. But Sylvan Lake is "home" and they are always most happy to return to their many friends and activities here.

Cliff and Lil Duffield and daughters, Joan, Marilyn and Donna.

The Duffields have three children. Marilyn, born June 1942, served as a deaconess for the Presbyterian Church and worked with the Canadian Indians. In 1966 she married Cecil White. They live in Sioux Narrows, Ontario and have four children, two boys and twin girls. Donna, born May 1946, has one son, Clifford Campbell. They live in Sylvan Lake. Joan, born May 1949, married Reg Jones of Orlando, Florida and they have two children, one boy and one girl. They reside in Fayetteville, Georgia.

The Charles Dunford, Warren Dunford and Brian Dunford Families

The Charles L. Dunford family came to Sylvan Lake in September, 1935 and started the *Sylvan Lake News*. They moved from Oyen, Alberta, where Mr. Dunford had operated the *Oyen News* since 1914, except for war service with the 50th Battalion in France during World War I from 1915 to 1918 and with the occupation forces in 1919.

Charles Dunford married the former Gladys Wilson of Sibbald, Alberta, April 17, 1920. They had two sons: Charles Warren and Hugh Brian. Both received their public schooling at Oyen and Sylvan Lake.

Mr. Dunford Sr. was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, England. He was trained as an architectural draftsman. He came to Canada in 1905 and worked in the civil engineering field in Montreal and St. John, Quebec and in London, Ontario, coming west to the prairies in 1913 to join a friend in the weekly newspaper business at Alsask, Saskatchewan. They planned to establish a string of newspapers as the railroad extended westward to Calgary, but others were also interested in this line of endeavor and the only other newspaper in the chain was the *Oyen News*. The partnership was dissolved following the war and each partner owned one business outright.

Charles Dunford was always an active participant in community affairs. At Oyen he was a member of the Masonic Lodge, a member of the village council, active in the Board of Trade, and a member of the Board of Stewards of the United Church. He drew the blueprints for the new church building which was erected about 1929.

During the years of World War II at Sylvan Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunford were involved in the Red Cross — Mr. Dunford as treasurer — and they were active in organizing and sending parcels to local young people serving with the armed forces. Mrs. Dunford was secretary for the I.O.D.E. for several years. They were members of Memorial Presbyterian Church. They were enthusiastic bridge players. Mr. Dunford's pseudonym was "Three no trump".

In checking over the early files of *The Sylvan Lake News* it was interesting to note some of the businesses that were operating at that time and had taken advertising space in the paper: Weston's Pharmacy, F. J. Bloom, Cobb's Community Store, Atlas Lumber Co. (D. F. McCutcheon, Mgr.), Sylvan Lake Hotel (W. J. and Thelma Graham), The Magnet Store (Frank and Joe Martin), Uptown Theatre (E. C. Watkiss), Atlas Lumber Co., Benalto (G. R. Ster-

ling), Alberta Wheat Pool Distributors Ltd. (Agents for Alberta Brewing Industry).

Mrs. Charles Dunford (Gladys) was born at Sioux City, Iowa, and came with her parents to homestead at Sibbald, Alberta in 1911. She received her teaching training at Camrose Normal School and taught at various country schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan. She was on the teaching staff at Coleman, Alberta during the influenza epidemic in 1918 and worked as a voluntary nurse during that trying time when the schools were closed. She was always interested in matters pertaining to education and served on the school board at Oyen. She was a great admirer of Nellie McClung. She was a very active member of the Sylvan Lake Art Club.

Upon completing his high school in 1941, Warren Dunford was unable to pass medical requirements for service with the armed forces. He worked during the war years at the C.P.R. shops at Ogden (Calgary) which were engaged in several varied war contracts. Following the war, he joined his father in partnership in the *Sylvan Lake News* which they operated from 1946 until Mr. Dunford Sr. passed away in March, 1964. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dunford operated the business until June of 1966 when it was sold to Monte Keith.

Warren Dunford and Kathleen Spurr were married September 3, 1952. Kathleen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spurr. She was born at Consort, Alberta, when her father was C.P.R. station agent at Loyalist. Her father passed away at Victoria, B.C., where he is buried. Mrs. Spurr resides at Stettler, Alberta.

In July of 1966 Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dunford moved to Stettler, where Warren is Town Manager. During their residence at Sylvan Lake, Warren served in various community organizations. He was a charter member of the Sylvan Lake Kinsmen Club, worked in the Service Club, was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the Board of Managers of Memorial Presbyterian Church, worked for the Community Centre with Frank Bloom, Harvey Jamieson, Peter Cameron and Neil Jarvin. He served on Town Council as Mayor from October, 1960 to June, 1966.

Kathleen (Kay) Dunford was organist at Memorial Presbyterian Church for many years and, during all her time at Sylvan Lake, taught a class of piano pupils.

Warren and Kay Dunford have three children: Kendall of Red Deer, Penny of Edmonton and Janice attending the University of Alberta in Edmonton. Kendall is married to Anne Reid. They have two children, Megan and Michael.

Warren has fond memories of high school days at Sylvan Lake and of Mr. Glen Paul, who was principal for several years until joining the R.C.A.F. in World War II. Mr. Paul was a dedicated youth leader, being Scoutmaster of the troop that met weekly in the W.I. Hall which was the repository of a fine collection of stuffed birds.

Mrs. Gladys Dunford died in 1969 and she is buried with her husband, Charles, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wilson, in Sylvan Lake cemetery.

Upon graduating from high school at Sylvan Lake, Brian Dunford attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton where he received his M. Sc. degree in 1952. He continued his university education at McGill University in Montreal where he received his Ph. D. in Chemistry. He is now a faculty member of the chemistry department of the University of Alberta.

Brian Dunford and Doreen Lingings were married September 10, 1952. They have four children: Laura, Hugh, Barbara, and Jennifer. Laura (Laurie) works as a lab technician, Hugh is a TV camerman, Barbara is training in computer technology and Jennifer is finishing her high school.

Nick Eliuk Family
by Mary Chilibeck

My parents, Nick Eliuk and Lena Homeniuk, were married on October 24th, 1926. Dad was born at Szypenitz, Alberta, on January 20th, 1908. He attended the Szypenitz School. Mom was born at Wassel, Alberta, on August 9, 1908 and she went to Gold Creek School.

They started their married life on the family farm at Szypenitz, but later purchased and operated a store and post office at Kaleland, Alberta. Times were hard at this time and the customers could not pay their credit notes, so, after a few years, dad decided to move to Two Hills where he operated a chop mill. Later still he tried his hand at blacksmithing in Innisfree, Alberta; however, his heart was still in farming so he returned to the family farm. By this time, there were four children: Mary, Bill, George and Walter. Victoria was born later when they were on the farm. We all attended the Szypenitz School.

In January, 1946, dad and his partner, Nick Rup-

Nick and Lena Eluik.

tash, decided to purchase 10 quarters of land from Eric Charlson, in the Pine Hill District. We moved to a house which was on the N.W. 8-37-1-W5 quarter and Nick Ruptash and family settled on the Eric Charlson home quarter.

Our belongings, including horses and cattle, were transported by train from Kaleland to Penhold. Alberta. It took two days. We had to stop to feed and water the livestock in Edmonton on the train. At Penhold, the belongings were loaded into horse-driven sleighs, while my brothers herded the cattle ten miles to our farm.

The partnership was dissolved after three years when the Ruptash family moved to Edmonton. Dad purchased the north half of 8-37-1-W5, S.W. 8-37-1-W5, and S.W. 16-37-1-W5 from the partnership and continued to farm.

I, Mary, the eldest child, married Anton Chilibeck on November 7th, 1947. We farmed in the Spring Creek district where our four children, Ronald, Patricia, Gerald and Daniel were born. In 1957 we took over the family farm until 1963 when we purchased a farm in the Evarts district, where we still reside.

Bill married Iris Thorlakson on July 18, 1951, and farmed in the Markerville area for a few years. In 1957, he purchased a business and moved to Eckville. They still reside in the Eckville area. They have four sons, Richard, Randy, Marvin, and Kevin and one daughter, Marcia.

George married Doris Sigurdson on July 6, 1953. They lived in Red Deer for awhile, then moved to Innisfail where he purchased a business. Later they moved to Creston, B.C., where they reside now. They have a daughter, Susan, and a son, Sheldon.

Walter married Audrey Roen at Piapot, Saskatchewan, on July 6, 1956. They lived on the 76 Ranch at Piapot for a few years and in October, 1963, they moved to the family farm. The farm was later sold to the Sticklands. Walter bought an acreage from the farm and resides on it. They have two sons, Lance and Grant.

Victoria married Don Anderson on May 18, 1957 at Breton, Alberta. They later moved to Tete Jaune Cache, B.C. They have three sons, Bradley, Barry, and Brian and a daughter, Beverly. Victoria now lives in Red Deer.

Dad and mom retired to the town of Sylvan Lake in 1958. They built a house on a lot which they purchased from Lily and Rosie Hendrickson, at 5024-47 A Avenue.

Dad became involved in establishing U.F.A. Co-op fuel stations. He supervised the building of the U.F.A. Co-op fuel stations at Sylvan Lake, Eckville, Innisfail, Rimbey, Bashaw and several others in northern Alberta. He also helped to organize a Credit Union at Burnt Lake which is now a part of the Parkland Savings and Credit Union, Red Deer.

Dad passed away on June 2, 1967 after a lengthy illness.

Mom was Night Matron at the Sylvan Lake Lodge for a number of years. She is a member of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, the Friendship Club, and the Lodge Auxiliary. She takes great pride in her flower and vegetable garden and has numerous other hobbies, including knitting and crocheting.

Eroshinsky, Nicholas T. and Ethel

We had driven through Sylvan Lake prior to the early 1950's but, in 1952, we rented a small cottage behind the Antler Lodge. Ethel and the two sons, Alan Donald and Robert Nicholas, spent the week and Nick came up for the weekends. We continued to rent there for five summers. During that time, our daughter Nikki was born and she, too, spent the summer holidays at the Lake.

In 1957, we bought a lot at Sylvan Lake and started to build our cabin the following year.

However, in 1961 we purchased Guy's and Vi's hamburger stand from Guy and Vi Stanfield. We changed the name to Nic's Drive-In and operated it as a hamburger stand for ten years. During that time, our daughter Nikki worked as an employee and we lived behind the stand in the house during the summer.

We then decided not to operate the business and moved into the small cabin for the summer months.

In 1975, we moved back into the larger cabin that we built and have continued to spend the most of every summer there ever since.

In 1978, our property on the lakefront was sold. The stand was torn down and the house moved out. A new building was built and operated as a hamburger stand for one year. Then the property was taken over by the Revelstoke Lumber Co. and the new building was renovated. It is now the office for the Revelstoke Lumber Company.

The Ray and Dickie Ferguson Family

Ray was born in Edmonton, Alberta, and Dickie was born in Baarn, Holland. Ray was educated in the Separate School system and left home at fifteen years of age.

After riding the freight trains from coast to coast looking for work (most of the travelling courtesy C.N., C.P., Algoma Central and Quebec Central railways) he found farm work at Turtleford, Saskatchewan, where one was lucky to get five dollars a month during the winter. In the spring of 1940 he joined the 16/22 Saskatchewan Horse Canadian Army, 20th Reconnaissance Regiment.

Dickie was the second child of Wim and Jana Vau't Wel. She has an older brother and a younger sister still living in Holland. At an early age and during her school years she helped her father in his grocery store. Dealing with the public has always been work she enjoyed. Drama classes and stage production were her first love as an adult and, for a number of years, she was a member of "The Baarn Players". Dickie remembers well the occupation years by German Forces, especially the last year when food supplies were almost depleted.

Ray's first regiment (16/22 Saskatchewan Horse) was trained first as infantry, then reconnaissance, then heavy tank. While overseas in 1943 he was transferred to the 1st British Columbia Regiment, 28th Canadian Armoured Regiment, D.C.O.R. (Duke of Connaught's Own Regiment). The war ended for this unit of the 4th Armoured Brigade on the outskirts of Wilhelmshaven, Germany.

Ray and Dickie met while Ray's regiment was stationed near Baarn in the summer of 1945 and at twenty-four years old Ray was discharged from the army, completely bilingual, serving over six years in the forces.

Ray and Dickie were married in 1946 in Holland and after Ray had a short stint with the Dutch National Bus Service as a driver, they went into business for themselves. Their Taxi, Rent-a-Car, Garage and Used Car Sales business was very successful. Dickie was the bookkeeper. This business was sold when Ray returned to Canada in the summer of 1950. They were not allowed to take accumulated assets or possessions out the country, so they arrived in Canada with only the clothes on their backs and no money, probably because Ray was a Canadian citizen. When Ray got off the boat he contacted a banker recommended by someone else and was lent one hundred dollars with no security — only a promise to pay when he returned to Edmonton. Thank you, sir.

The Edmonton City Police Force was not to Ray's liking. In January 1951, along with a partner, Fred Sesink, they purchased the taxi and dray business in Sylvan Lake. Dickie worked for a short time at Cobb's Store, while Fred and Ray put up ice, delivered coal and also delivered groceries for Jenkins Groceteria, Cobb's Store and May and Turner's. The taxi and dray business was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Storey when, in May 1953, Ray and Dickie were appointed agents for U.F.A. Co-Op., which had built a new plant on the southern outskirts of town. They were in charge for twenty-six years before retirement.

Ray and Dickie Ferguson with their 25-year U.F.A. recognition award.

Ray, along with Fred Sesink and Russell Fitch, drove the first school buses into Sylvan Lake. Fred drove the Pine Hill bus, Russell the Centerville bus and Ray the Marianne bus. The buses at that time were owned by Sorenson Bus Lines. Mr. Sorenson often rode the buses with the drivers and was considered a wonderful boss. Ray drove from 1956 until 1973.

Ray was a charter member and chairman of The Sylvan Lake Savings and Credit Union from 1961 until 1966, when it was absorbed by The Red Deer Co-Op Savings and Credit Union, which later be-

came part of today's Parkland Savings and Credit Union.

Ray was president of the Sylvan Lake Legion Branch #212 — once for three years and again for two. His past president's badge is dated 1967-1971.

Dickie Ferguson and children: Marion, Shirley and John.

Dickie and Ray have three children, all born in the Red Deer Hospital. All attended school at Sylvan Lake. John, the eldest, lives and works in Red Deer. Marian is married to Soren Sorensen and lives at Leduc. They have two children, Dana and Jodie. Shirley-Rae is married to David Gyori and they live on a farm northwest of Bentley.

Dickie's interests have been bowling and curling. Ray's interest has been music. He was a member and Drum-Major of the Red Deer Legion Pipe Band from 1955 until 1970. He was also a member and director of the Sylvan Lake Legion Brass Band, which later became the Sylvan Lake Community Band. He played with this group from 1963 until 1971. He also plays with a dance band and still enjoys playing at various functions around Central Alberta.

Ray's father, Jack, and step-mother, Mary, came to Sylvan Lake in 1956 from Edmonton on Jack's retirement after working for Burns and Company for forty years. They purchased a small house from Ivor Waet, who was a shoemaker in Sylvan Lake. Ivor had purchased it from Ed Garnett. The Fergusons' fine new home is now beside that house of Jack's and Mary's. Jack passed away in 1959. Mary passed away in 1971 and both are buried at Sylvan Lake. Dickie's mother was visiting here and was preparing to leave for home at the time of Jack's death. She had come to Sylvan Lake in July, 1958 and remained until May, 1959. Dickie has paid three visits to her home in Holland.

Both Dickie and Ray enjoy good health, are semi-retired, and hope to spend their remaining years in Alberta.

Sylvan Lake Community Band.

The Fishers

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Fisher arrived in Sylvan Lake in November, 1942 after having purchased Cobb's Limited from Mrs. Amelia Cobb. Norman and Norah came from the prairies about 200 miles east of Sylvan Lake, where they had farmed and operated a general store. Their two youngest boys, Michael and Barry, were with them and Gerry was in the Royal Canadian Air Force. They became involved in the community with Mrs. Fisher being organist for the Junior Choir at the Presbyterian Church for several years. Mr. Fisher was active in the Sylvan Lake Service Club.

Gerry and Helen (nee Pocock) were married in Hanna, Alberta in July, 1941 and lived in Oyen for approxiamately 15 months before Gerry reported to the R.C.A.F. Helen and son Dale stayed with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. E. A. Pocock, in Edmon-

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Fisher and the Gerry and Helen Fisher family.

ton and, later, bought a home in Sylvan Lake. Allan was born on an R.C.A.F. Station in Dafoe, Saskatchewan.

Helen very quickly found herself quite busy. Being a Public Health Nurse before she was married, and medical services in Sylvan Lake being non-existent, she was soon taxed to the limits of her capabilities as a nurse. She was able to seek advice from and consult with most of the doctors from Red Deer and was always grateful for the support she received in carrying out her duties.

Gerry joined his father in business and is semi-active at this date as son Allan is taking over from his father — three generations of Fishers involved with Cobb's Store.

Lorne, Dianne and Susan came along to join Dale and Allan to complete the Gerry Fisher family. All are married now with Dale and his family in Calgary, Allan and his wife, Lynn, in Sylvan Lake, Lorne and his family in Edmonton, Dianne and her family in Sundre and Susan and her husband, Gene, in Sylvan Lake.

Hugh and Eva Fletcher

by Leona Bonner

My mother and dad moved to Sylvan Lake from Calgary in July, 1932. Brother Donald was twelve years old, I was ten years and my younger brother, Orville, was six years old.

My dad, Hugh Fletcher, was a carpenter. He and Scotty Murdoch built many of the summer cottages.

Donald died January 8, 1937 of leukemia. This was a tragedy to lose a brother so young but, in those days, there was not the knowledge that there is today.

Jo Perkinson and I joined the Air Force in February, 1943 and Orville joined the Navy the same year.

After the war broke out, dad got work in Calgary. Mom sold the place in Sylvan Lake and moved to Calgary.

I have a family of girls and, at present, live in Eagle Bay, B.C. on the Shuswap. Orville lives in Calgary and is a business agent for a Carpenters' Union and on the Board of the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology.

I have many fond memories of Sylvan Lake but, in 50 years, understandably, the town has certainly changed.

Lawrence and Helen Flick

Lawrence and Helen Flick came from Saskatchewan to Sylvan Lake in 1935 and lived on the east side of town, known at that time as Lower Camp. Helen is a daughter of Andrew and Martha Kanten.

Lawrence worked at Keith's Hardware, painted signs and did some barn painting for farmers in the area, and Helen kept house for the Rev. R. S. Stevens, minister of Memorial Presbyterian Church, while he was ill.

Lawrence and Helen had three children. Their first child, Yvonne, was born in 1937 in a nursing home located across from Dingwall's boarding house. Audrey was born in the Bentley Hospital in 1939. Pat arrived in 1940 in the Sylvan Lake Hospital (nursing home) which had relocated on 50 Street and later became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Fisher.

In 1941, the family moved to Banff where Lawrence was employed by "Mines and Minerals" in the logging industry. After working there for one year he was killed in a highway logging accident.

Helen and the girls returned to Sylvan Lake to live with Grandma Kanten until Adie, Helen's brother, had completed their little home on 47 Avenue. Their closest neighbor was Mr. McDonald, a bachelor who owned a slab lumber business.

Mrs. Helen Flick and three daughters.

The girls attended school in Sylvan Lake until they entered high school at which time they were bussed to Red Deer to complete their grade 12. The family attended the Gospel Chapel and were active workers there.

When the girls were still going to the Sylvan Lake School there was the odd student still coming to school on horseback. They kept their horses in the barn located behind the school. Some of the teachers then were: Mr. Strain (principal), Mr. Wyatt, Miss Brett, Miss Riddell, Mr. Cody, Miss Palmer and Miss Reavesley.

There were several large fires then. The dense bush north of the school was prone to catch fire in the spring — the fuzz from the poplar trees was very inflammable and burnt like gasoline. How it was ignited in the first place remains a mystery.

During the girls' teenage years, they looked forward to the summer months when they could take their turn working in their uncle's store, Adie's Furniture & Novelties, or in his Popcorn Stand.

These were also the days of the zoot suit motorcycle gangs, many of whom found their way to Sylvan Lake from Edmonton and Calgary. Black leather jackets, black pants called "drapes", with a gold chain looped from the waist nearly to the cuff, was the identifying dress.

One of the favorite hangouts in winter was Hoofdecker's Cafe. In summer "The Grill" was preferred, now called "The Centre". Pop, french fries, ice cream and popcorn were all 10¢. The juke box music was none other than Elvis Presley, who was just making his debut.

Roller skating at the Prom Hall was the number one summer evening activity. In winter, the carnival was lots of fun. The carnival queen was crowned while sitting on her throne of ice built out of ice blocks probably 10 feet high in the center of Main Street, in front of the bank.

In 1953 Yvonne married Jim Rosychuk. They remained in Sylvan Lake for a short time, then moved to different parts of Canada wherever the oil business took them. Jim owned his own oil company which became very successful. They now live in Calgary and have two grown children, Maelon and Shelley. Yvonne, Shelley and several other ladies are partners in a small chain of ladies' wear shops, each one managing her own store.

In 1958, Audrey married Howard Bishop who was then stationed at the Penhold Airbase. They were transferred to several different places in Canada and now live in Edmonton. Howard has recently become an ordained minister and Audrey is an office supervisor in a school. They have a married daughter Tannis, a son Tyler in university, and their youngest son, Grayden, attends public school.

In 1960, Pat married Dietrich Ammeter of the Marianne District. Their children are Michael, Judy, Jackie and Heide, all of whom were bussed to Sylvan Lake to attend school.

Michael, after finishing a year of Bible School in B.C., has returned and is farming with his dad. Judy, after completing high school, is now working. Jackie has just graduated from grade 12 and Heide is entering grade nine.

Helen Flick continued to live in Sylvan Lake until, for health reasons, she took up residence in her own trailer on the Ammeter farm where she is close to her daughter Pat. She celebrated her 82nd birthday in 1983.

Dietrich and Pat Ammeter.

Foltz (Riley), Lee and Jennie

Lee Foltz was born on June 15, 1866 in Pennsylvania. Jennie Riley was born at Story City, Iowa, January 3, 1873. Lee and Jennie were married February 15, 1893, at Sioux City, Iowa. They came to Canada in 1909, and homesteaded in the Assiniboia, Sask. area for a number of years, then moved to Rockglen, Saskatchewan in 1926. They operated the laundry and Lee was the town policeman until they moved to Alberta in 1941. Their daughter, Eva Baldry, son-in-law Charlie and family had decided to move, so they put a bunkhouse on a wagon and drove approximately 800 miles with the family, a great undertaking considering their ages at that time. They left Saskatchewan the 26th of June and arrived at Sylvan Lake about the 30th of August. The Baldry family rented the Bigam place, located on the north shore of Sylvan Lake and the Foltz's lived there the first winter, then moved to a cottage on the east side of Sylvan Lake, which was owned by Walter Jackson.

Jennie did a lot of hand work, crocheting, drawn-thread work, embroidery, hand stitched quilts and a lot of baking. She never needed glasses for any of her sewing. Lee and Jennie lived in the cottage until Lee passed away in December 1946. Then Jennie moved to her daughter's home in the town of Sylvan until she passed away in 1957. They are both laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

David Gairns

Editor's Note: This story is written by Mrs. Jaminette as it was told to her by Dave Gairns himself

Dave Gairns and Annie Leicht.

in June, 1955. Mr. Gairns has long since passed away (at the home of his son) as has Mrs. Jaminette.

I was born at Swan's Bridge, in the County of Wellington in Ontario, of humble parents on August 29, 1872. Six weeks later, my father was killed while on duty with the railroad and his death caused my mother much hardship. However, the railroad company gave my mother a bridge-watching job at the village of Paisley in Bruce County, which enabled her to support the family. In those days all bridges were of timber construction and every bridge had a watchman in case of fire, as all engines burned wood and there were a lot of sparks around them.

I started school at eight years of age and quit when I was thirteen. To get to school we had to cross two rivers, so in summer it was by canoe and in winter it was by snowshoes.

I learned my trade, carpentry, with John Hogg of Paisley, a fine but rough gentleman who knew his trade from A to Z.

On November 21, 1892 I married Frances Louise Martin of Wingham, Ontario. We had one son, now living at Naramata, B.C. where he has a large fruit farm. He has two daughters, both of whom are married and doing well. My wife died in November, 1933.

In the spring of 1898 I decided to come West. I stopped off at Winnipeg to look for a job. After some looking around, I made contact with an old Scotsman by the name of John Mackay who was a bridge builder for the C.P.R. We became chums and the time I spent with him was well spent, leading, in time, to my own bridge-building crew of eighteen men and a cook. We travelled all over the map from Kamloops east and Edmonton to the border on all branches of the railway line.

In 1904 we decided to make Calgary our home. I worked for the C.P.I.D. out of Calgary and had a share in all and every kind of construction.

In 1935 I moved to Sylvan Lake and it has been my home ever since. I have seen a lot of country and a good many places, but to my idea none to compare with Alberta, and I plan to cross the Great Divide here.

Bob Gartshore

My parents bought Mr. Castle's cottages in the early '40's and Mr. Bigam toted our furniture out from the station on his dray. We spent many happy summers there, building sandcastles beneath the beach birch, rowing (later motoring) to the Village for groceries and mail, or to McCoig's Garage for staples if we were lazy.

Lazy summers in which the following are recalled: pumping delicious well water for the morning porridge; picking raspberries and saskatoons for winter fruit and pies; skunks and porcupines spraying and quilling our dog; bears mauling the Frames' cottage three doors away; and reading during the longer evenings in the light of our Aladdin lamp. Mom used a scrub board for the clothes and sand for scrubbing the pots. Dad arrived from Calgary on weekends and we would help to cut and chop the stove wood that kept our water hot and cooked our food. He bought me a Winchester .22 to kill the crows in our garden, but I was never able to hit one through the screened windows! While I taught myself to swim, my brother Ian received professional tutoring from the village lifeguard, Jo Tooley.

For two years, the only boat we owned was an old punt, a gift of the sea named "Leaky" which we lovingly caulked to make it "seaworthy". Leaky was destined for an epic nautical rescue when the "Norell", queen of the lake, ignominiously ran aground in front of Hayhoes'. After her skipper had successfully poled her off the sandbar, some kind soul had driven her hard aground again to pick him up from his lonely perch atop his pole! Ian and I rowed old Leaky

Bob and Georgina Gartshore and Rev. Ian McSween.

Bob and Georgina Gartshore and family: Ian, Brenda, David, Brian and Jennifer.

out to graciously offer our services in towing her off. Unfortunately, our valuable services were refused!

On milder weekends in winter, we trekked down the snow-covered Pentecostal Road on foot with long shadows following us. At the cottage, we would attempt ice-sailing if the ice was smooth, or listen to the vast stillness when there was no wind. We watched the men cutting iceblocks for summer ice-houses, packing them in sawdust on a horse-drawn sleigh, and tried to keep warm before a roaring fireplace in the uninsulated cottage, watching water drip from the melting roof snow. In May, we enjoyed the creaking and groaning of the breaking ice as the warm sun undid what October cold froze together.

The MacSweens bought our cottages in the early '50's, but my family continued to visit Sylvan every summer, renting their smaller cottage for almost a decade, enjoying the barbecues and the "skettie and meat balls" with our many visitors. Loving our Victoria home, we remember Sylvan Lake and her residents with affection.

Georgina Tooley Gartshore

Early memories have a tendency to be non-sequential, so I reach into a real pot-pourri for the following: Sylvan Lake; home; sleigh bells in winter; a cacophony of frogs beside the railway in spring; rushing water spilling into ditches providing white-water racing for miniature boats, hastily fashioned from bits of sticks and paper; wooden sidewalks; the loading platform of the stock yards where we played cowboys and Indians; the long climb to the top of the elevator Shu Palmer and I made, only to look down at the crowd below who were watching us in stunned horror.

Shu was my best friend. She was not as shy when talking to adults as I was, so she did the talking the day we knocked on the door of Dr. Bloomus' office to tell him that I wanted a baby. Dr. Bloomus was, I imagine, rather busy and curtly told us that we would have to wait a while — so we did! It was a mid-winter day and very cold as we sat on the office steps waiting for my baby to be handed out. A neighbor took pity on us, and whilst thawing us out explained that it would take several years of waiting, so we'd best wait at home.

We spent many happy hours on Bigam's dray in the winter, or tobogganing down main street hill. The town fathers thought it a dangerous pastime and obtained ashes from Mom to spread over the road to prevent such foolishness. However, in the evenings, we would borrow shovels from her to cover the ashes with snow! It was a great night when we made it from the top of Hendrickson's hill all the way to the hotel, crossing both sets of railway tracks on the way. At times, we had to abandon our record runs as trains shunted across our path, but if the train was stationary, the more daring youngsters attempted an opening beneath the cars, lying as flat as possible as they shot through the gap. Calmer minds vetoed this practise however, as being somewhat dangerous, should our parents discover this new twist to the sport!

The year the lake froze over without a ripple we

were able to skate for mile upon mile, while the full moon lighted up our path. A giant bonfire on the beach warmed us afterward. An unforgettable experience!

My water skills developed out of necessity. The tourists often threw pennies into the lake so they could watch us kids jump in to retrieve them. It was always over our heads and frequently several yards out, but a penny bought such a lot then that we jumped in and struggled back. Somehow we learned to swim, for the pennies were thrown further and further away from the pier. I guess that I was 14 when I won the coveted cup for the Sylvan Lake Swim. That was in the era before swim clubs took over, and all the kids in town participated.

Sylvan Lake used to have a suntan competition. I remember being disqualified one year as I was classed as a professional — I was a swimming teacher! To this day, I do not know what the connection was, but I was just 13 at the time! I spent one happy summer as lifeguard at the lake, and mine was the darkest tan there for several years. After leaving Sylvan, I taught swimming for another 20 years as a volunteer, and still swim for a couple of miles a week, but I am never as dark as I was during those years at Sylvan Lake.

Now, I watch ocean-going vessels from my Victoria home, but none loom as large as did the "Norell" as that majestic vessel cruised the Lake. To some little girls swimming in the nude past second point, she was immense as she throbbed by with her load of tourists. We longed for a ride in her, but knew the chance lay beyond our wildest dreams.

I first sang in the Junior Choir under the direction of Mrs. Dodds, then as a teen in the Senior Choir. I was involved in Young People's, acted in several plays, went to every possible dance, and was a Girl Guide Captain.

My Guide troop was a thorn in the side of the district organization, for I was too young to be an official leader; and with no town sponsor to back us, our troop was unable to send in the registration fees each year. As a result, we did not officially exist, so I could not register for the badges the girls passed. It is difficult to argue with success however, and a Provincial Commissioner was dispatched to investigate our troop of 35 girls. All went well at the Guide meeting, and I brought this august lady home for tea afterward. She was sitting in Mom's living room, admiring the lovely furniture my father had built, when suddenly the bottom fell out of the chair upon which she sat! It is very difficult to maintain one's dignity with one's arms and legs up in the air, and unfortunately she lacked a sense of humor. One by one the family fled, trailing flimsy excuses, until I was left alone to put the Commissioner back together. She eyed the rest of the furniture with great suspicion and departed, never to bother us again.

Several teachers made memorable contributions in my life: Mrs. Talentyre who passed to me her love of God; Mrs. Kinna who made grade one a wonderfully happy experience; Mr. Cody who challenged me to love learning; and Mr. Hewitt who taught me logic. But my greatest debt is to my mother who demonstrated constantly a non-judgmental love.

I married Robert Gartshore in 1954 following a courtship which included many low altitude (1000 ft.) passes over our house in his military C119 Flying Boxcar aircraft. Mom happily waved her tea towel while the rest of the town waved their fists! Bob now flies jumbo jets for Wardair and with three of our five children living in Alberta, I am able to take a university course each year. Bob was a "summer kid" from Sunnyside as were all our children, so our ties are strong, deeply rooted and greatly cherished.

Into my heart's treasury I slipped a coin
That time cannot take, nor thief purloin —
Oh, better than the minting of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing.

Sylvan Lake High School Yearbook, 1950-51

Gascon Family

Alfred Edward Joseph Gascon was born in Therien, Alberta, a small community near St. Paul. Fred was the fifth child in a family of 16 children. With little chance for work in that area, Fred, at the age of 13, left home to find gainful employment. He held a variety of jobs in various places in Alberta, including Drayton Valley.

Bernice Helena Beeds was born in Shell Lake, Saskatchewan, one of five children in the family. At the age of 15, Bernice began her first job. The family, by this time, had moved to Lloydminster, Sask. and Bernice became a waitress at a local establishment there. To improve her chances for better work, she took a business course. Upon its completion, she obtained office work, first in Edmonton and later at Myers' Insurance in Drayton Valley.

Bernice and Alfred became friends and eventually this led to their decision to get married. Their wedding was held in Lloydminster on October 19, 1956. The newly-weds returned to their respective jobs in Drayton Valley and remained in that town for another year. Their next move was to Edmonton where they lived for five years.

In October 1962, Alfred and Bernice and family moved to Sylvan Lake. For the next 11 years, Fred

was employed at the Sylvan Lake Hotel, first as bartender and later as the bar manager.

In 1974, Bernice and Fred started Alfred's Janitorial Services. At the present time, they are the custodians for both the H. J. Cody and the C. P. Blakely Schools, the R.C.M.P. Building, the Sylvan Lake Town Office and several other businesses.

Their newest venture, Alfred's Coffee Shop, opened in November 1981, in the town's Lakeview Heights Subdivision.

Fred has always been a hustler and a good provider. He has one consuming pastime or hobby. He loves horse racing! From the advent of the racing season in the spring to its conclusion in the fall, Fred is the sport's most avid fan. As Fred states, "Sometimes I feed the ponies and sometimes they feed me."

Bernice and Fred have three children: Ramona, Victor and Joe. Ramona married Harold Milne of Sylvan Lake. They live in Sylvan Lake and have two children, Christie and Curtis. Victor and Joe are employed but live at home.

Joseph Gathercole Family
by Inez Gathercole

Joe was born at Condor, Alberta, August 7, 1934. He was the youngest of seven children born to Joseph and Henrietta Gathercole, who had come from England in 1926 to farm in the Hespero District, southwest of Eckville.

The children attended Blue Bell School. Later, the farm was sold and Mrs. Gathercole and the two youngest boys, Walter and Joe, moved to Sylvan Lake where the boys attended school at Norma and then at Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Gathercole, or "Granny" as she was known to most people, lived at Sylvan Lake until her passing in 1958, with the exception of a few years spent in Lacombe where her daughter lived.

During the summers, Joe worked for his brother-in-law, Bill Darlington, who farms at Hespero, helping with haying and harvest. He would ride his bicycle out to their farm. When Joe was 16 he went to work for the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Three of Joe's brothers, Roy, Ken and Walter, now live in Sylvan Lake, also. One brother, John, lives at Wetaskiwin. A sister, Mary, lives at Hespero and another sister, Audrey, passed away in 1977.

I was born at North Star, Alberta, in the Peace River country, January 25, 1934, the eldest of five children born to Bert and Alice Guttau. I came to Sylvan Lake with my family in 1947. I was in grade seven and my first teacher at Sylvan Lake was Mr. H. J. Cody. My first job was for Mr. Gilchrist at the drug store. One summer I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Watkiss at the Uptown Cafe. When I quit school in grade 10, I went to work as a telephone operator at the Sylvan Exchange which was in the Antler Lodge.

In 1952, my family moved back to Peace River where I worked for a time in the Peace River Telephone Exchange. However, I did not stay long in Peace River but came back to Sylvan Lake to again work at the telephone office and live with my aunt, Mrs. Doris Watt, until Joe and I were married.

We were married at Peace River, March 9, 1953. We started married life at Bowden, Alberta, where Joe was working on the railroad. While living at Bowden, our first daughter, Linda Mae, was born.

Joe was transferred back to Sylvan Lake for a couple of years. Our first son was born, Albert Joseph (Joey). We lived at Westers' Cabins.

Then we moved back to Bowden for a year. During this time, we bought a small house trailer which we moved back to Sylvan Lake and parked at Westers' Cabins. We lived in the trailer until October, 1957, when we bought our first house across from the playground. We lived in two rooms until we built onto the house to accomodate our growing family for, by this time, we had added another daughter, Kathleen Alice.

When Kathy was three, I went back to work once more at the telephone office. Soon after this, they moved the telephone exchange to Red Deer and it became dial phones. I stayed home to look after my family and to sew for them and my friends.

In 1961, Joe went to work at the Deer Home (now called Michener Center), as a grounds man. He began working in the greenhouse and, later, was responsible for running the greenhouse, which he enjoyed very much. Joe is now Grounds Foreman at Michener Center.

Our second son, Steven Lyle, was born in 1964 and, two years later, David Norman was born. Since our house was now too small, we bought our present home in 1966, on the Bentley Highway, giving us plenty of room. The house had been built by Mr. Cramer.

I helped with C.O.C. (Children of the Church) and Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church. In 1970, I went to work for Long's Grocery, working there for six years. After that, I took the summer off from work to stay home with the boys and worked in the winter. By this time, the older children were away at school or working.

The first three children completed their high school at Sylvan Lake. They all had Mrs. E. Kinna for grade one and Mr. Cody in junior high. Mrs. Kinna had also taught Joe.

Linda took a library technician's course at

S.A.I.T. She now farms with her partner, Ken Larsen, near Benalto.

Joe Jr. married Debbie Phillips in Singapore, February 23, 1979. He was working with an oil company. They now live in Red Deer. Debbie works at the Red Deer Regional Hospital. Joe is assistant driller on an offshore rig in the North Sea close to Holland.

Kathy became a chef by apprenticing at the Banff Springs Hotel and is presently a chef at the Chateau Lake Louise, where she lives with her husband, Paul Wilson, and daughter, Mahalia.

Steven lives in Red Deer and works at the Michener Center. David is still at home and is finishing his grade twelve this year.

Richard German Family

by Betty German

Richard (Dick) German was born in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan in 1921 and moved to Sylvan lake in 1947.

Elizabeth (Betty) Marie Dobbs was born in the Gilby District, February 3, 1929, daughter of Lester and Ruth Dobbs. They moved to Sylvan Lake in 1947.

Betty and Dick were married at Eckville in October, 1948. Dick worked with seismic companies and they lived in various towns throughout Western Canada. He bought his own seismic rigs in 1952.

Wanda Darlene was born August 21, 1950 and Wendy Kathleen, July 18, 1951. They moved to Sylvan Lake in 1955, living in a trailer at the Rainbow Trailer Court. Shirley Marie was born March 2, 1957. The girls attended school in Sylvan Lake and were active in Explorers, C.G.I.T., Guides and school sports.

Richard and Betty German with daughters Wanda (and husband), Wendy and Shirley, and Wanda's children.

The Richard German family.

In 1956, Dick began drilling water wells and drilled many in the town of Sylvan Lake.

In 1963, they bought a farm one mile northeast of town where they still reside.

Wanda worked in Calgary and married Calvin Metcalf of Medicine Hat in 1970. Calvin is a detective with the Calgary Police force. They have three children: Jason Lee, born 1971; Tara Jane, born 1972; Sean Rennie, born 1974.

Wendy attended Mount Royal College in Calgary and joined the Canadian Armed Forces in 1970. She was posted throughout Canada. In 1981 she married Dan Edgar of Sudbury, Ontario. Dan is a pilot with the Canadian Armed Forces. Dan and Wendy have a daughter, Courtney Jane, born January, 1983. They are presently living in Ottawa, Ontario.

Shirley attended Red Deer College and the University of Alberta. She graduated in Education in 1978 and taught school at Innisfail for three years. Shirley married Jim Coughlan of Red Deer in 1981 and they moved to Rainbow Lake, Alberta. Jim is employed by Canterra Energy and Shirley teaches at the school.

German, Robert and Alice

Robert German was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England in 1891. He came to Hamilton, Ontario and joined the Canadian Forces in World War One. While stationed in England he met and married Alice

Robert Sr. and Alice German and friend.

Thompson of Bolton. Alice had formerly worked at Regina, Saskatchewan.

They returned to Canada, living in Hamilton, Ontario where Robert worked as a police constable. Their first son Robert (Bob) was born in Hamilton in November 1919.

They moved to Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, and another son Richard Frederick was born in October 1921. In 1922 they took up farming in the Kinella district south of Blackfoot, Alberta. Later they moved to Lloydminster and Robert worked in the Post Office.

In 1947 they came to Sylvan Lake to join Bob Junior who was operating the Imperial Oil garage on Railroad Avenue. The garage was where the town office now stands and they lived in the house next to it. Robert worked at the Sylvan Lake Post Office and helped at the garage. He was a member of the town council for three years, 1951 to 1954 and was mayor of the town from 1955 to 1959.

Alice German's 90th birthday with Mrs. Speedie.

Robert was a lifetime member of the Royal Canadian Legion and Alice a lifetime member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Royal Canadian Legion. They were members of Saint Mary's church in Sylvan Lake. Alice taught Sunday School classes in her home. They enjoyed playing cards with their friends and for many years Alice German, Emily Speedie, Florence Tooley and Ida Brown had a Thursday afternoon of bridge together.

Robert died at the Colonel Belcher Hospital in June 1960, after a lengthy illness.

Alice continued living in her home on 50th Avenue until 1978 when she moved to a suite in the Sylvan Lake Manor. She always kept busy with her knitting and crocheting and enjoyed visiting with friends and family

She died in the Red Deer Hospital after a short illness in January 1980. They both were laid to rest in Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Gibson Family of Sylvan Lake

by Tom Gibson

My first recollection of Sylvan Lake was back in 1915 when my brother and I came to spend our holidays with friends, Archdeacon and Mrs. Dewdney, at their summer cottage on the north-east shore. Our nearest neighbors were the Bigams at whose farm we got our milk and eggs. Also near by were Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, the I. K. Kerrs and the Jarvises. The Archdeacon owned one of the few boats on the lake. It was powered by a small outboard motor. We had many an enjoyable trip across the lake to Cranberry Gully and Honeymoon Bay. The Dewdneys always brought their horse with them so we kids did a lot of exploring. The Archdeacon held a ministers' retreat at his summer home. Among those attending were: Rev. Finn of Red Deer, Rev. Curry of Pine Lake, Rev. Scallon of Hartshorn and Canon Gale of Calgary. Later, holidays were spent with the family at Cosy Cabin on Northey Point, at that time owned by the Chapin family. It has since been modernized and is owned by Dr. Jim Lampard.

My mother was born in Paris, Ontario and dad was born in Kitchener. Dad came west in 1898 and homesteaded west of Carstairs. Mother joined him a year later. For some years they ranched at Carstairs and later in the Wintering Hills. In 1918 dad moved the family to a farm at Rumsey. I was educated at Rumsey and Calgary after which I took over the farm. I married Margaret Usher of Scollard in 1941. Margaret was a 1939 graduate of the Calgary General Hospital. She had been nursing in Calgary and Turner Valley. Our daughter Patricia was born in 1944.

We sold our farm at Rumsey in 1946 and arrived

Tom and Margaret Gibson.

in Sylvan Lake on May 6 of that year. We bought our property from Mr. and Mrs. Stanwick — 40 acres on the SW¼ of S5-29-1-W5. The house had been built by the previous owners, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hedemark.

When mother and dad moved over with us, we had their little home at Rumsey moved over by a man from Stettler at a cost of $300.00. The house was moved without mishap although some trouble was encountered crossing the bridge over the Blindman. As it came down the road, all the neighbors were out to watch.

Living conditions in our new home were rather primitive without power, gas or telephone. However, with permission obtained from the telephone company I strung a line on their poles into town and connected up to central. Thus we had the first phone in our area.

I raised pure-bred hogs for many years and succeeded in winning a number of prizes at the Calgary Exhibitions and falls sales. Under the sponsorship of the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce a better hog campaign was organized. To promote this, a field day was held at our place. This event was highlighted by speakers from the Department of Agriculture and the Research Station at Lacombe. A pit barbecue of a hog, under the expert supervision of Jack May, was a very popular part of the program. This event was held for two years and was well attended by hog raisers from around the province.

I later worked for Bob MacNamara as a landman in oil-related business.

In 1967, as I was always interested in gardening and had my certificate in horticulture, I was happy to accept a job in the horticulture branch of the Department of Agriculture in Red Deer. I held this position until my retirement.

Our daughter Pat was educated in Sylvan Lake and Regina. She received her diploma from the College of Art in Calgary and later took a business course at Mount Royal College. In 1966, she went to Montreal to train as a flight attendant with Air Canada and has worked with that airline ever since. In 1975 she married Ean Maxwell. They live in Vancouver and have two children, James and Hilary.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gibson Sr. with granddaughter Pat.

Dad passed away in 1949 and mother lived to the ripe old age of 107. She was very active in church organizations while she was able. She was one of the first residents of the new Senior Citizens' Lodge in Sylvan Lake.

Margaret worked for seventeen years in the dry goods department of Cobb's Store. We are both retired now and enjoy our gardening, a little travelling and playing bridge with our friends.

Gooder

by Ed Gooder

My first trip to Sylvan Lake was in 1919; we were living in Olds at the time. My dad, Walter Gooder,

brought my mother and four sons, ages two to twelve years, and a tent. The camp grounds were on the north side on the C.N.R. tracks at 49th Street. The first three or four days were beautiful, but then it started to rain, so the second day of rain mother phoned dad to come and get us. There was no gravel on the roads no matter which way you travelled, so it took dad six hours to reach the Lake via Innisfail. He thought it might be better to return via Red Deer. It turned out to be worse; in fact, we had to get somebody from Red Deer to pull us out of a mudhole. The road from Red Deer was a little better as there was more traffic on it. Even the road between Calgary and Edmonton had no gravel, just real mud.

We came up as a family only once more after that; the next time we were in a cottage as mother refused to stay in the tent again.

In 1923, a friend of mine, Ken Samis, and I came to the Lake for a week-end. We stayed at the hotel which, at that time, was located where the Turbo Service Station is now located. It was run by a man named Hazelwood. There was a dance hall in the hotel where jitney dances were held. Each dance was ten cents or three for twenty-five cents.

One Saturday night Sylvan Lake experienced one of its worst hail storms. One hundred per cent damage for miles around was incurred. The roof of the hotel, a tin one, made the noise so terrific we could hardly hear each other talking in the same room. It sounded as if the world had fallen in.

We were supposed to go home that Sunday evening, but it was raining so hard we decided to wait until Monday. We were returning by Model T Ford, with chains on all four wheels. Every three hundred yards we had to get out and crank that Ford. It was still raining and we also ran into two more hail storms between the Lake and Innisfail. When we reached Bowden the car quit on us so we had to take the train from Bowden to Olds and arrived in Olds at six p.m. There were three trains daily between Calgary and Edmonton at that time.

Then, for quite a time, I did not come to Sylvan Lake, from 1924-1933. I was married in 1934 and from then on have hardly missed a summer here, renting different places until 1949 — once behind the old Varsity Hall and for two years in a little house next to the Gospel Chapel. In fact, they built the church the second year we were in the little house.

In 1949 I bought a cottage from A. G. Studer, of Didsbury. I think Mr. Studer built it during the First War or right afterwards. The main and original part of the cottage is built of two by six tongue and groove boards and, at the corners, it is crossed over. The door jambs are two by sixes and bolted. Also, the walls have two by sixes up and down every six feet and bolted, so there is not a nail in this part of the cottage except for the window frames. The main part of the cottage has a basement with sand floor.

None of the last nine cottages east of mine has changed hands since 1949. There have been three to five generations in each of them.

My wife, Eva, and I still enjoy summers at the Lake, as do our daughter, Judy Beavers, and her young son.

Harry and Gwen Gray
by Gwen Gray

My husband Harry first came to Sylvan Lake with his parents in 1924. They stayed at San Sousi cottage on 37 Street and, for the next two summers, camped in a campground located very close to the present site of the Presbyterian Church.

My first two summers — 1928, 1929 — were spent with the Harvey family at Basque cottage, situated behind the Provincial Picnic Park and reached by car after driving over an empty field from the back road (near Mrs. Reagan's cottage, which is still there, on the corner of 40 Street and 50 Avenue). To get to the lakeshore from Basque, one had to walk over planks laid end-to-end in order to cross water and swamp grass and reach the sandy road. About this time, Mr. Fewkes, Mr. Booth and Mr. Harvey, and probably a few others, hired two men to clear a small path through the trees and brush from about 37 Street to the village to enable the people to walk along the lakeside. Mr. Fewkes and Mr. Booth also bought the property to stop any development and later sold it to the town or province as parkland.

A fun day at the Britton and Gray cottage.

In 1930, my family purchased two lots at 5020 — 36 Street to be near the Harveys on 35 Street and, in 1931, we built the second cottage on the street, the only other being almost opposite and owned by the Shaws. During that time, in the 1930's, we camped with the Rex Harveys on 35 Street, sleeping at first in

a bell tent, then in a tenthouse and cooking in the open. Both families built cottages and we spent our summers living gypsy style in tenthouses, with loads of friends visiting us each weekend to sleep in tents and to swim, fish and enjoy the wide expanse of the beach of those days.

We drove to the Lake on the long weekend each May to clean the cottages, then came back later to stay for the summer, leaving Calgary right after school was over and went back the day before it started. The trip took a minimum of three hours with, of course, time to consume a picnic lunch en route. Running boards meant baggage was packed on sides as well as the top of the car, a shovel and axe were essential equipment, as wet days, shrubs had to be cut down to fill mud holes and the car dug and pushed through. On dry days, the road could be seen for miles — not the road exactly, but the cloud of dust that hung over it. We all loved coming to Sylvan Lake, regardless.

The bus ride up was interesting, too. Greyhound to Red Deer, then we transferred to Sorenson's passenger car to Sylvan Lake, with often ten people stuffed inside. That was better than one train trip we took in 1948 when the train took three hours to go from Red Deer to Sylvan Lake, stopping for one-half hour here and there for no apparent reason. We passengers got out and picked wild flowers! The only time we could understand the snail's pace was when the tracks disappeared under a sheet of water and we crept across, what looked like, a field.

The Wrigley Swim was the big event each summer, with the mile swim the featured event. For many years in the 1930's, we had three big diving boards spread out along the lake in about four feet of water, so that you could walk in on tip-toes on one side, and it was deep enough to dive off on the other. These were two or three blocks apart and gave us something to swim between several times and then we were ready for the mile swim. It would be great encouragement to swimmers if this were done again, with boats to pull the big diving boards into the water and back in spring and fall, rather than the big teams of horses used in the early days. A modern Wrigley Swim and a Regatta would be great now, too.

Thinking back on those precious and fun-filled years of our youth, we remember: the Oriental Gardens and the Alexander Pavilion, where movies were held for the children (rewound after each reel); old Joe and his merry-go-round at the beach; the two piers and the opening of the old one by R. B. Bennett in 1929; walking down the village street to smell the delicious aroma of fresh-roasted peanuts from Rosse's corner store; the old water pump on Main Street, where the Parkland Credit Union now is; the lady (strong as a horse) and her dray who brought our baggage from the train; milk and bread deliveries to the door; the old ice-house on 50 Street East; and when the street numbers were from one up, going east.

My husband and I have always lived in Calgary and, since 1929, holidays for my family were two months at Sylvan Lake. We now own our own cottage there and, over the years, have renovated it and made it larger. We continue to spend and enjoy our summers, or part of them, in Sylvan Lake.

The W. J. Graham Family
by Melba Hogg

W. J. (Jim) Graham was born in Cobourg, Ontario in 1861. His wife, Sarah (Neild) Graham was also born in Ontario, near Port Hope, in 1871. After their marriage they resided near Peterborough, Ontario and it was there that their three daughters, Kathleen, Beryl and Thelma were born.

The Grahams came West in 1910. While residing in Calgary, their daughter, Beryl, passed away at age 25.

In February 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Kathleen (Finlay) and Thelma moved to Sylvan Lake where Jim Graham took over the management, assisted by his daughters, of the Hazelwood Hotel located on the site where the Lakeview Garage was later and the Turbo Service is now. After fire destroyed the hotel and the neighboring dance hall, Oriental Gardens, a new Sylvan Lake Hotel, situated on the opposite corner of Main Street and Lakeshore Drive, opened on July 12, 1928 and W. J. Graham was the first manager. The official opening was memorable because it coincided with the day the Hon. R. B. Bennett officiated at the ribbon-cutting ceremony of the new W.I. pier.

Through the years, the Sylvan Lake Hotel was the centre of the social life of the village. Such functions

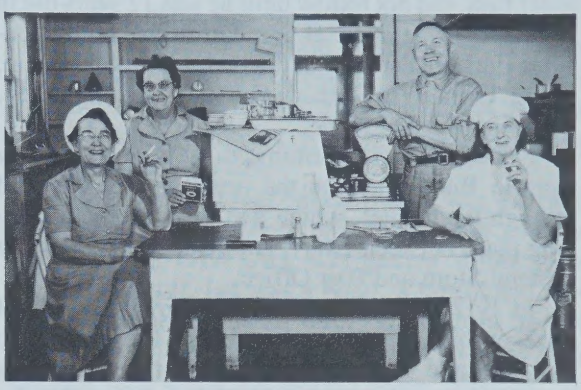
Sylvan Lake Hotel, 1928.

as the Curling Club's New Year's Eve Frolic, church suppers, banquets, wedding receptions, teas, and bridge luncheons were annual events. Mr. Graham became widely known as a genial host and his daughter Thelma, who had assumed joint management responsibilities after the death of Mrs. Graham in April 1931, was a most gracious and capable hostess. The hotel was popular for tourists and for many years Miss Graham drove their car and met the local trains in the summer to transport their guests.

Mr. Graham was an ardent sportsman, having been an amateur boxer himself. According to a friend, W. J. McLean (a Red Deer public school inspector), Jim Graham was ready to take on all comers (back in the old Ontario days) and when asked if Mr. Graham was a rough and tumble fighter, replied in the affirmative, adding that, "Graham did the roughing and the other fellows did the tumbling."

Thelma Graham was an active member of the I.O.D.E. She was the first regent of the Major H. L. Gaetz Chapter in Red Deer and, later, when the Sylvan Lake Chapter I.O.D.E. was organized, she became a charter member. She continued to work for that organization for over 50 years. Thelma also belonged to the W.I. As secretary of that organization, she made the presentation of a bouquet of carnations to the president, Mrs. Dingwall, during celebrations of the opening of the W.I. pier.

During their years at the hotel some of their staff members were: Mary Palm, Laura Ardell, Grace Albert, Esther Martz, Ed Garnett and Charlie Reid.



Hotel staff members: Gladys Perkinson, Mrs. Cairns, John Buga and Amy Cull.

The Grahams retired from the Sylvan Lake Hotel in July, 1942 and moved to Vancouver where Mr. Graham passed away in 1945.

Miss Thelma Graham returned to Alberta in 1948, when she became House Mother at the Agricultural Schools at Fairview and then at Olds. Following that, Miss Graham became matron of the Lacombe Senior Citizens' Lodge where she remained until her retirement. She moved to Calgary to make her home with her sister, Kathleen, and her brother-in-law, J. R. Finlay. At present, Mrs. Finlay and Miss Graham, although in failing health, still maintain their own apartment in Calgary.

Mr. W. J. (Jim) Graham and his faithful watchdog, "Tarzan".

Doris (Jamieson) Greenwood

Doris, who was born in 1923, finished her schooling in Sylvan lake and went into the business world — Cobb's Store, Imperial Bank and the Singer Sewing Machine Co. in Vegreville and Red Deer.

In August, 1948 she married Kendall Greenwood, an elevator agent who was raised at Lousana. They lived in Grande Prairie and Vermilion for several years where Doris went back to banking.

Later, Ken became a seed grain contractor and Red Deer was their home until 1974 when he was transferred to Regina. Doris passed away there in the spring of 1975 (after an heroic battle with cancer).

In 1978, Ken married Willda (Stagg) Browning, who had spent many summers at Sylvan Lake as a girl at her parents' cottage, "Blue Moon", north of the old C.N.R. station.

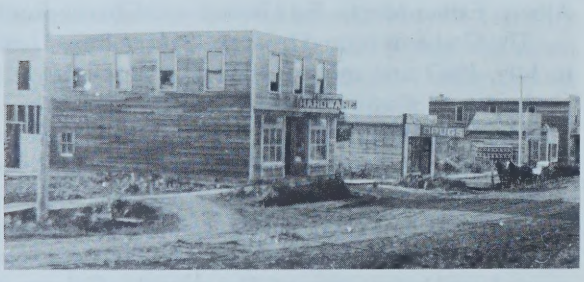
Earl S. Grimson

by Earl B. Grimson

Earl S. Grimson was born in Ireland in 1887. He was the eldest son of Sam and Kristina Grimson who immigrated to Canada in 1887. Earl, along with his sister Ella, did not follow until he was 17 years old in 1898. Other members of Sam Grimson's family, besides Earl (eldest son) and Ella (eldest child) were: Thura, Grimur (my father), Folda, (Dr.) Julius, Fred, Christine and Josephine.

Not content with farming, in 1908 he built a new store in Burnt Lake on the north side of the road through the hamlet, which was then the main stopping place between Evarts and Red Deer, opening a General Store and Post Office.

In 1912, after the railway had bypassed Burnt Lake by being built across the hay flat directly to Sylvan Lake (instead of through the hamlet as hoped), the store was moved to Sylvan Lake. Here he and his sister Ella operated a hardware business.



The Grimson Hardware.

Earl Grimson, the first reeve of Sylvan Lake incorporated.

At the first meeting of the Council of the Village of Sylvan Lake on January 29, 1913, Earl S. Grimson was appointed chairman (mayor) and served in that capacity until June, 1914. He became Secretary-Treasurer in April 1918, on an annual salary of $80.00. He resigned in January, 1919. He was also Secretary-Treasurer of the newly formed Local Improvement District #371, later to become the M. D. of Golden West.

Earl became widely and favorably known throughout the west country being very faithful in his official capacities and genial in his dealing with the public.

In 1916, he sold the hardware business to H. H. and D. A. Jamieson and, with deteriorating health, he went with his sister Ella to Seattle in 1918. He later went to Portland, Oregon, where he died on May 1, 1923, at the age of 36. His sister Ella died shortly afterward.

The Dave Grosert Family Story

Dave Grosert 1887-1969
Ethel Grosert 1889-1973

In 1909 Dave Grosert, one of Scotland's outstanding athletes, graduated from Edinburgh University with a civil engineering degree. Later, his two younger brothers graduated with dentistry diplomas. This high class education was financed from the royalties of a book written by their grandfather entitled, "Beyond the Great Beyond". The boys were orphans and used their trust fund wisely. All three were superb golfers, the younger being on the Walker Cup team once and tying the course record once at St. Andrews. Before departing for Canada in 1910 and employment with the C.P.R. at Brooks, Dave played professional football with the Leith Athletics as did Alex Anderson. Alex migrated to Canada at the same time. Until death, the two were always bosom pals. Alex settled into the plumbing business in Calgary, then in Drumheller, and later in Sylvan Lake. Alex was well known for two things: fathering of Tommy of N.H.L. fame, and dying at the age of 102. His Scottish songs and his whiskey consumption were well known, too. But this is the Grosert story, not the Anderson story.

Dave worked for the C.P.R. for about four years and at the same time played soccer for the Calgary Callies, so did Alex Anderson. Once, when playing in Red Deer, the referee lay still on the field, out cold. Then, one by one, other players succumbed to something odd. Then, everyone was running for cover. Hail stones were falling that were the size of golf balls and knocking the players out. This was something new for the Scotsmen.

By 1915, Dave had set up a homestead establishment at Cessford. The beautiful prairie with wheat yields of 50 and 60 bushels had been too tempting;

but one good thing did happen — he met and married, in 1915, a petite, blue-eyed 98 pound piano-playing school teacher from a neighboring homestead. Her name was Ethel Mitchell. Two children were born of this union, exactly three years apart on October 12; Ian came in 1916, and Ailsa in 1919. Both had most of their schooling at Cessford and Pollockville. Ruth Lindman of Sylvan Lake had her first teaching assignment at the Cessford School in about 1927.

The C.N.R. "Pea Vine" line came through the Grosert section in the year 1919 on its way from Hanna to Medicine Hat, but only got as far as the Red Deer River. Once daddy Grosert took his two and a half-year-old son for a train engine ride on the new-made track and the engine ran off the track somewhere north of Pollockville and daddy had to carry the youngster home, about seven miles.

The same year, 1919, mother Grosert had to carry her son, who had been kicked by a horse, two miles to the nearest neighbor who had a car. Dave was away surveying, which was the chief money maker in those early married years of the Groserts. Ethel earned, too, by playing for dances, for money was hard to get.

The year 1927 was noteworthy in the lives of the Groserts. That was the year Dave put in the big crop, over a thousand acres; the year he broke his hip when a wagon box fell on it; the year he won the Alberta district's golf championship with a broken hip and three clubs at the Golf and Country Club in Calgary, while at the same time his 1000 acres of crop were getting hailed out. But he did get his picture in the paper, though now he was broke.

In 1929, Dave Grosert was forced off the farm and went grain buying for the rest of his working days, for the Alberta Pacific Grain Company, plus a little surveying. He surveyed one whole summer with son, Ian, as helper on the Pearce Irrigation scheme from the proposed Clearwater Dam to the Sullivan Lake reservoir.

Ailsa died in 1935, the same fall Dave was transferred to Munson by Alberta Pacific Grain.

Ian has many good and bad memories of the business of living on the farm and in the towns of Cessford and Pollockville in the twenties and thirties. His first recollection ever, was of a policeman holding him down to get the stitches out of his face; hence his dislike for policemen. In 1915, dad had taken a wolf pup, its eyes just opening, from its mother. That wolf grew up with Ian and was the best friend he ever had.

Once dad had been to Hanna with the snowmobile made from a 490 Chevrolet engine and a propeller when a chinook came up on the summer fallow. Grosert did not see the bare patches in the dark and hit one so hard the machine upset. Dave came stumbling in, in the middle of the night, bleeding but not badly hurt.

The Groserts' life always was sports oriented; golfing all over the province; fishing in the west country; bonspieling everywhere, and even playing baseball. Once, at the Bassano July first picnic, Dave kicked a fly ball (broken hip kept him from bending over) into his hands. "No catch!" declared the umpire. "Catch" said the Cessford team and the fight began. The game was never finished.

Badger catching was the livelihood of many, in the winters of the late twenties. Hides were worth from $40 to $60 each. That badger business kept the Groserts in snowmobiles, golfing, fishing, and many a farmer's coal bin full.

Life at Munson was duller. Bridge was the main enjoyment. Mrs. Grosert took up painting and was not bad at it. Dave's leg was getting stiffer so he played less golf. Ian was a hobo, a farm hand, and then a member of the air force. Dave spent his two weeks of holiday fishing in the west country. Mrs. Grosert went along and did her thing, painting.

They spent twenty years at Munson, then, in 1955, retired to Sylvan Lake and, with the sale of their Munson home, bought the Mickey Arrowsmith property (Trail's End), instigated by Alex Anderson.

Mr. Grosert will be remembered by Sylvan Lakers for his stiff-legged walk and his faithful brown dog; Mrs. Grosert is famed for her little brown Corgie and her paintings. They (Bam's grandparents) made not a bad job of raising Bam. Ian's wife had left him. It was Ian that initiated his son Bam's interest in golf. It was grandad Grosert who created Bam's big interest in fishing. Every summer weekend the Groserts went fishing out west and Bam got to know the west country like the back of his hand. He likes fishing to this day.

Somewhere along the line, Ian met up with Bert Petro and married her. Bert needs no introduction to the readers of this book, being the widow of Elmer. Ian and Bert bought the Lansdale house and live there yet and will probably die there. Grandma Grosert left her house to Bam who sold it and bought a Victoria house, more or less next door to Bert's daughter, Iola.

Unless Bam proves his progenitive powers in the future, the name Grosert will die forever.

Bert and Alice (Toots) Guttau

by Inez Gathercole

Our family came to Sylvan Lake from the Peace River country where my father homesteaded. They

sold the farm because the school was a long way from our house and good teachers were scarce.

We came first to Burnt Lake in the spring of 1947, where dad bought the Sandy Smith farm. However, because of a back injury, he sold the farm in the fall and moved to the town of Sylvan Lake. Here dad bought a house from Mr. Amlee.

Dad then worked as a Watkins' salesman for Mr. Carl Wilde. Then he became an apprentice mechanic for Mike Colvin of Eckville. Later, he began work for Jack Goodey at Lakewood Service. Mom worked at the Cozy Corner Cafe, for Mr. Hoofdakker at the Old Dutch Cafe and Bakery, and for Mrs. Hussfelt at the Alexander Pavilion Cafe, all of Sylvan Lake.

In 1952, we moved back to Peace River, where dad worked as a mechanic and mom worked in a cafe.

Their next move was to Dawson Creek, B.C., where dad also worked as a mechanic until he lost the sight in one eye. He then worked for B.C. Hydro until 1964.

Mom passed away in 1964 in Dawson. Dad moved to Vancouver, B.C. where he lived until 1981, when he became ill and came to live with us. He passed away in May, 1982.

Bert and Alice Guttau had five children: Inez, Mrs. Joe Gathercole, has five children; Kenneth, married Phyllis Thompson of Dawson Creek, had three sons; Joan, Mrs. Val Blakely, farms at Grimshaw, has six children; Pat, Mrs. Peter Pervarski, lives at Sardis, B.C., has two children; Marilyn, Mrs. Clinton Livingston, has two children.

Nils Gutterud Family
by Marie Gutterud

Nils Gutterud, born in Adelen, Norway, February 10, 1897, was an apprentice in cabinetmaking and a factory worker. Gunhild Olava (nee Hallingby), born October 24, 1875, was also a factory worker in the same paper factory.

They were married in Honefass, Norway, in 1898 where they lived until 1907 when father decided to immigrate to North Dakota. Father first stayed at his uncle's place at Union, North Dakota, until mother and we five girls came, the eldest seven years, Ragna, Marie, Thora, Helga and Ronnaug. Mother came with her sister-in-law's sister and a friend as far as Minneapolis, Minnesota, then to Union, North Dakota, alone.

I, Marie, can remember the trip quite well, as I was five years old. Grandma Gutterud came with us as far as Oslo (then Kristinana) and took us for a ride on a merry-go-round, pulled by three men underneath.

The North Sea was very stormy, so we were all sea-sick but, after crossing England from Hull to Liverpool and into the ship again, it was calmer, so three of us girls and two Irish children had fun playing up on deck. Father came on the ship "Virginian" and mother on the "Victorian" of the Allen Line. We landed at Quebec and went from there to Chicago, where we went by rail to Minneapolis and on to Union, North Dakota. We stayed at father's uncle's place for several days, then moved to four different vacant farm houses to live. Father worked on farms, all close to Fairdale and Adams, North Dakota.

Ragna, Marie, with parents Nils and Olave Gutterud.

In 1910 we girls all had scarlet fever. Ragna was going to school in Fairdale and she was the first to contract it. Thora, Helga and Ronnaug died just before Christmas. Three more children were born in the United States: Olaf, who died at two years of age, Thorvald and Helga. Helga was named after her deceased sister.

In 1911, father heard of homestead land around Walsh, Alberta, where his uncle's friend, Bjorn Tweeten, had taken land, so went there and filed on a homestead and preemption. In 1912, we moved there, living first in a cellar with a tent cover over it, then in a dugout in a side hill. By 1916 father had built a new house with a full basement.

The twins, Ole and Olga, and Ruth were born on the homestead.

In the fall of 1924, because of so many dry years, father decided to go north. He liked the land around Red Deer so looked for a place to rent. He learned of the W. Slack farm four miles south of Benalto through Martin Loken and so we moved to that farm. The first year we had a very good crop, but the rains came after the crop was cut so the grain was badly

sprouted and of a low grade. We had come from those years of drought to get rained out the first year here — from one extreme to another!

In the summer of 1925 I worked at B.C. Learned's on the farm. In the spring of 1926 Thorvald, Helga and Ole (Olga's twin) died from diphtheria. I stayed home after that to help father with the field work. In 1928, I took sick and had to go to the Keith Sanitarium in Calgary, where I stayed for 19 months and 10 days. I came home and took "the cure", as they called it, for two more years, then was able to do some work again.

In 1947, father bought Adie Kanten's place in Sylvan Lake and the folks and Ragna and I moved here, December first. I worked at the Tourist Inn for some time, then at Watkiss's Cafe for many summers. I am still living at Sylvan Lake. I have belonged to the W. I. since I came here and also belong to the Friendship Club which is a drop-in centre. I enjoy it as it's a meeting place for the old folk and we've had many interesting and enjoyable trips by bus around Alberta and British Columbia.

Olga was married to Rolf Holmgren. She had lived in Vancouver for 23 years, two years as a maid and 21 years as a clerk at Eaton's. Olga had a house built in Sylvan Lake, close to our old house, on the lots she bought after she was married. They lived in it for one year when Olga passed away, November 19, 1967. Rolf lived in their home for one year after Olga died, then moved to George Petterson's farm where he stayed until he passed away, July 6, 1977.

My sister Ruth and I went to Norway in 1971 to see our only living aunt, mother's youngest sister, and her husband, also many cousins. We stayed the longest with a cousin who lived in the town where I was born. We landed by plane in Denmark, then went by scenic ship to Oslo along the Swedish shore.

Father passed away March 21, 1954, mother on June 1, 1965 and Ragna on December 28, 1970.

The Hallgren Family

Andrew Edgar Hallgren was born September 27, 1887 at his father's farm which was, at that time, three miles east of the original boundaries of the city of Red Deer. He married Mary Louise Augustine LeRoy, March 21, 1916. She had been born in Nice, Normandy, France, July 1983. To this union 10 children were born: Isabel, John, Lillian, Helen, Gordon, Elizabeth, Alex, Victor, Norman and Eric.

The Hallgrens lived at Delburne from 1916 to 1931 when they moved to a farm south of Sylvan Lake. The two younger sons were born there. The children now attended Marianne School.

Soon after moving to this farm, Edgar Hallgren, who was only in his early forties, became crippled and, for the rest of his life, he had to walk with two canes. In spite of this affliction he continued dealing in horses and travelled around the country in a Bennett buggy.

Edgar's wife, Augustine, helped in making a living for the family by raising a large garden and each summer she would be seen driving horse and buggy around Sylvan Lake selling small bundles of fresh vegetables to the many tourists. This was during the "dirty thirties", as everyone came to know

Nils and Olave Gutterud's 50th anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hallgren.

Ed. Hallgren and sons (clockwise) Gordon, Alex, Vic, Norman and Eric.

those years, and money was a scarce commodity for many families.

Augustine was also a very fine seamstress and made most of the clothing for her children from hand-me-downs, flour sacks, or whatever was available. One of the boys remembers wearing a "Robin Hood" shirt. It was indeed a memorable day when one of the boys owned a pair of bib overalls, or one of the girls had a dress from a store.

In 1939 the family, consisting of the six younger children, moved into town and were on "relief", as it was called then. They received $10.00 per month, for the parents and six children. However, the mother worked cleaning houses and cabins to help feed and clothe her family. Gordon quit school at this time and was able to find odd bits of work to help out.

Several of the younger children had Mrs. Ernest Kinna for their grade one teacher and still speak fondly of her.

Edgar and Augustine Hallgren were among those who helped to organize and establish the Pentecostal Church in Sylvan Lake.

In 1942 the Hallgren family moved to Red Deer where Ed and son Alex operated a livery barn until 1945. Each summer they moved their riding academy to Sylvan Lake (east and across the railway tracks) where they rented the saddle horses to tourists and residents.

Edgar died in Red Deer January 23, 1961 at age 74. Augustine continued to live in Red Deer until her death July 18, 1969 at age 73.

Isabel and Norlan Amlee were married at Sylvan Lake. Norlan was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A. and came to Canada with his parents and sister Bernice. (The Amlees were quiet, kindly folk. Bernice (Amlee) Johnson was employed at the local Post Office for many years.) Norlan completed a mechanic's course and was employed by Jack Goodey at Lakewood Service (Texaco) for more than 20 years. He was considered a good mechanic and was well-liked. He had a good sense of humor. Norlan died in March, 1982 after a lengthy illness. Isabel had one daughter, Evelyn McCormick, by a previous marriage. Evelyn and her son Doug live in Edmonton and often visit her mother who continues to live at Sylvan Lake.

John served in the Navy during the war and married and lives in Richmond, B.C. They have one son Wayne and one granddaughter. He was a steam engineer at Simon Fraser University for many years until his retirement.

Lillian married Russell Goodall who was in the R.C.A.F. during the war. They moved to Vancouver and have an adopted son Gregory and daughter Gayelan.

Norlan and Isobel Amlee, daughter Evelyn and grandson Douglas.

Helen followed Lillian to Vancouver and there she met her husband, Lorne Westerberg. They have a daughter Lorraine and a son Garry. There are also four grandchildren.

Gordon was born in Delburne, February 2, 1924 and took his schooling in Marianne and Sylvan Lake. He served in the army during the war and, in 1953, he married Winnie Brown of Red Deer. He was in the trucking business hauling gravel until his untimely death in 1959. Gordon and Winnie had two daughters, Terry and Eleanor, and a son, Vernon. Terry and Vernon live at Sylvan Lake and Eleanor lives in Red Deer.

Elizabeth was born February 14, 1926 at Delburne and attended school in Delburne and Sylvan Lake. She worked in Red Deer and then left to attend the Saskatoon Bible College for two years. She then worked in Calgary where she met and married Bob Hankins of Rimbey. There were four children, Bonnie, John, Carol and Bill. Bob Hankins died at age 42. Elizabeth continues to live in Calgary near her children and grandchildren.

Alex was born January 21, 1928 at Delburne where he attended school and also at Sylvan Lake. He married Joyce Harden in 1953 and they live in Eckville where Alex has an oil recycling business, Aaka Oil Recyclers Ltd. He recently completed a nine-hole golf course near Eckville. They had six children, Dale (deceased 1973), Donna, Deborah, Darrell, Kelly and Allen, and eight grandchildren.

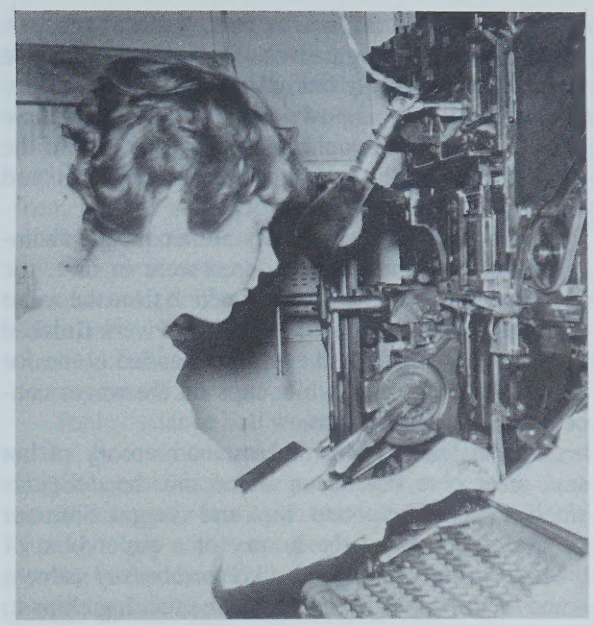
Victor was born December 28, 1930 in Sylvan Lake. He took his schooling in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. Victor worked on seismic crews and drove his own truck hauling crude oil until his death in 1967. Victor was married to Verna Wishlow in 1957. Verna and their two children, Melodie and Darren, live in Calgary.

Norman was born January 7, 1932 at Sylvan Lake. He took his schooling in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. He worked on seismic crews until he purchased his own gravel truck. He later took up maintenance and janitorial work in Red Deer Schools where he and his wife, the former Marlene Senft, still reside.

Eric was born January 29, 1934 at Sylvan Lake where he took the first part of his schooling. Beginning in 1948, he worked at various jobs — auto wreckers, seismic, oil patch, building and hauling campers — until 1971 when he established a feed lot and corral cleaning business for Central Alberta farmers and feedlot operators. He and his wife live on an acreage about three miles east of Red Deer on the Delburne road.

Myrna Woodley Halsall

Summer people and the year round residents were different. The year-rounders called the town "Sylvan" whereas the summer people referred to it as "The Lake". There were subtle advantages to being a resident and vaguely superior to the summer people and secretly envious of their city sophistication.



Myrna Woodley in Sylvan Lake News office.

Myrna Halsall, Chris and Tamara.

I was born in Red Deer, May 11, 1944 and lived in Sylvan Lake from birth until grade three and I always felt like a resident for many years after I moved away and was returning only for holidays with Grandma Tooley.

I cannot remember a time when I could not swim

or when I was not allowed to go to the lake unsupervised. My aunt Georgina was lifeguard and I am sure I was watched closely but never felt restricted. Lifeguards had awesome powers and we knew that if we did not behave we would be sent off the pier to the beaches where the summer people, parents and babies played in the shallow water.

Until I was 12 years old summer meant swimming lessons. The older children went in first, the youngest class was held last by which time the water was, supposedly, warmer. All lessons were finished by the noon whistle and everyone headed home for dinner. Only rain and white caps on the waves cancelled swimming lessons.

Sylvan Lake evokes an instant memory of hot sun, clear blue sky, clean water and the delicious smell of deep fried potato chips and vinegar. Summer people could afford the luxury of a paper boat of those crisp brown chips. I well remember my sadness when they would amuse themselves feeding chips to the sea gulls.

Allowances were 25¢ per week which just covered the Saturday matinee with Roy Rogers and Dale Evans and some lovely sticky candy. We had to put on shoes for the Saturday show and for church on Sunday. I do not remember wearing shoes at any other time in the summer once school was out. Grandma always made me wash my feet before I went to bed.

In the winter, sledding and skating replaced swimming. Fortunately, cardboard boxes made the best slides so anyone could beg a box from Cobb's or Koots' Store and participate. The railway tracks' hill made a perfect slide. The old skating rink building wood stove was always filled with a roaring fire and the ice cleaned and flooded. As I look back I realize how much was provided for the children of the town at a time when money was not all that available for recreation.

The playground with swings, totters and slides was just across from Grandma's house and right beside the tennis courts. Tennis was very popular when I was young and the courts well kept with provincial competitions held in the summer.

When I was young everyone seemed to attend church and the year-round people were polarized to the four or five churches in the community. Sunday always started with Sunday School, then church, then a big Sunday dinner. In the summer, swimming was allowed in the afternoon but I do remember some of my friends with stricter parents were not allowed to swim on Sunday.

I spent my middle school years away from Sylvan Lake but returned to complete my Grade 12 in Red Deer, bussing in every morning from Sylvan. I had ambitions to be a writer and started to work at the Sylvan Lake press for Warren Dunford. My writing ability was not called upon as I learned to operate the linotype, helped to set type and run the little hand-fed press. Press day for the weekly "rag" usually started early and ended late, often not being put to bed until early hours of the next morning.

Working for the paper was interesting and I learned a great deal about a vanishing art form. It was probably the last newspaper in Alberta to use hand-set type. Hours and hours were spent setting headlines, letter by letter.

The Rocky Mountain House paper offered an expanded job role and I moved to the larger paper which was just slightly more modernized. I travelled the bus home to Sylvan almost every weekend to visit Gran. After a year and a half my writing career had not moved forward. I was becoming a printer rather than a writer and decided it was time to look for a real "newspaper" job.

In 1964 I was hired by a B.C. paper, **The Williams Lake Times**, to sell advertising and write a column. It finally seemed to me my writing career was on its way. The new paper was exciting as it was a new paper started in competition to the old established paper. I became a "real" reporter with a column of my own and held the high-sounding title of "Advertising Manager." The staff all had titles and low wages.

I met Michael Halsall in Williams Lake and it seemed to be my fate not to escape from printing as he was a printer and owned a shop in Williams Lake. We returned to Sylvan Lake and were married in St. Mary's Anglican Church on May 29, 1965.

My newspaper career continued off and on for seven years. Our son, Christopher, was born in 1966 and daughter, Georgina, in 1968. During the years the children were home I wrote special stories for several newspapers and did Christmas specials.

In 1973 I accepted a part-time temporary job supervising the fledgling Homemaker Agency with three Homemakers and two clients. The agency went through an expansion period and my part-time temporary job became a full-time permanent position. The Department of Indian Affairs invited the agency to set up services on several reserves and, by 1975, I was travelling 280 miles into the Chilcotin country, supervising services on six Indian Reserves, as well as managing the Williams Lake agency with 20 homemakers and sixty clients.

In 1976 I moved to Victoria with my children and began the pilot project for a small geographic homemaker agency in a large city. The project was part of a larger health and human resources program in a designated community area of Victoria. The area,

called James Bay, encompassed a 12 square block area of one mile by one and a half miles. I went from the largest homemaker service in the province to the smallest.

In 1977 I left the Homemaker Agency to take my present position with the Provincial Ministry of Health as Provincial Home Support Coordinator of the Long Term Care Program which includes homemakers, meals on wheels, adult day care and group homes for the physically disabled.

Harper Family of Calgary
by Marion Harper

In July of 1933, the John and Marion Harper family holidayed at Sylvan Lake for one week and loved it so much that they bought the "Dun-Workin" cabin from Bill Innis, just a hop and a skip from Penley's Dance hall. Marion and the children — Jack, Joyce, Don, Millie and Stan — stayed for the whole summer with John commuting from Calgary (a bumpy long drive in those days) to see his family and to play golf.

We have wonderful memories of happy days at the beach playing in sand and in the water, swim regattas, renewing acquaintances with our good neighbors, the Kovacs (local shoe repair man and nationally renowned shoemaker for crippled people), and cabin owners Comptons and the late Edith and Limonde Ratcliffe (inventor of the rotary weeder).

In 1952, Dun-Workin was sold and another cabin, "Westwind", was purchased from Barnie Williams. Again, many happy days were spent sharing the enjoyment of the lake with 12 great-grandchildren and their parents. Even now, at the age of 84 and John at the age of 86, we still love to come to Sylvan Lake and enjoy its peace and beauty.

Memories of daughters, Joyce (Bennett) and Millie (Bodtker)

Once we had overcome our carsickness from the rough journey to the Lake in the 1930's, we explored our special places in Sylvan Lake and looked forward with great excitement to the annual sand-building contest and the parades with prizes for the best costumes. Costumes consisted of whatever you could improvise, from drapes to bed sheets, why even towels and face cloths could make an exciting costume! Our brothers borrowed the brass knobs from the wrought iron beds to decorate their wooden swords and lampshades made smashing hats.

Toting water half a block and arriving home with three quarters spilled enroute was always a challenge for little people. Rushing up to see the steam engine trains come into the station with all the new visitors hurrying off to start their much-awaited holidays, the engineer waving, the fireman shovelling coal and the big pipes filling the water tank were all worth the trip. Such excitement and all the while we would be chewing on a block of seafoam the size of a pound of butter for 5¢. Evenings were spent entertaining each other with a shadow show made by hanging up a sheet, lit from behind with the coal oil lamps, and having shadow plays.

The carts selling ice, fresh vegetables, newly slaughtered chickens, and baking all added to the charm of Sylvan Lake. A novel idea was when someone sold full-course dinners — just bring your own serving bowls.

Penley's dance hall was the community centre for many. Spectators could enjoy listening to the band, singing and antics of the musicians, watch the dancers of all ages, or dance for three dances for 25¢. Sunday night was very special with Amateur Night — far better than TV — where one could hear or watch the talents of friends, neighbors and even our brother Stan, age four, sing "God bless America."

Excitement of preparing for the dances at both halls, later roller skating, swimming in the surf brought upon by the approaching storm, shivering from the chilly water and then warming yourself with a bag of delicious French fries, with vinegar and salt. Never have they tasted so good! We discovered it was unwise to skinny dip just when the dance is over — one can become very cold trapped in the water!

One Very Fond Memory of David Bodtker (Son of Millie)

One fond memory is Turcottes' teepee, which was not really a teepee but rather a fort. It was just down the lane and we used to go there a lot and play house or something.

One day we found a bag of dry tree seed so we dumped them out from the top of this two-storey structure and watched them blow around. When we got home, we found that those were our grandpa's and he was looking for them.

The Harper children: Don, Millie, Joyce, Stan and Jack.

A few years later, the fort was torn down, much to our discontent, but my dad would not let us go without our fort so he helped to build us a new one which is now two stories and also is used by the neighborhood kids.

One Special Memory of Lisa Bodtker (Daughter of Millie)

Catching hair snakes and tying them into loose knots to see them untie themselves and pretending to save them from the multitudes of minnows and huge, lazy, ling cod.

Don Harrigan Family

by Verna Harrigan

Donald Bruce Harrigan was born in Medicine Hat, Alberta and spent his "growing up" and school days in and around Piapot, Saskatchewan. He attended Petain and Edgell country school and then attended school in Piapot. He left high school and took over his father's farm as his father had retired. Don continued farming until 1942 when he joined the airforce.

I was born in Chinook, Alberta and lived my first ten years in Calgary. Then, due to my grandparents' ill health, we moved to Piapot, Saskatchewan to care for them. Here I attended Moorhead and Caswell country school, then finished my high school in Piapot. About this time, my parents bought the Piapot Hotel. I helped them during the summer, then attended Normal School in Regina, Sask. In 1942, I taught Skull Creek, a country school eight or ten miles out of Piapot. Don and I were married in July of 1943. We lived in Dauphin, Manitoba and in Winnipeg, about three months in all, then Don was sent overseas. I worked in the Piapot Post Office until August, 1944, then I taught at Carnagh School until Don returned home from overseas.

Upon Don's return, we went back to the farm at Piapot but, because of asthma, Don could no longer farm on the prairies, so, for a change of climate, we bought a farm at Evergreen, Alberta, six miles south of Condor, Alberta, in 1947. The first year we were there, I taught at Old Knowledge School (1947-48). Then we decided to raise our family: William Bruce born in 1949, Sherrill Lynn born in 1950 and Clarence James born in 1953. Our children were all allergic to grain dust, animals, pollen, etc. so, on the doctor's advice, we moved to Red Deer in 1953. Don began working at the Post Office, emptying mail bags, etc., working his way up to the position of supervisor.

In 1970, due to Sylvan Lake's postmaster, Mr. Bloxham, being in poor health, Don came out to Sylvan Lake Post Office to relieve as postmaster for a few weeks. Later, he came out again as relief postmaster. In 1972, when Sylvan Lake Post Office came up for bids due to Mr. Bloxham's continued ill health, Don bid on this position and got it. Don remained as postmaster until his retirement in December, 1981. During Don's term as postmaster, Sylvan Lake grew from 1,800 to 3,700 in population. It was due to Don's efforts that the "Drop Box" service was established in Lakeview Heights, Palo Subdivision and Woodland Subdivision, much relieving the pressure and pile-up of mail at the main office.

During our stay in Red Deer, I worked at Highland Grocery for thirteen and a half years. When we moved to Sylvan Lake, I worked in the Bank of Commerce for five and a half years before deciding to retire. We will spend our retirement years in Sylvan Lake as we are central to our family here.

All three of our children married teachers.

Bruce lives in Calgary and is a marketing representative with Gulf Oil. His wife, Heather, teaches high school in Calgary.

Sherrill, an x-ray technician, lives on a farm south of Highway 11, west of Hespero, Alberta. Her husband is Ken Maki, the vice-principal of Caroline School. They have two boys: Curtis, eight years old, and Kevin, five years old. They raise registered quarter horses.

Jim lives in Grande Prairie and is married to the former Denise Helmer of Red Deer, a kindergarten teacher. They have two children: Brett, three years and Robin Janelle, one and a half years. Jim works with an oil company in Grande Prairie.

The Harrison Family

contributed by Gwen Waksel and Audrey Macarthur

Cecil Harrison arrived in Canada as a young man — a veteran of the South African War. He was raised and attended school in Hull, Yorkshire, England.

He came to Edmonton and was an accountant with the Dawson Coal Company. At this time, he was a widower with a young daughter, Edna, who is now Mrs. Alfred Muskett of Langley, B.C. Edna had one son.

In 1912, Cecil met Alice Long, the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Long of Kingston, Ontario, who had come to Edmonton to visit her sister. Cecil Harrison and Alice Long were married and made their home in Edmonton until 1921. Two daughters, Gwen and Audrey, were born to this couple while living in Edmonton.

When Mr. Harrison left the Dawson Coal Company he decided to try farming in the Lacombe area. This was their home until 1927. Gwen and Audrey

started school in a one-room country school. A third daughter, Joyce, was born at Lacombe.

The family moved to the Marianne District about four miles southwest of Sylvan Lake. This farm, in later years, was the property of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Leitch. Gwen and Audrey attended Marianne School when Mrs. Bernard Bystrom was the teacher.

In 1932, the Harrisons took up residence at Sylvan Lake and became well-known citizens of the town. They spent their remaining years here. Joyce completed school at Sylvan Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were original members of St. Mary's Anglican Church and, through the years, worked diligently for their church. Mr. Harrison visited many people to discuss the possibility of an Anglican church at Sylvan Lake. A plaque to their memory is placed in the church. Mrs. Harrison was a family and home-loving person.

In 1937, Gwen and Dan Waksel of Leduc were married in St. Luke's Church in Red Deer. The Waksels have one son, Douglas. They moved from Leduc to Barrhead, Alberta where they owned the golf course and a grocery store. Dan died in October, 1976 and Gwen continues to live at Barrhead in the home they built when they sold their first home and the golf course. Douglas completed high school at Barrhead and attended N.A.I.T., graduating in Business Administration. He now has a sporting goods business in Edmonton. Douglas married Ingrid Begart of Barrhead and they have a daughter, Jennifer, and a son, Daren.

Audrey, who was employed in Lethbridge, met and married Ewart Macarthur in 1940. Soon after their marriage, Ewart, who was in the Armed Forces, was posted to Britain. He returned to Canada in 1942 for officers' training. Ewart was killed in Italy while on active service. Audrey, left with a young daughter less than a year old, returned to Sylvan Lake to make their home. Her daughter, Marion (Marnie), attended school at Sylvan Lake and then at Red Deer. After graduation from high school, she attended the University of Alberta where she received a Bachelor of Education Degree. In 1963, Marion and Lorne Ellestad of Red Deer were married at St. Luke's Church. Their home is in Edmonton where both are members of the teaching staff of the Public School System. The Ellestads have a daughter, Leanne, born May 1972, and an eight year old son, Craig, born December, 1975.

Joyce Harrison, after completing school at Sylvan Lake, worked at the post office when Mrs. J. B. Toye was postmistress. After some time there, she went to Penhold to continue in post office work and continued there until her marriage. At Penhold, she met Stan Lee and they were married in 1947. To this union, five children were born: Barbara, Bob, Susan, Janet and Harold.

Barbara, now Mrs. Jim Scott of Innisfail, has three daughters. Bob, the older son, lives in Red Deer. Janet, Mrs. Jim Morton, lives near Eckville and has two sons. Susan, Mrs. Don Lyn of Markerville, has two boys. Harold, the youngest of the Lee family, lives in Penhold.

Stan Lee died in 1964 after a lengthy illness. In 1966, Joyce and Bill McKinnon of the Penhold district were married. Bill served in the R.C.A.F. during the war — part of his service saw him stationed in India. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Red Deer Branch. Bill enjoys curling and three times their Legion rink won the Provincial title, going on to compete in the Dominion Legion finals. Joyce continues to work in the Penhold Post Office where she has been postmistress for more than 20 years.

James Russell Heenan

by Elsie Goodey

Russell Heenan of Wardsville, Ontario came west with his father, James A. Heenan, in 1902. They came by train with all of their possessions loaded in a box car — cattle, feed, household furnishings and two bird dogs. Mrs. Heenan, Russell's stepmother, rode on the same train but father and son stayed in the box car to look after the stock.

On arriving at Blackfalds, they were met by brother Bill (Wm. A. Heenan) and their home was established west of Blackfalds, south of the Blackfalds road.

Russell Heenan, Aunt Lizzie Heenan holding Elsie Heenan, Blanche Heenan, Emil Schmidt, Wayne Heenan, Bill Heenan and Sarah Heenan.

Russell was 14 years old at this time and stayed with his father and stepmother helping them with chores at home and for their neighbors, the Rube Randophs and Sheldon Mitchels. He also told of walking to the Will Schmidt home to keep fires going the day that Will and Dolly Schmidt were married, a bitter day in January.

When he was 16 he went to work on a bridge crew, whose foreman was Locky Kennedy of Red Deer. His brother Bill also worked on this crew. A

Heenan's General Store.

short time after going to work, their cook left them and Russell was elected to take over the cooking. With no experience and little help this must have been fun, but thanks to a kind-hearted farm lady who lived near the campsite, Russell was soon baking their own bread, making pies and doughnuts, which in later years he taught his daughter to do.

About two years later, his father died and both sons came home. At that time, Bill and Russell decided to buy a store in Sylvan Lake. Not being a very busy village at that time, Russell started hauling supplies from Red Deer for their store and other businesses. He also delivered mail along the Burnt Lake Trail from Red Deer to Rocky, stopping over at Sylvan Lake, when the regular mailman was ill one winter.

Heenan's Opera House.

About this time, he met Louise Blanche Coy, who came from South Dakota with her parents and four younger brothers and sister (four older ones staying in South Dakota). They were married and, in 1913, the year Sylvan Lake became a village, their son, Russell Wayne, was born. He was one of the first babies born in the Village of Sylvan Lake.

The Heenan store was sold and Bill went back to the farm and Russell stayed in Sylvan, building a two-storey frame structure to house a barber shop, billiard parlor and dance hall above. This was in the same location the Mayfair Grocery is in today. Frank Bardwell was the first barber and the dances were attended by people from miles around.

When war was declared, Russell sold his business and left for Calgary with intentions of enlisting, but an army life was not to be. He worked for Pat Burns in a meat-packing plant for some time, but had a chance to go run the Brisco farm southeast of Calgary and later worked for Jay Brown near Three Hills and then back to Sylvan Lake where Edmund Rosse had started the Rosse Store. He worked here until Joe Rosse came out from France with his wife and family to help with the store.

In 1919 a daughter, Elsie Blanche, was born and, in the spring of 1920, the move was made to their own farm, north of Sylvan Lake in the Carritt School District, where both children attended school.

Russell was a member of the school board for a

number of years and was a firm believer in farm co-operatives. He was one of the original members of the Alberta Wheat Pool.

Some of their neighbors in these early days were the Orley Austins, the Tom Bigams on the north shore of Sylvan Lake, and Andrew and Edith Bigam just to the east of them, and Murray and Laura Bigam. There were also the Parkinsons, Nelsons, the Carritts, and Captain James and his three sons.

Many wonderful times were had at the Carritt School with Christmas concerts, pie socials, amateur concerts, box socials, to name a few. The Ladies' Aid of the United Church, the U.F.W.A. and other organizations kept the school house busy with many forms of entertainment. When the ice rink was built, there was a skating party every Saturday night and the Young People's Group meetings on Wednesday nights must not be forgotten.

Young people grow up and, in 1942, Russell Wayne Heenan was married to Marjorie House of Gleichen and, in 1946, Elsie was married to Jack Goodey of Red Deer.

The Heenans moved from the farm to be nearer to town and, in 1960, they moved to 52 Street West in Sylvan Lake where they remained until Mrs. Heenan passed away in 1966. At that time, Russell moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge. He was there nearly five years when he suffered a stroke and spent his remaining years in the Red Deer Nursing Home. He passed away in 1979 in his 90th year.

Russell Wayne Heenan, after serving 25 years with the C.P.R., is retired and living in Calgary with his wife. They have two children. Marwyn Ellen, married Ed Fisher who is soon to be retired from a career in the army, lives near Edmonton and has four children: Cindy attending university, Paddy recently joined the R.C.M.P., and Sandra and Jeff in high school. Garry Wayne Heenan, a heavy duty mechanic working for White Trucks in Calgary, married Joanne Morrison and they have two little girls, Shannon and Robyn.

Elsie Blanche and John Arthur Goodey had four children. Jim, at home, is running a trucking business; Bonnie, Mrs Ralph Dowler of Benalto Farm Supplies, has two children, Colin and Cheryl; Jerry, married to Deb Walker, has two boys, Dale and David, and is a carpenter by trade; Linda passed away, at age 15, in 1975.

Henry and Hilda Heikkinen Family
by William Heikkinen

My parents were Henry August and Hilda Sofia Heikkinen (nee Antilla). Father was born in Oulee, Finland on June 10, 1871 and mother in Torris, Sweden on April 16, 1876. They were married in Neder Kaalix, Sweden on August 4, 1897.

I am not certain how long they lived in Sweden, but the three eldest children were born there, namely: Fannie Utilia July 5, 1898; Karl August January 25, 1900; Jalmer Leonard November 15, 1901. It must have been shortly after this they moved to the United States and lived in Virginia, Minnesota for a short while. Jalmer Leonard passed away there in 1903.

Father was a shoemaker by trade, but loved the outdoors and took hunting trips whenever possible since his health was already suffering from many years spent working inside. They later moved to Ely, Minnesota where dad still worked at his trade. Three more sons were born there: Emil Einart July 6, 1906; Jalmer Edwin October 30, 1910; Eino Albert April 5, 1913.

There were quite a few Finnish people around Ely, so Fanny and Karl learned to speak Finnish there but, up to that time, they were Swedes.

Mr. and Mrs. Heikkinen, Fanny, Carl and baby Emily.

Mother and the children were living in town but dad had a new dream. He wanted to come to Canada and file on a homestead. This he did in 1911 to Alhambra, Alberta. Dad built a small log home. Mother stayed in Ely until the following year. With

William and Jean Heikkinen.

the help of good friends, she managed to dispose of things she would not need in Canada.

Eino Albert died in July, 1914. Flora was born on May 22, 1915 and I, William Lee, on March 30, 1918.

Shortly after this, John Pykalainen bought our homestead and dad moved to greener pastures two miles west of Sylvan Lake and rented the Weber farm for about two years. It was here that my brother Karl passed away, after a lengthy illness, at the age of 21 years in 1920.

Sister Fannie married Fred Everett Calkins that same year. It was shortly after this that we moved again. This time dad bought a farm one and a half miles north-west of Sylvan Lake, on Highway 11. We loved to live so close to the lake. It was not long before we were helping dad to clear the land ready for production.

Jalmer, Flora and myself took our schooling at Sylvan Lake. In 1935 dad went to Washington to attend a church convention. It was on his return journey that he was in a car accident which took his life at the age of 64 years. Emil and Jalmer then took on father's duties. I helped with whatever I could.

Then came the Second World War and I enlisted, taking my basic training with the Royal Canadian Artillery at Grande Prairie, then going to Camp Shilo, Winnipeg for advanced training. From there I was drafted overseas, where I continued training in England. In April, 1942 I transferred to the 6th Construction Company. It was at this time that I met my wife, Jean, who was then serving in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. We were married December 4, 1943.

After serving in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, I returned to Canada on September 13, 1945 and my wife followed. She arrived here in April, 1946.

After staying at the farm for a while I bought a small home of my own in town as, by this time, I was clerking in the hardware store. In October, 1961 we moved to Red Deer where I was employed at Merit Stores for 28 years.

My sister Flora was married to Ed Sawyer on December 12, 1936 and they farmed close to Bentley. She has four children. They are all married and have families of their own living close by.

Emil passed away June 29, 1962. Mother was blind for many years and passed away June 22, 1966.

My sister Fannie died while visiting with her daughter in Victoria, British Columbia on September 7, 1977.

Jalmer's health, by this time, was failing but he carried on farming until he passed away on January 26, 1978.

I then took the farm over, selling it in 1980. Thankfully, I am now enjoying my retirement. My wife and I are still living in Red Deer.

Hendrickson Family

John Henry Hendrickson was born in Oulu, Finland in 1857. He came to Canada with his father in 1882 to Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay), Ontario. They worked on the railroad between Nipigon and Schreiber, Ontario. John Henry's father passed away in Nipigon. John Henry then came to Port Arthur, where he met and married Edla Mantysaari, who worked as ironer in a laundry. They moved to Duluth, U.S.A., then to other areas where John worked at various jobs.

They settled in Denver where their first son, John Edward, was born in 1884. Their second son, Charlie Richard, was born in 1889. They then moved to Ely, Minnesota where their third son, Henry William, was born in 1894. From there they moved to Great Falls, Montana, where Matt Rudolf was born in 1896.

John Henry then went into the saloon business. In those days it was not uncommon for customers to ride their horses into the saloon. John was a big strong man and, at times, when things got rough, especially with newly arrived Finnish fellows, they used knives

Henry and Aino Hendrickson, sons Arnold and Hubert.

for fighting, but John took them away from them. One particular time, the rowdy ones refused to behave so big John took hold of a big table between his teeth and swung it around. The rowdies were so impressed by this show of strength they soon left the premises. Children were not allowed in the saloon but John's son Henry happened to come in at the moment and saw what his dad did.

Mother Edla took in washing to help the economy. John Henry, when working in the mine, was helped by son John. One time John Henry fell from a wagon, the wheels passing over his legs. Father John was drinking too much and the doctor gave him six months to live if he did not give up liquor. That was when he decided to return to Canada as he had heard there were homesteads available.

He came alone to find one and to build a home. Then Mother Edla and three sons, Charlie, Henry and Matt arrived in Red Deer in 1902. On the train, the boys were wrestling and Matt threw Henry's cap out the window. Henry was going to throw Matt out after the cap but mother caught Matt in time. There was no railroad to Snake Lake, as Sylvan Lake was called then, or even roads. John came to Red Deer to meet his family with horses and wagon along a trail.

With John Jr.'s help a sauna bath was built, as this was very important to Finnish people. Soon after, John Jr. returned to the United States to work and send home money to help the family. Everyone had to do his share of work.

At first, Henry and Matt attended school at Kuusamo. Charlie had gone to school in the U.S.A. He went to school at Kuusamo for a time but then helped at home. They all were needed to clear the land; it was hard work but they enjoyed it. One day the parents had gone to town so the boys made themselves lemonade from lemon extract, sugar and water. They began to feel queer, so evidently the extract was a bit intoxicating.

They bought a cow, which Henry learned to milk at an early age, as he, too, wanted to help his mother.

Finnish people travelling to Red Deer from the west often stopped at Hendricksons' to spend the night. At the gate, Henry would stand and open it for a fee of five cents. One time, Henry Salonen refused to pay so Henry would not open the gate.

As the boys grew older they cleared more land. John Jr. filed on a homestead by the Lake to the west. They bought two more quarters of land and raised prize horses and cattle.

When the railroad was brought through Sylvan Lake, John Jr. worked on it.

The Hendricksons were the first in the area to buy a 1917 Model T Ford car. They built a beautiful big house with power plant and indoor plumbing in 1918.

Henry and Matt joined the army but they were quarantined in Petawawa, Ontario because of an epidemic of a contagious disease. While so confined, the war ended and their military careers also.

John Jr. passed away in 1918, a victim of influenza. Mother Edla passed away early in 1922. A housekeeper was engaged — Mrs. Elisa Wantti who came from Port Arthur with Armi and Violet (Aino arrived a little later). Henry and Aino were married the same year after a brief romance. John Sr. proposed to Mrs. Wantti but she refused and later married Henry Salonen.

Henry and Aino were blessed with two sons: Henry Hubert born in 1923 and Arnie Arnold in 1924. Grandad John married Hanna Leukumaa in 1924 and moved to John Jr.'s land by the lake. Henry and Charlie built a house, barn and chicken coop and had a well drilled. John Sr. then sold the old home to the sons, mortgage and all. The debts were caused by the building of the over-sized house which cost more than the boys thought necessary. After that things kept going down hill regardless of the efforts of the sons to keep things going, except Matt, who was not

Hubert and Madeline Hendrickson.

as ambitious. Charlie became very ill and went to the U.S.A. for treatment but died there in 1926. Henry had to hire help in the spring and fall, but his young brother-in-law, in his early teens, was a willing pupil and Henry a good tutor. The hired help problem was solved.

Armi lived with Henry and Aino. He was so proud when he learned to handle an eight-horse team and to drive a tractor. He later married Gertrude Palm. They moved to British Columbia.

A very elderly, homeless man made his home with Henry and Aino for three years, doing what small chores he could for his keep. When the big house burned to the ground one cold winter night, the old man stayed with Granddad John, who had separated from Hanna some time earlier. He gave the house and land to Hanna, bought a lot in Sylvan Lake by the lakeshore road and lived there.

Hanna willed the property, now hers, to Arnold, younger son of Aino and Henry so that it would remain in the family. Hanna became ill. Some friends of hers moved into the house to take care of her, as she had cancer. While they resided there, the will Hanna had made disappeared and a new one made, which Hanna was unaware of but was persuaded to sign. This will gave her property to the people who lived with her and allegedly looked after her. They also took possession of another of Hanna's properties further west.

After the big house burned down there was nothing to expect from insurance, which had payments due because of hard times. An old granary was fixed up to live in but bad years, crop failures and low prices for produce made things worse. Aino sewed for people, made comforters and they sold milk to campers to bring in a little money. Milk was eleven quarts for a dollar then. Potatoes were thirty-five cents for 100 pounds. The boys went to Sylvan Lake School.

The last straw was when they were told to leave the homestead by the mortgage company. That was the reward of a lifetime of work and sacrifice. This happened in 1932. They did not know where to go, but were allowed to move on to the Harriman land and lived in a caboose. They later stayed on the Booth land, where a house was built on skids for later removal. Charlie Bruce gave the family lumber on time and Charlie Soderlund helped build a house. There was not water so it had to be hauled from a well at Sylvan Lake for the animals, as well as people.

Henry had lost his last twenty-dollar bill but found it in the spring badly torn. He thought it was no good, but Aino took it to the bank and exchanged it for a new one. She then went to the C.P.R. Station and was able to buy a piece of land she knew of, one mile west of the station.

One more stroke of bad luck occurred before they moved to their new property. When Henry went to do the milking one morning, he found seven cows lying down, unable to rise. All were beyond help except two, which survived. They had eaten wild parsnip.

In the spring of 1936 with Elmer Leeti's help, the house was moved to a new location. Henry cleared the three acres and put in a crop; he also sowed a rented piece of land the other side of Sylvan Lake — a Mr. Nunnemaker's property. In the winter Henry cut wood, sawed it and sold it for two dollars a load — a double wagon-box full. He also sold potatoes. Eggs were three cents per dozen. Those were, indeed, the hungry thirties and everything that could go wrong, did. Winters came before crops were in.

The brothers had belonged to the Wheat Pool. John Jr. had worked at Nordegg, organized a miners' union and was the chairman. He had a good singing voice, was a good actor and took part in many plays at Elspeth Hall. Henry played the accordion. Mother Edla had had a lovely singing voice so her talent was passed on to her sons.

In 1924 a Farm Women's League was organized. It was too far to attend meetings at Elspeth so a branch was formed at Sylvan Lake, where meetings were held in the homes of the members. Play rehearsals took place mostly in the Hendrickson home as there was the most room there. The mothers taught the youngsters songs and small parts to perform on

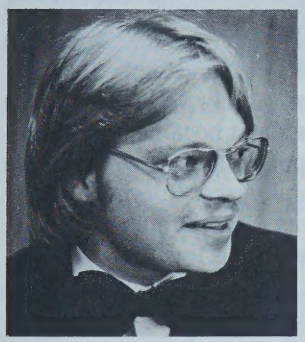
stage. There were many good concerts which took place at Elspeth Hall.

The original Hendrickson homestead is situated one mile straight south of town and is on the west side of the road. (Hagermans')

The John Edward Hendrickson Jr. homestead was next to the present golf course as far as the bridge and right down to the lakeshore.

Later, John Sr. had a home two and a half blocks west of Main Street along Lakeshore Drive in Sylvan Lake.

The following is a list of the deceased Hendrickson family members: John Henry Sr. 1940; Henry William 1971; Henry Salonen 1937; Matt Rudolf ?; Armi Olavi Wantti 1963; Madeline, wife of Hubert, 1982.



John Henry Hendrickson, Concert Pianist.

Some of the remaining family members are: Aino Hendrickson and Arnold, the younger son, who played violin and harmonica, both of Sylvan Lake; Henry Hubert Hendrickson of Red Deer and Sylvan Lake; Hubert's and Madeline's son, John Henry (born 1956 in Montreal), concert pianist now residing in Toronto; Aino's sister, Violet, and her husband Henry of Edmonton; Violet's and Henry's children: Henry Bernhard, born 1935, and Diana Holmberg born 1940; also Violet's and Henry's five grandchildren some of whom reside in Sweden.

Jonas Robert Hendrikson

Jonas, one of a family of nine, was born in Stockholm, Sweden May 24, 1866. He was the only one of the family to immigrate to Canada. He came as a young man to Saskatchewan in 1904, where he acquired work with the C.N.R. He worked in many localities as a section worker, on a bridge gang and, later, as pump man at Burbank, Alberta, a siding where locomotives stopped to fill up with water.

In 1908, he became a Canadian citizen and took up land northeast of Edmonton, close to the Saskatchewan border.

Around 1920, he came with the C.N.R. to Sylvan Lake where he met Esther Lindholm, also a native of Sweden. She was born in Varmland September 12, 1893. She came as a small girl with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lindholm, three brothers, Linus, Charlie and Frank, two sisters, Charlotte (Mrs. A. G. Lindman), Ellen (Mrs. Sandy Smith), to settle in the Burnt Lake area amongst a group of other Scandinavian settlers. Here they all grew up and received their education.

Jonas and Esther Henrikson and daughters, Lily and Rose.

Jonas and Esther were married in 1921 and purchased a farm north of Withrow, Alberta (S.E. 16-40-5-W5), known as "Twin Lakes Fur Farm", where they made their home and raised mink.

Here two daughters were born: Lilly, February 24, 1923 and Rose, February 24, 1927.

Around 1930, the family moved to Sylvan Lake where Jonas again returned to work on the C.N.R.

We girls received our education at Sylvan Lake. Dad was an ardent hunter and trapper, also skier, making his own skiis. Mother was always at home carding wool and spinning yarn and knitting for our family as well as others. She enjoyed all types of handwork.

Mother passed away March 23, 1946 after a lengthy illness. Dad was active until his last year, which he spent in the Rimbey Three-Way Hospital. He passed away there, November 11, 1956.

Lilly (Mrs. Johnson) now resides in Red Deer. She has two boys. Rose moved in 1946 to a farm near Eckville where she lived until 1970, then to Eckville where she still resides and works in the Co-op Cafeteria.

Bob and Judy Herder

The history of Bob and Judy Herder starts on January 5, 1963, when they were married in Red Deer at Gaetz United Church at 4:00 p.m. Following a honeymoon to the United States and Mexico they took up residence at the family farm home located along Railroad Avenue. How many people can say

that they lived on a farm in town? That was the case for the next 13 years. The farm was originally purchased by Bob's parents, Lewis and Ella Herder, in 1950 at which time they moved from Red Deer where both had spent most of their lives. Bob and Judy continued to live with the senior Herders until the Balmoral Golf Course, east of Red Deer, opened later that year in the summer. They ran a mixed farming operation at that time but, in later years, gave up the grain farming aspect in favor of cow-calf operation.

Judy especially loved the old farm house and devoted years to redecorating and painting. The house originally had been moved from the west side of town somewhere to its present location. It was first owned by a family by the name of Jambois, then sold to a Mr. Jacob Kessle and finally to the Herder family. It was very interesting when the elder Mrs. Jambois, then in her 80's, paid us a visit one summer and described how the house had been some 50 years before. Also, some of the children of Mr. Kessle revisited their old home. During one of our renovation jobs, we found between the walls, some 1918 French "Illustrated Gazette" magazines which had been used as insulation.

Judy and Bob's family consist of James Richard (Jim), who was born October 9, 1963, and Kim Charmayne, who was born July 28, 1965. At the present time, Jim has purchased a quarter of land and is ranching with his father. Kim is ready to start grade 12. She hopes to become an actress or a model.

Bob and Judy Herder, son Jim and daughter Kim.

Bob was born in Red Deer and received his education at various schools in Red Deer, including the Balmoral #2, which was an old one-room schoolhouse. At the time, there was a bounty on magpie feet; the students had to take the feet to school and present them to the teacher, who would take a quick look, hold her nose, and tell the kids to burn the magpie feet in the furnace downstairs. The school was a mile and a half east of their home and the Herder kids would bobsled down the long hill to their home each evening in the winter.

After moving to Sylvan Lake and completing his schooling, Bob and his father and his brother, Charlie, started raising cattle. Bob has always been an attentive stockman and now raises Charolais-crossed cattle. He also enjoys fishing and curling and, around the first of February each winter, you can find him in the Farmers' Bonspiel in Red Deer with his buddy, Dave Hueppelheuser. At one time, Bob belonged to the Sylvan Lake Fish and Game Association as well as the Gun and Archery Club. He was a Scout for several years and later became Scout leader. At one time, Bob supplied the Eckville Rodeo with rodeo stock for several years. Bob is currently the chairman of the Cygnet Lake Drainage District and has spent ten years working together with different government people trying to stabilize Cygnet Lake in order to get pasture land drained that had been under water for many years. It was very interesting when we weaned our calves in the fall. Some of the neighbors would protest and sometimes report to the authorities that we were starving our cattle because the bawling would go on for four or five days.

For years, we had a grazing permit through the provincial government and we pastured our cattle on the Elk-Idlewile pasture which was 110 miles from our home. This meant that every spring and fall we and three other farmers would trail our cattle to and from pasture. It became quite an event and, one year, CBC-TV filmed the procession. There were lots of different horses that got "broke" during these cattle drives; also, many new friends were made and some tagged along for a few days. It usually took ten days from the time Bob and the crew left before they reached Sylvan Lake.

Judy, an only child, was born in High River, Alberta and grew up in Lethbridge with her parents, Ruby and Al Parker. (Mr. Parker was a Provincial Electrical Inspector for 28 years.) When she was 16, they moved to Red Deer and there she attended the Composite High School. She went to school with Bob's sister, Betty Herder, and that is how Bob and Judy met and later married. Judy, while in Red Deer, belonged to, and was secretary of, the Northend

Judy Herder's parents, Al and Ruby Parker.

Riders' Association. She was an avid horsewoman. Betty and Judy would ride their horses downtown sometimes on a Saturday afternoon in Sylvan Lake and tie them up behind the jewellery store in the old Cobb's building and then go shopping. Judy used to help with the "1913 Days" events in Sylvan Lake and, for about 10 years always made the float for Long's Grocery. She also ran the Variety Concert that was connected with the "1913 Days" for several years.

After Bob and Judy were married, Bob would often talk about how he would like to own a quarter of land that was two miles south of the home quarter. Two years later, the property came up for sale and Bob purchased it from John Martin Sr. In 1975, Bob's dream really materialized when he sold the home quarter for development and built a new farmstead. Bob and his father and brother worked together until his dad's death in 1965 and then with his mother and brother until later when he bought them out and they went their separate ways.

While our children were growing up, we had many pets, a menagerie of animals. The kids would all come over to play with our animals and their friends were numerous. Living beside two summer holiday campgrounds attracted a lot of children. Sometimes at night we literally counted heads to see how many overnighters we had. We had a rather famous goat named Charlie who amused scores of kids over the years. He was a very friendly goat and would do all kinds of tricks for crabapples. God help the crabapple trees, because some of the branches were down low enough so that he could pick them himself, and he did! Every year, for several years, he would be in the Little Red Barn at the Red Deer Exhibition and would thrill all the children. He always returned home with a case of indigestion and would be sick from eating everything that was offered to him. The crabapple trees survived though, and four years after moving to our new location, we had two of them moved. Bob's dad, Lew Herder, had planted these trees 25 years before, so they sort of belonged with the family and, I am glad to say, they are still blooming. We had a pair of ducks, named Donald and Daisy, who had a few batches of babies. Also, we had quite a few rabbits and a chicken named Henrietta who liked to have her toenails painted bright red. Her barnyard companion was a 50-pound turkey named "Turk". He was rather mean after a few years. The kindergarten would come down each year to have a look at all the things, rather creatures, large and small that we had. The goat always put on the best show. He won prizes in a lot of pet shows.

Over the years, the Herders had different hired persons who worked for them. Bob tells of one that they had when his parents were on the farm who was called "Wild Bill". It seems that wild Bill thought that he was invisible when he chose to be. He would stand in the way when they were chasing the animals and would say that it did not matter because he was invisible and the stock could not see him. For a few years we had Hank Johnson work for us. At the time, he resided on the Soderberg place where the present Industrial Subdivision is located. We had occasional hired help for the next few years and then Keith Knopp came to work for us for the next nine years. After he left for other employment, Lorraine Brassard came to work for us. Now this posed a problem because how many people have a 19-year-old blonde named Lorraine as a hired man? So, we called her George; it meant a lot less explaining. "George" was like one of our family and she worked for us for about five years. Bob would say that it was really different to be out fixing fences with someone who smelled like perfume. Lorraine is now married to Bill Lee and has two sons, Clae and Jesse, and a little girl, Angie.

For several years, Bob raced pony chariots and chuckwagons. At one time he held the record for indoors at the Red Deer arena. He really enjoyed this event and did so for about seven years. Bob served on the Recreation Board for a few years and is presently the Chairman of the Cygnet Lake Drainage District.

Jim completed his 12 years of schooling at the H. J. Cody School. He was involved with the Benalto 4H Beef Club and won an efficiency award. He, like his father, enjoys fishing and hunting. In 1982, he ate

Bob Herder and racing chariot team

us out of house and home when, after being short, he grew a foot in one year and is now nearly six feet tall.

Kim has always been active in sports and particularly likes volleyball and basketball. In Junior High she received an athletic award. She participated in a Charm course when she was 14 and won the Miss Congenialty Award. She was also a runner-up in the Miss Mermaid Contest for Sylvan Lake in 1979. Last year (1981), Kim was involved in a French exchange program through the Department of Education. We received a Quebec student in September, 1981, named Marike Gaudet and she lived with us for three and a half months. Kim then went to Oka, Quebec, to Marike's home and lived with them for three months. This was a very enjoyable time for all of us involved, and we learned a lot about each other.

Judy has always been an active person in community things. She started singing after she got married and entertains at old folks' homes and at different functions. She directed a senior citizens' singing group in Innisfail for several years through the Red Deer College. She served for several years on the Grandstand Committee of the Red Deer Westerner Exposition, being chair person for the later years. Also, she was the Welcome Wagon hostess for Sylvan Lake for a time. For six years she sang with the Red Deer Musical Theatre, now known as C.A.T., and enjoyed being in all the productions. Being a lover of animals, she was delighted when a troupe of chimpanzees came and paid the family a visit for a few days. It was a little hard to explain why there was a truck-load of chimpanzees in our yard. They were a grandstand act that Judy had met during the Exhibition.

The Herders enjoyed their life at their old farmsite in town, and now also enjoy their life just south of town at their new site. We are pleased to share our history with you.

Lewis and Sarah Herder

Lewis Elmer Herder was born in Salsgurth, Manitoba in 1903. His parents were Christina and Lewis Herder who were originally from North Dakota. He was the third youngest of a family of eleven children and the family grew up in the Rosiland, Alberta, area. Several of his brothers and sisters moved to California to make their home. In his younger days, he was quite a boxer, at one time holding a title. After his marriage in 1933 to Sarah Thompson, they owned and operated a sand and gravel business. In 1947 the family moved to a farmstead east of Red Deer and engaged in farming. Three years later, in 1950, the property in Sylvan Lake was bought and the family moved there. Then, in 1963, Lew and Sarah and their son Charlie opened the Balmoral Golf Course on the

Louis and Ella Herder with son Charles and grandson Jim.

old farmstead east of Red Deer. They had five children: Charles Lewis, Robert Walter, June Dawn, Leuella Jane, and Elizabeth Doreen. Lew was a very gentle, kind man who was indeed a family man. He loved to sing and, for years, was a member of the Red Deer Barbershoppers. He also played the harmonica and the family enjoyed many sing-song sessions. He was an active member of the Fish and Game Association in Sylvan Lake and spent a lot of time engaged in this hobby. He once owned the existing site of Alto Reste Gardens in Red Deer, and there is now a subdivision nearby that bears the Herder name. He was a loved and respected man. On December 24, 1965, he suffered a heart attack and died while attempting to put out a fire at their home. All their belongings were lost at the time. Lew Herder had a multitude of friends and was well liked by everyone who knew him.

Sarah Elinor Harriet Thompson was born in Glengarry County, Ontario, a suburb of Cornwall, in 1903. When an infant, she and her family moved to Red Deer. She was one of the three girls born to Charles and Hanna Thompson who originated from Cumberland, England. Her grandfather, Joshua Thompson, was a cabinet maker and a piece of his work is now on display at Brewster's Museum in Victoria, B.C. At one time he was hired to make the post office boxes for Strathcona, south of Edmonton. These boxes were made by himself in Montreal and shipped to Strathcona. Joshua Thompson did beautiful work, and quite often his buffets, etc. were made of tiny pieces of inlaid wood; Ella Herder has one that is made of small pieces of broken china. Ella Herder spent her childhood helping around the house and quite often spent her summers on her grandparents' farm. She was one of the first telephone operators at the Red Deer exchange and worked there for eleven years. At that time, the exchange was owned by W. A. Moore before it became the property of the Alberta Government. In 1933, she married Lewis Herder and became a homemaker and mother. She was a member of the Rebecca Lodge and an active member of the Women's Institute. When the family opened the Balmoral Golf Course, she worked for many years in the clubhouse until she retired in 1975. Also, in the Alberta Centennial year she received a silver medallion from the Provincial Government, missing out on a gold one by just a few months. In her younger days, she was quite a painter and, since her retirement, she has kept her fourteen grandchildren in mitts, vests and afghans, as well as a host of friends in baby receiving blankets. At present, she resides with her daughter, Betty, and her family in Red Deer, where she is known as "Grandma" to a large number of children and friends.

Hodgson Family
by Ron Hodgson

My parents moved from England to Waseca, Saskatchewan in 1903 where they homesteaded until 1918. My two sisters, Winnie and Stella, as well as myself, were born at Waseca. In 1918 we moved to Rosedale, Alberta, in the coal-mining area of Drumheller.

We came to Sylvan Lake and the Norma District in 1939, where we took up the business of farming and I worked in the mines in the winter months.

By the middle of the thirties, mining was almost finished in the valley except for a brief period during and after the war. Unemployment, soup kitchens and relief camps were the order of the day. In the early years we ran a store and theatre in Rosedale. In later years I worked in the mines, as well as on the farm and for the Town of Sylvan Lake.

In May of 1936 I married Madeline McKay, a redheaded Scottish girl from Perth. She was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. When her father died, Madeline had moved to Calgary with her mother and her two brothers.

Heather, our oldest daughter, was born in April 1937 at Drumheller. Gail, our second daughter, arrived in June 1941 and Roy, our son, in September 1947, both born in Red Deer.

In the late fall of 1939, dad and I were accepted by the Alberta Government Land Settlements Scheme.

During the winter of 1939-40 we built a small log house and a barn. Early in the spring of 1940 we built a second house and cleared 30 acres by hand. The land was broken by John Sjare, our closest neighbor. At this time my wife and Heather moved from Calgary.

In the next few years we continued to clear the land by hand and worked with horses. We had some brush cut by Sig Bjornson and the Spycher brothers. In later years we left the farm and it was purchased by Ernie Spycher.

In 1944 we bought a tractor from Gus Wall. During the winter months, while I was working at the mines in Nordegg and Alexo, the Zimmermanns helped out a great deal. They saw that Madeline and the girls got to town. Heather was taking Scotch and tap dancing lessons from Marion May. Later, Gail also took lessons. Heather won a number of awards at Highland Games.

In 1950 we moved to Sylvan Lake. Heather finished school at Sylvan Lake and River Glen in Red Deer. Gail went to school in Sylvan Lake.

I worked for the Town of Sylvan Lake and with the police. Both Madeline and Heather worked for Alberta Government Telephones in Sylvan Lake. Madeline assisted with the Cubs with Mrs. C. Ritz

for a number of years. Heather was involved with the swimming programs at the Lake both before and after she married Bernard Sjare in 1956. There are three children.

Gail joined the Air Force and married an airman, now Sergeant Doug Galusha. They moved around a great deal including postings in Germany and Sardinia. They have a chosen daughter, Shannon, and are now in the North.

Roy went to school at Sylvan and finished high school in Drumheller. He then went to Toronto and studied to become an Electronics Engineer. He now works for A.G.T. and C.T.U. at the delay centre in Calgary. Roy married a Drumheller girl, Cynthia Vail. They have three children: Tosha, Ryan and Pala.

In 1959, we moved back to Drumheller and both worked at the Drumheller Hospital until we retired. Now we take things easy, travelling and camping and visiting our daughter at Sylvan Lake.

Elmer Hogstedt Family
by Lorena Dirsten

In August, 1955 Elmer and Mary Hogstedt and family moved to Sylvan Lake after the mine at Nordegg closed.

For a few years, dad worked away from home on the Canadian National Railroad. We lived on ninth street, about one and a half miles from the school. Winter months were pretty hard on us with the wind blowing across the lake. We suffered quite a few frost bites.

Sylvan was a nice community to grow up in. As teenage girls we were all active in C.G.I.T. and school sports. Darrell was active wih Boy Scouts and hockey. Hockey was played outdoors and was well attended by the town people. School Christmas concerts were held in the Prom Hall and the whole town attended. We always looked forward to the concert from year to year.

Dad passed away in January, 1968 and mom passed away in February, 1973.

Darrell married Lynda Bowman of Benalto. They have two children, Georgia and Robert, and reside in Benalto.

Sherry married Rod Dextrase of Red Deer. They have two girls, Alanna and Christiana, and live in Sylvan Lake.

I married Emmerson Dirsten of Leslieville and reside in Sylvan Lake. We have two children, Wayne and Marlene. Wayne married Bonny Reid of Trenton, Ontario. They have one son, Michael. Marlene married Michael McWade of Sylvan Lake and they reside in Red Deer.

Perry Holbrook Family
by Emma Holbrook

I first came to Sylvan Lake as a small child with my parents from Colville, Washington. My father, Edwin Dingman, had purchased a farm three and a half miles west of town from Alex Kinnunen in 1917. We came in 1918 as a family of six — parents Ed and Cora, children James, Florence, Emma and Ida. The elder children, Mabel and Clifford, remained in Washington. We spent our first night in Sylvan Lake in rooms above August Kinnunen's butcher shop on the west side of Main Street, then moved to the farm.

Ida and I attended Marianne School. We often came to town by horse and buggy or sleigh in the winter. Sometimes we walked in on the C.P.R. tracks, which was quite an experience because we had to cross the trestle. After leaving school, I was employed in Red Deer for a couple of years and Ida married Wilfred Kenzle, a farmer in the Marianne District. Later they rented a farm south of town which is now Sylvan Lake's sub-division, "Sylvan Heights". Clifford came from Washington and joined the family on the farm. He married Lily Pass of the Sylvan Lake District and they left in 1928 to homestead near Fort St. John. Florence married Emil Schill, Alberta Wheat Pool agent at Benalto and then at Sylvan Lake. James married Marida Hansen of the Marianne District.

Perry and Emma Holbrook.

My mother, Cora Dingman, after being a widow for many years, married John Rathwell and they lived on a farm northwest of Eckville for some years before moving to Sylvan Lake. Shortly afterward, mother took ill and she passed away in 1957.

I married Perry Holbrook in April 1929. As newlyweds, Perry and I lived at Saunders Creek where

Lavern and Eugene were born in 1931 and 1933. We then moved to Calgary and James arrived in 1935 and Mavis in 1940. In 1943 Perry was transferred back to the west country and it was then we decided to settle in Sylvan Lake because of the educational needs of the three older children. So, one sunny afternoon in October 1943, I, Emma Holbrook, with our four young children returned to Sylvan Lake after a long absence.

Perry was employed by the C.N.R. Bridge Building Division which covered the area between the Saskatchewan border and Nordegg.

The Holbrook children. Left to right: Mavis, Jim, Lavern holding Sandra, Eugene and Donald.

We rented a small house from Mrs. Hiltunen, located behind Koots Bros. Store and there our son Donald was born in 1944. In the summer of 1945 we moved into the house across the lane, next door to the Jamiesons. We soon became good friends and the seven years we lived in that small white house were memorable ones. Sandra was born in 1947. In October, 1953 we purchased the Angus McClean home (five doors west), which has been my place of residence ever since.

Lavern, Eugene and Jim attended school on the hill while Mavis took grade one in a makeshift classroom in a building on 46 Street. When Lavern entered grade seven, Mr. Bert Cody was her teacher. Mr. Cody played a large role in our lives as he taught all my children. For 20 consecutive years he had a Holbrook child in his class. When he was honored on the 25th anniversary of teaching in Sylvan Lake, my son Jim made the presentation on behalf of all his students.

Our children all worked at odd jobs. Eugene sold the *Calgary Herald* and had so many customers he roped brother Jim into helping him. I became the bookkeeper for this flourishing enterprise. They had customers all the way down to Lower Camp. They sold the *Edmonton Journal* as well and Jim discovered that if he took sister Mavis along he sold more papers! The boys each won an award one summer for selling the most *Journals*.

We'll never forget the night of the hardware store fire (where the May-Barker building is now). I knew if the wind changed we would be in danger. A man, I still don't know who, ran up to the door, opened it and shouted, "Get ready to get out; the whole street is going to go!" That was scary as I was alone with the younger children (the older boys had gone to the fire). My husband had hauled a load of used bridge pilings home to cut up for firewood. The firefighters took the pilings and used them to brace the north stuccoed wall of the store which definitely helped to keep the wall from collapsing and saved the buildings to the north. (They also made good use of the deep snow to dampen down the roofs.)

Lavern was a member of the junior choir of Memorial Presbyterian Church under the leadership of Mrs. Dodds. She belonged to Girl Guides with Mrs. Joe Martin as leader and also as a member of the Junior I.O.D.E. under Mrs. Angus McClean. Lavern worked during the summers at the Tip Top Cafe for the Don Larsons; at the Boat House for Andy and Marg Hollands; at the Cozy Corner for Guy and Vi Stanfield and, later, for Mr. and Mrs. Duke on Main Street. After attending business college in Calgary, Lavern took a summer job with Calgary Power here at Sylvan Lake. Art Plant was the manager and Jack Speedie a lineman. After working in Red Deer during the winter, she obtained a job with an oil company in Calgary, where she still resides with her husband, Charles Laplace and their four children, two sons and two daughters.

Eugene had a steady job at the Boat House during holidays and after school. He started out as Jim Paulsen's helper, renting boats, swim suits and surf boards and driving the "Norell". One day, when he was renting a boat, he saw a boy floundering in the water, so jumped in, clothes and all, and saved his life. He also did chores for numerous people such as Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Jaminette. Eugene was an air cadet and flew to Manitoba one summer for training. He was in Scouts under Jack Speedie — hearing the boys talk over some of their outings I guess they gave Jack a bad time. Eugene later became a Scout Master. After leaving school, Eugene worked for a time as a C.P.R. lineman but then joined the R.C.A.F. He was stationed in Germany and, during that time, met and married a French girl. Eugene and Monique and family are currently stationed at Cold Lake.

Jim did yard work as well as selling papers. He was chore boy for Gilchrist's Drug Store. He spent one summer working for John Lindman on the farm. Jim quit school in grade 10 and went to work with his father on the B & B where he stayed a year or so but his dream was to become an engineer. This required grade 10 so, while he worked on the bridge gang, he

took it by correspondence. He applied for and got a transfer as a C.N.R. fireman out of Mirror. The railway was short of engineers so Jim did not fire long. He was a mighty proud boy on his first trip through Sylvan Lake on the way to Nordegg, dressed in new overalls and cap. He stood on the step waving and the engineer blew the whistle all the way through town. From then on the family did not miss many trains coming and going and at night we would flick the porch light on and off instead of waving. Jim became an engineer and worked out of Prince Rupert for many years. He married Rosalie Ritchie and they have three sons. Their home is in Kamloops now and Jim works out of Terrace, B.C.

Mavis had rheumatic fever when she was 10 years old and then contracted polio at age 11. That was the year polio reached epidemic proportions. She was a lucky girl as she recovered from both very well. She was in C.G.I.T. with Lil Duffield and Vi Crockett as leaders. As a child, Mavis's greatest wish was to live on a ranch. This came true when she married a farmer from Byemoor. She and her husband, Walter Birkheim, live on their ranch at Byemoor. They have one son and two daughters.

Donald, like his brothers, worked at the Boat House and drove the "Norell" but, by this time, the poor old launch had seen better days. Shortly after, the Norell was beached and was later destroyed by vandals, thus ending a long career giving pleasure to tourists and town people alike. Donald also had a paper route, cleaned yards and cottages. He was a Scout under Neil Jarvin. Donald left school in 1963 and that summer joined the Royal Canadian Army and served three years with the Royal Canadian Service Corps. In 1966, upon his honorable discharge, he went north with an oil company as cook. When Donald came back from the north, he entered S.A.I.T. and upgraded his education. Then he enrolled in an electrical course, gaining experience with various firms. He presently enjoys the position of Chief Building Operator at the Westward Inn in Calgary.

Sandra worked as an usherette at the theatre for Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Watkiss while attending junior and senior high school. After graduating, she took a film projector course and worked for Mrs. Hazel Braithwaite, new owner of the Uptown Theatre. After a number of years Sandra left Sylvan Lake to take employment with the Department of National Defense in Calgary. Sandra and her husband, William Douglas, reside in Calgary.

My husband's health began to deteriorate and, after a lengthy illness, Perry passed away in July, 1958. Again the train whistle blew all the way through town, only this time it was for Perry and the crew stood with caps off as they passed our house.

After my husband's death, I worked as housekeeper on the Pass farm for a while then took in oil boys and teachers for room and board and prepared meals for a telephone crew working between Sylvan Lake and Rocky Mountain House. After the Senior Citizens' Lodge opened I worked as head cook and later as assistant matron. I loved the work and all the people living there, but my legs caused me to be hospitalized for some time so I had to resign at the Lodge. I then rented my home here and went to Kamloops where my son Jim and his family were living. I took a course in caring for the aged and worked for a year. I took two months off to visit my son Eugene and family in Baden Baden, Germany. It was a wonderful trip for Eugene attempted to show me all the important historical sights as we toured Europe. After returning to Calgary, where I stayed for a year or so, I returned to my home in Sylvan Lake.

I was a member of the Women's Institute and have my 35-year pin. I am a member of the Friendship Club and, during my five years as president, the present Friendship Centre was built.

My family come home often. I still travel a bit, love my home and garden, have wonderful neighbors and family, enjoy good health and have a cheque coming in every month. I consider myself a very fortunate person. There have been many changes in Sylvan Lake since I arrived here with my parents in 1918. I am proud to be a Sylvan Lake "old timer."

Edith (Jamieson) and Eston Holsworth

Edith was born in Red Deer in 1916 while her parents, Harvey and Margaret, were still on the farm in the Burnt Lake-Centerville area. In 1917, they moved to Sylvan Lake to the apartment upstairs over the hardware store.

In 1923 they were the only family to have scarlet fever in the village. They were told to move out of the business area so spent the winter in Grandma Jamieson's cottage. Real isolation! Milk was poured into the containers, put outside by the door and the washing had to be dried inside as they were afraid the germs would spread but, thank goodness, they did not.

The following are some of her girlhood memories:

— happy school days, when everyone went up the hill with sleighs to come flying down
— long fleece-lined underwear
— scratchy home-knit stockings
— flopping, unbuckled overshoes
— the flapper craze
— the buster-bob hair cuts (always done by Uncle Dave)

— the friendly rivalry of school fairs
— the first school newspaper, struggling to use our typing skills
— skating on the lake in the early fall and later in the flooded areas in the village
— dances in the three halls, Alexander, Hazelwood, Penley's
— the first airplane rides with Joe Patton and Ernie Kupichuck
— the annual Wrigley Swim and Regatta and the queen contest
— summer jobs, Edith selling pastries in Prosser's Meat Market.

In June 1936, Edith married Eston Holsworth. They lived down town for two years next to Pembroke Lodge and later developed property on 47 A Avenue on which a log house had been started.

They were both active in the Presbyterian Church youth groups — Sunday School, Explorers, C.G.I.T., Young People's — and Edith was a member of the Ladies' Aid. She was also a member of "Knitter Bugs" and a charter member of the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. Both were active in curling, tennis and golf.

Edith Jamieson.

Eston Holsworth and Jack Pell.

Eston was born in Nebraska, U.S.A., November 28, 1909. He came with his parents to the Evarts District in 1913 and to Sylvan Lake in 1924. He spent one year in a Vancouver high school and later took a year of architectural design by correspondence. Eston always worked during the summers with his hammer, helping to build the Simpson Boathouse, McCleans's Pool Hall and Barber Shop, Varsity Hall and the Norma School. In the winter months he helped make skating and curling ice at the rinks.

In 1932, Eston went to work at Rimbey in the grocery business for Charlie Ralston, coming back to Cobb's Ltd. in 1934, where he stayed for 11 years. During this time, we remember the fire of December, 1938 which destroyed that entire group of businesses — Carscallen's Insurance Office, Meat Market, Weston's Drug Store, and Cobb's Store. Endless hours were spent in moving stock from one storage area to another and in salvaging saleable goods for the big "Fire Sale" that was held later in the Alexander Pavilion. The business was carried on in temporary quarters in the old Rosse's Store near Dingwall's while the new building was under construction. It opened in June, 1939.

Eston and Edith bought their own grocery business in Alix, 1945, and moved to an apartment above

the store. They soon became involved in church and community programs again. After 28 years in business there, they sold out in 1973 and retired, living in Alix and holidaying during the winters in Mesa, Arizona.

Their family members are: Ralph, born 1939, was married in 1965 to Maurene Monson, Milestone, Saskatchewan. They have two sons: Gregory, born 1970, and Michael, born 1972. Ralph is a professional meatcutter and Maureen teaches school.

Ross, born 1943, was married to Kay Hansen of Alix in 1963. They have three sons: Brian, born 1964; Douglas, born 1966; Scott, born 1970. They have a family business, known as "Diamond Groceries", in Carbon.

James, born 1951, attended Royal Military College and was commissioned in 1973. In 1976, he married Anne St. Pierre of Victoreaville, Quebec. They have spent several years in Europe and are now near Montreal. They have one son, David, born in 1980.

John and Bertha Holsworth

John King Holsworth was born April 29, 1877 in Islington, England. He came with his family first to the United States and then, in 1906, to Alberta, working in the High River area for the summer and harvest season. He spent the winter 1906 at Evarts on the farm of his friend, Dick Tennant. He returned to Red Cloud, Nebraska and was married February 20, 1907 to Bertha Edith Sidlo (born May 23, 1888).

In the spring of 1913, John, Bertha and Eston Fay (born November 28, 1909) moved to the Red Deer area in a colonist car on the railway, settling in the Evarts District where they bought land.

John Robert was born May 4. 1916 and the boys both started school at Evarts, walking across country, using a pony and buggy or home-made skiis.

The farm was rented in 1924 and they came to Sylvan Lake, living for a time in a small house near Dingwall's Boarding House. Later, they built a home up the hill on the corner of 50 Street and 47 A Avenue (now the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bos).

John Sr. was an ardent fisherman; he enjoyed big game hunting and was a great gardener. For several years he and the boys looked after the making of ice for hockey, skating and curling. During the summer, they took care of the Lawn Bowling and the tennis courts. Earlier they had an Ice Cream parlor in the old boathouse and John worked with Mr. Jennijohn on the "Maple Leaf" and then on the "Norell" — the two sight-seeing launches which cruised every summer on the beautiful waters of Sylvan Lake.

John and Bertha were both involved in the community: the Knights of Pythias, Pythian Sisters, Red Cross. Bertha was also an ardent golfer for which she won many prizes.

Late in 1947, Bertha and John went to spend the winter in British Columbia. They bought a home in Courtenay on the island. Here, John really enjoyed his garden and fishing, where he managed to catch a 52-pound salmon in the stream almost on their back doorstep. In the fall of 1957 he suffered a severe stroke and passed away November, 1958. Bertha continued to live in Courtenay, travelling with the senior group each year and visiting her families and grandchildren in Alberta. She passed away at Courtenay in November, 1972.

Eston married Edith Jamieson in June, 1936. In 1945, they bought a grocery business in Alix and moved into an apartment above the store. The store was sold in 1973 and they are retired, living in Alix and holidaying for the winter months in Arizona. They have a family of three sons, all of whom were born at Sylvan Lake: Ralph, Ross and James.

John Jr. finished his schooling in Sylvan lake — played hockey and enjoyed curling with the "young colts" who did have fun teaching the older fellows their game. Before joining the R.C.A.F. he worked in the drug store with Charlie Weston and, in 1946, went to Alix to join Eston in the grocery business. He married Lucylle Hemeyer in December, 1947 and they have two children, Marilyn and Jack. Marilyn married Terry Fitzgerald of Edmonton in 1973. Jack (John) married Debbie Vert of Mirror in 1976 and they have a daughter, Angela and live in Red Deer.

Earl Hunter

I was born in the Bentley Hospital in July 1942, the eldest son of Gordon and Elsie Hunter who, at that time, lived four miles south of Lacombe. We lived alongside the Canadian National Railway eastbound from Red Deer to Mirror. Mother tells me that, in 1943 when the troop trains from A 20 Military Camp in Red Deer were eastbound, I would sit on the front porch and wave to the soldiers.

Sylvan Lake became my home when my father entered the armed services. I took most of my schooling in Sylvan Lake, completing high school in Red Deer. During my "growing up" years, I thoroughly enjoyed Cubs and Scouts. I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the Second Alberta Jamboree held at Banff, July 5-12, 1958.

I was always interested in all sports, taking an active part in hockey and curling. I also always enjoyed my visits to my grandparents' farm where I could ride horseback and be around all the animals. Three different summers I helped Pappy Day with his "Pony Rides" and also worked at the "Roller Rink" in later years.

Earl Hunter.

Earl and Frances Hunter.

Upon joining the work force, I worked at various jobs before finally being able to get into what I had always wanted, mechanics, going from lightweight to heavy-duty. Once I started heavy-duty mechanics it took me to various points: Edmonton, Valleyview, High Level, Rainbow Lake and Whitehorse, Yukon. From here I entered the potash fields of Saskatchewan.

In December 1970, I married Frances Hartung of Langenburg, Sask. In February, 1976 we moved to Princeton, B.C. where I was employed by Newmont Mining Company.

At present I am employed by Amax Mining of Canada at Kitsault, B.C. as Mine Maintenance Supervisor.

From a previous marriage I have two children, a daughter, Maureen Christina and a son, Earl Daniel.

Gordon and Elsie Hunter

by Elsie Hunter

Having been born and raised a few miles northeast of town, Sylvan Lake was always my home town before becoming my home proper in February, 1945. I was born in 1917, the eldest of four children of John Fredrick and Estella Christina (Weber) Zimmermann, both belonging to families who came to the area as very early settlers.

All the years I was on the farm we came to town every Saturday with team and buggy or sleigh, depending on the season of the year, to do our weekly shopping and get the mail. Back in the early years, sometimes in winter the roads would drift in (no such thing as snow removal) so you drove across neighbors' fields and across the lake to get to town. My folks bought their first car after I was married.

Gordon was born at Barons, Alberta, the fifth son of Thomas and Jessie Hunter. He came to Bentley in 1929.

We met while working at the same place and were married April 13, 1940 at my grandparents' (Zimmermann) home near Bentley. We were united in marriage by the Rev. R. A. Sinclair, minister of Memorial Presbyterian Church, Sylvan Lake. That spring the roads were in such terrible condition that several guests (including the groom's parents) were unable to get to the wedding.

The first four years of our marriage were spent in the Lacombe-Bentley area. In December, 1944 Gordon entered the Armed Services, so our young son, Earl, and I moved into Sylvan Lake which has been our home ever since.

Over the years we both have taken an active interest in the growth and development of the community, being involved with various organizations and functions. Gordon has devoted most of his time

SCOUTS CANADA

Outstanding Service Award

Elsie Hunter

Is hereby recognized for 30 years faithful and efficient service to youth through the Boy Scout movement.

Presented this 6th day of November 1982, by the Central Alberta Regional Council of the Boy Scouts Of Canada

W. R. Fuhr
REGIONAL PRESIDENT

J. R. Marshall
REGIONAL COMMISSIONER

Elsie Hunter's Scouting Service Award.

Gordon and Elsie Hunter.

to the Volunteer Fire Department, working for better equipment, training men so as to be able to provide required protection for the citizens of town and area. He was a member of the Service Club, the Chamber of Commerce and is a charter member of the Royal Canadian Legion. I am a charter member of the Legion Auxiliary, was a member of the Home and School Association, am a member of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, taught Sunday School, was a leader of the Children of the Church (C.O.C.) and, from the time our eldest son became a Wolf Cub, I have been involved with Boy Scouts of Canada. We both were longtime curlers; now of later years, golfing has become "our thing".

Gordon is a longtime member of the Provincial Fire Chiefs' Association and, at present, is Past President.

I spent almost twenty years as an employee of Sylvan Lake Hardware and, prior to that, spent three years "part time" at Adie's Gift Shop. In those years, I have worked with, and met, some very wonderful people and so would say my years have been fruitful.

Our family are each contributing their individual story to the book so on them I will not dwell.

I would like to go back over the years and reminisce a bit if I may:

— the days of the old board walks, the hitching rails and the muddy, and I mean muddy, streets

— the wide sandy beach, where at one time there was a ball diamond

— the summers when Centennial Park stood under water all season and Lakeshore Drive was drifted in most of the winter

— the summers we used to have to stand in line at the Post Office before we could get inside to get the mail

— recollections of the Chautauqua, rodeos and Wrigley Swim

— the memorable day in July, 1928 when the Hon. R. B. Bennett came to town to officially open the newly constructed W.I. pier.

— when Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Watkiss came in 1933 and opened their theatre, which became widely known for featuring a good choice of entertainment attracting a great number of patrons from several miles around

— the days the "big bombers" from Penhold Air Base would fly overhead at half hour intervals on training missions

— the days before refrigeration when you lowered the milk, cream and butter down the well to keep it fresh, you packed pork down in the salt barrel in the cellar, and sat and cubed fresh beef for a day, making it ready for canning

— ye olde butter churn, the sad irons (usually three) heated on the coal and wood stove for pressing your clothes

— the days before modern bathrooms; those trips we

made to the "outhouse" (sure cold in the winter months)
— the baths in the galvanized washtub (rather a tight squeeze in there)

Lee and Wilma Hunter
by Lee Hunter

I was born August 24, 1947, the youngest child of Gordon and Elsie Hunter. Mother's parents, John (better known as Jack) and Estella (Weber) Zimmermann, came from the United States in the early 1900's with their respective families who settled in the area.

At the time of my birth our family lived on 49 Street. Father kept a cow which he grazed on the ball diamond, now the property housing the Senior Citizen Lodge. My parents have always remained residents of Sylvan Lake and, although leaving town, I will always classify it as my home.

My first years of schooling were taken in the three school houses which stood where the H. J. Cody School now stands. The new building was constructed during my grade six school year and, for half of that term, we were bussed to Centerville due to lack of room in town. Early in the new year most grades were moved into the new school. My school years were most memorable for me as I was very involved in sports during that time. I was honored to be part of the 1965 basketball team, coached by Mr. Garner, who went to the provincial finals in St. Paul. That same year, our school curling team, consisting of Allan Jensen (skip), Wayne Heth (third), myself (second), Norman Peterson (lead), represented Zone 14 in the Provincial Taylor, Pearson and Carson School Boy's Championship held at the Shamrock Curling Club in Edmonton. A number of us were also fortunate enough to represent our school at Provincial Track and Field events. The final year of my schooling was taken in Red Deer. Although many teachers influenced my life, I fondly remember Bert Cody who was a "tough bird" but who gave his all for the students. As well, I recall my classmates who have passed away: Clayton Reynolds, Betty Podgurski and Larry Dare.

In 1967 I moved to Calgary. It was there I met my wife to be, Carry Wilhelmina (Wilma) Schaay, who earlier had emigrated with her parents from the Netherlands. She received her R.N. degree from the Holy Cross Hospital. Our daughter, Carrie Leah, was born December 1, 1968 in Calgary, as was our son, Wesley Paul, who was born June 20, 1972.

I commenced my career with the Royal Bank in 1968 and we have been located in Calgary, Strathmore, Grande Prairie, Lethbridge and, at present, we are in Drumheller.

Lee and Wilma Hunter and children, Carrie and Wes.

Space does not permit the writing of all one's memoirs, however, I will close with these thoughts:
— rowing boats across the lake to catch garter snakes and using them to scare the girls at the Prom Hall
— floating sticks down the ditches which ran from the school to the C.N. tracks, before pavement and gutters were installed
— selling papers on Main Street under the supervision of the well-known Robbie Robinson
— playing hockey on the old open-air rink adjacent to the curling rink which stood where the R.C.M.P. Station now stands.
— having Hank Rosse initiate me in the art of curling by placing me on a rock and pushing me down the ice
— cleaning sidewalks for Mr. E. C. Watkiss at the theatre and receiving payment in show tickets, then worth 35¢ (student admission)
— my mother's mustard plasters being a treatment worse than the illness

Eleanor (Jamieson) Hurd

Eleanor (born 1921) became interested in music and, as she furthered her own skills, she taught music to many juniors around the village. She attended the University of Alberta where she obtained her B. Sc. in Nursing. Later, she added degrees in Public Health and Nursing Administration and was on the staff of McGill University School of Nursing for seven years.

In 1950, Eleanor married Thomas Hurd of Kirkland Lake, Ontario. They have two sons, James and Scott, who are both in university. Eleanor is again

teaching nursing and Tommy is clerk of the courts and curator of the Kirkland Lake Museum.

Jack Innes Family
by Muriel Innes

Jack and Muriel (Goard) Innes, their two boys, Ronald age six years and Darryl, three months old, came to Sylvan Lake from Edmonton October 3, 1943. We had purchased Carscallen Insurance from Mrs. Carscallen (her husband had recently passed away).

The emerald lake and the small village nestled in the trees in their gorgeous fall colours plus the warm welcome from so many friendly people, all strangers to us, must have changed us instantly into "country people", never to return to our former environment to live! Except for frequent visits back to Edmonton we were happy and content in Sylvan Lake.

Each fall, Jack and I and the two boys had a family vacation. It may not have had the approval of the teachers but we convinced ourselves that including a visit to a dam under construction, a nature project, etc. would be educational and we would be forgiven.

Jack Innes.

Our boys were with us through public school in Sylvan Lake. Further education had to be in Red Deer by bus. We were happy to have Darryl (six years younger), at home and most of his high school was taken in Sylvan Lake.

Our son, Ronald, an engineering graduate from the University of Alberta, is head of an engineering firm Jack and he founded in Edmonton, Mobile Augers and Research. Patricia and Ronald live in Edmonton. They have two children, Murray and Jacqueline. Murray, age 21, attends university in Edmonton studying engineering and will be leaving soon for the University of Los Angeles. Jacqueline is finishing high school at Edmonton's historic school

Ron and Darrel Innes.

called "Old Scona", the oldest school building in Edmonton — strictly academic with no frills! Jackie transports her two horses and comes to visit me at Norglenwold.

Our son Darryl teaches at Malaspina College in Nanaimo, B.C. He and Gail have two girls, Christine and Wendy, seven and four years old. A beautiful Golden Labrador born in Red Deer is also very much one of the family.

Looking back over nearly 40 years, Sylvan has been a very nice place to live and raise a family. I am sure Jack would share my opinion even to a greater extent considering the opportunity and the challenge presented to the men and a few women for public service at that time.

Jack was the first representative to the Red Deer County Board of Education in 1957 and was the first president of Home and School in 1946. He was appointed a magistrate and was also mayor of Sylvan Lake for one term.

Jack passed away in the Eckville Hospital on June 20, 1979, of a heart attack. As far as we knew, he had no previous indication of a problem. He became ill while working in his garden one evening. We all miss him very much. I'm sure our little dog "Tauni" still listens for the car and his homecoming footsteps.

Muriel Innes.

I visited two very dear aunts recently in Nanaimo. They are sisters, now in their 90's, Mrs. Blanche Coupland and Mrs. Maude Baker. They claim to have been Red Deer's first telephone operator and first post mistress.

My grandmother and grandfather also lived in Red Deer at the time with their family of four boys and two girls. Grandfather was in partnership with Mr. Ed Michener. They had a music store and sold musical instruments — organs, pianos and violins, etc. After a few years, grandfather decided to move to Vancouver. He sold their red brick house, which had been built for him and his family, to Ed Michener, who eventually sold to Dr. Richard Parsons. A few years ago, Mrs. Richard Parsons, who has since passed away, very kindly invited me to tea in grandfather's house. Since I was a child I had been told of Red Deer and the house built of bricks from nearby Piper's Mountain.

Trips by horse and "buggy" to Sylvan Lake were highlights of my parents' stay in Central Alberta so many years ago, especially in the fall. It will soon be another colorful autumn.

The Wally Iversons

Alfred Wallace Iverson and Lillian Beatrice Haggart, both from the Swift Current, Saskatchewan area were married March 22, 1951. They lived in Moosomin, Yorkton, Camsack, Saskatchewan and in Virden, Manitoba before coming to Alberta. Three children, Brenda, Ted and Barry were born to the family during the 50's.

Wally was employed by California Standard Oil Company (now called Chevron Standard) and was transferred from Virden, Manitoba to Stettler, Alberta in 1959. The family arrived in Stettler on October 17.

On the recommendation of friends, the Iversons attended the Sylvan Lake Regatta during the summer

Iverson family: Wally, Lillian, Brenda, Barry, Ted and Kathy.

of 1960. They were charmed by the lake and so became cottage owners in August the following year. Many happy times were spent in the cottage which was located across the street from the Memorial Presbyterian Church. They enjoyed their neighbors: the Lougheeds from Benalto on one side and the Lloyd Staples on the other. The cottage has since been torn down.

A transfer in December of 1963 took the family, now numbering six, (Kathy was born in Stettler in 1963) to Red Deer, then to Sylvan Lake on June 23, 1964. Wally was working in Chevron's Bentley field and Lil was working for Foundation Mortgage. Their first permanent residence was on 45 Avenue and 47

Street, next to Mrs. Fanny Gamble and family. The most vivid memory of that house was the morning that Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Hunt's house, across the street, burned down. Apparently, there was a gas leak and we will never forget the BOOM that morning. Luckily, no one was hurt but the house was completely gutted. The Iversons purchased their present home at 5016-47 Avenue in April of 1965. A month later, Lillian's job precipitated another move when she took over the management of the Sylvan Court Motel for one year. At this time Wally became an employee of Mr. Jack Goodey at the Texaco Service Station.

On October 10, 1965 Wally leased the service station at the corner of Lakeshore Drive and 46

Wally Iverson in tow-truck and Kathy.

Street, then owned by the British American Corporation (BA) which, in 1969, became Gulf Oil. The next ten years in the service station were both enlightening and frustrating. Long hours of pumping gas and dealing with the public took its toll on health and the family life. But, also, many enduring friendships were formed during these years. Some of the people employed by the Iversons were Mr.Gordon Hunter, Mr. Norlan Amlee, Mr. George Wilson and Mr. Darrell Quirico. These hard-working and valued employees helped ease the burden of the business. The Greyhound Bus Depot and a bottle depot were also located at the service station. Many colorful and some downright strange people came through the garage.

In 1969 Brenda was valedictorian for her graduating class. She furthered her education at the Red Deer College and completed her nurse's training in June of 1971. On October 23 of that year she married Terry Stone, the youngest son of Ellis and Ellen Stone of Sylvan Lake. Their family has been blessed with three children, Christy, Pamela and Laura. Terry has his own irrigation business and Brenda is at present attending the University of Alberta. She will graduate in April of 1983 with her B. Sc. in Nursing. They presently reside in Sylvan Lake.

Ted graduated from Sylvan Lake High School in 1971. He chose the University of Alberta in Edmonton to further his education. After travelling throughout Europe, he worked for Cormac Electric in Red Deer. Europe proved a rather hair-raising experience for Ted. He spent an hour in a prison camp in Yugoslavia. Apparently anyone wearing blue jeans in those days was a suspect. While in Athens, a military coup took place and Ted was caught there for a while. He was staying in a hotel and one day he went out onto a balcony to see what was going on. What did he see but tanks all over the streets and someone training a rifle on him! Needless to say Ted got out of Greece as soon as he could.

Barry finished high school in 1973, went on to the Red Deer College, then to N.A.I.T. He completed his course in Telecommunications in 1977 and is, at present, employed by Edmonton Telephones. He spends his free time being involved in many sports activities.

The Balmoral Service was sold to Mr. Al Quick, the present owner, on June 10, 1976. Wally and Ted went into business together on November 1, 1979 when they opened Iverson's Automotives, Ltd. (Bumper to Bumper) in Sylvan Lake.

Kathy was valedictorian for her graduating class in 1979. She was "Miss Mermaid" from 1978-1980. After travelling in the British Isles, she entered the Red Deer College and then moved to Calgary where she attended Mount Royal College. She completed her course in Public Relations in 1982 and is now employed with CHFM Radio in Calgary.

Alfred Wallace Iverson passed away suddenly on February 23, 1981 at the age of 57. Lillian has become a full partner in Iverson's Automotives.

The Robert (Scotty) and Margaret Jack Family

by Margaret (Jack) Chalmers

I moved to Sylvan Lake in 1944 where I worked for Carl and Wally Koots in their General Store. I lived with Mary (Palm) Neilson and have many fond memories of my time with Mary and the Koots brothers.

Scotty, who had worked in Sylvan Lake before the war, moved back to resume his job with Calgary Power in 1945. We were married in 1946 and lived in Sylvan Lake until 1949, then moved to Rocky Mountain House when Scotty became manager there for the company. We came back to Sylvan Lake in 1950 when Scotty became district manager there.

We had a very happy life in Sylvan with the three children, Jim, Ken and Lori, completing our family. The children, of course, remember the great time it

Scotty and Marg Jack.

was living at a summer resort, our days spent on the beach each summer.

I think back on the enjoyment I had with my bridge club and the fun we had with the square dance group, plus remembering the many friends still living there.

We moved to Lethbridge in 1962 when Scotty became Supervisor. Scotty passed away in 1976 while still with Calgary Power, now known as Trans-Alta Utilities.

Our son Jim was born in 1947 at Eckville. He went to school in Sylvan until Grade Nine. He completed his high school and university in Lethbridge, then went on to the University of British Columbia in Vancouver to receive his Masters in Business Administration. At the present time he and his wife, Holly, live in Seattle where they own Malacca Rattan Stores.

Kenneth was born in 1953 at Eckville and was in Grade Three when we moved to Lethbridge. He completed his education there and is now a Chartered Accountant with a firm in Lethbridge where he and his wife Lorraine reside.

Lori was born in Lethbridge and is now living in Spokane with her husband Randy Lowe where they joined Jim with his chain of Mallacca Rattan stores.

I, myself, am remarried to E. C. (Ted) Chalmers and am living in Sherwood Park, Alberta.

Walter Jackson and Family

Walter was born in England in 1892 and emigrated to Canada as a young lad. He married Eliza Evans, who was previously married and had a daughter Elsie and a son Willie.

He opened a bakery in Sylvan Lake in 1931 with his brother Ernest and built the Jackson Block on Main Street, which housed the first theatre in Sylvan Lake and his bakery. He sold the bakery and theatre (the bakery being converted to a restaurant by Watkisses, the new owners). Walter then bought the

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jackson, Elsie Lindsay and member of staff.

property next door and opened a grocery store and bakery. Eliza was in a separate building where she operated a tailor shop.

Business was a little poor, so Walter went to Millardville, B.C. to work in the lumber mills, while Elsie ran the store for him. After he returned from B.C., he sold the grocery store and bought a cafe across the street, then he sold again, buying lakefront property in the Lower Camp-Jarvis Bay area where he had a grocery store and campground. After selling that, he purchased a small store on Lakeshore Drive. He operated that for a few years then sold it and opened a convenience store on Main Street where the new jewellery store building is now. This was Walter Jackson's last business venture in Sylvan Lake as he sold out to George Reed some years later and moved to Condor. (George Reed soon expanded the grocery business by erecting a new cement block building which later became a jewellery store.) Walter operated another small store in Condor until his death in 1965. Eliza had predeceased him in Sylvan Lake in 1960. Up until the time of her death, she had continued with her tailoring trade by doing sewing in her own home on 50A Avenue West.

Willie Jackson attended school in Sylvan Lake where he grew up. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1942, trained in Calgary, then flew as a pilot with the Alouette Squadron in England.

When Willie returned from the war in 1945, jobs were hard to get, so, for a while, he helped at the store in Sylvan Lake delivering groceries in his "green hornet". When th G.S.I. moved into Sylvan he was able to get a job on an oil rig, working north of Edmonton. He worked for them until his sudden death in a car accident in Edmonton in 1949. He was buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery with full military honors.

Elsie Evans (Jackson) married Ellery Martin Lindsay, son of Charles Blair Lindsay and Roxena (Barnhill) Lindsay in 1930. Ellery was born in Belmont, Nova Scotia in 1906 and moved to Sylvan Lake in 1925 to live with his dad who was working with the C.N.R. Being the years of the depression, he had to go north to the Peace River to find work. They returned to Sylvan Lake in 1931 and Ellery began work with the Lakeview Garage as a mechanic. He was employed by Joe Untinen for many years. They ran a taxi service on the side, many times being called out in the middle of the night for an emergency.

Some years later, Ellery went to work in Carstairs for Richmond-Tronnes. Elsie remained in their home in Sylvan Lake so that the children could continue in the Sylvan Lake School.

Ellery returned to Sylvan Lake to work at Bob German's Red Head Garage (now Bumper to Bumper) on the corner of 50 Avenue and 46 Street. But his health was failing since he had suffered from diabetes for years and he died in September, 1968.

Elsie was a well-known clerk at Koots' Store from 1945 to 1962. Both Ellery and Elsie, but especially Elsie, were active curlers. They had four children, Jean, Norma, Cecil and Charles.

Elsie passed away in May, 1972 while visiting her daughter Norma in Nova Scotia.

Jean, eldest child of Ellery and Elsie Lindsay, was born in Rimbey in 1930. Her parents returned to Sylvan Lake in 1931. She took all her schooling in Sylvan Lake with Mrs. Kinna her first teacher and, eventually, Bert Cody. During this time she worked for her Grandad Jackson in the store and then a couple of the restaurants after school and weekends. She attended Garbutt's Secretarial School in Calgary. She worked for Jenkins' Stores in Calgary and then Eaton's in Red Deer. She married Reg Hambly of Benalto in May, 1951. They have four sons, Jim, Howard, Mike and Rob. After Reg finished his five years in the Air Force, they moved to Benalto to start mink-ranching in 1955. Then, in 1967, they moved to Aldergrove, B.C., building a new ranch on their 40 acres. Later, Jean went into Real Estate. She found the 10 years of that business very interesting and rewarding but too demanding with three boys still at home.

Jim, their oldest boy, was born in Red Deer. He took his schooling in Benalto, Sylvan Lake and graduated in Abbotsford, B.C. He then went to work for B.C. Telephones. He married Allyson Andrew of Abbotsford in 1972. Jim and Allyson are very active in sports, especially curling (like Grandad Hambly of Benalto). They have two daughters, Kristal and Laura. Kristal is very competitive in Highland Dancing.

Howard was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He also took part of his schooling in Benalto and graduated in Abbotsford. He then operated his own garage for three years but decided to return to the farm and help his dad on the mink ranch. Since he had all his equipment, a three-bay garage was built for him on the farm. His big love is to race his self-modified Dodge Dart. Howard has his own home in Clearbrook, B.C.

Mike was born in Red Deer and Rob in Eckville. After we moved to Aldergrove, Mike and Rob started school and graduated in Abbotsford. With a big increase in the mink, both are still working on the farm. Mike was married to Carrie Verrault of Aldergrove, B.C. in 1982. Rob, the youngest, is still at home. All the boys are ardent curlers in the winter and play as much golf as time will permit in the summer.

Norma, second daughter of Ellery and Elsie Lindsay, was born in Sylvan Lake in July, 1934. She took her schooling in Sylvan Lake and married Willie Richmond in 1953. Norma and Willie had two girls, Sherry and Joanne. Sherry, now living in Greenwood, B.C. has two daughters, Renee and Deni. Joanne has one son Jeff and a daughter, Candace, and lives in Richmond, B.C. Norma and Willie were divorced and, in 1965, Norma married Len Luoma and they now live in Royston, B.C.

Cecil Martin Lindsay, older son of Ellery and Elsie Lindsay, was born in Red Deer in 1935. He took his schooling in Sylvan Lake. He first went to work on the oil crew in 1951-1952, throughout Alberta, for Farney Exploration Company. He then went to Carstairs in 1953 to apprentice as a mechanic under his dad until 1955. He had a trap-line in the Sundre area for a year or so, then back to mechanics in 1957. He married Rose Marie MacDonald in 1960. They had four children, Pat, Shirley, Vicky and Terry. After two years in the Lakeview Garage in Sylvan lake, Cecil moved his family to Vanderhoof, B.C. to work at Endako Mines. He then moved to Langley, B.C. in 1971, where he now resides.

Charles Ellery was born to Elsie and Ellery Lindsay in December, 1943, in Red Deer. He took his schooling in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer and has continued to live in Sylvan Lake and area.

Charles worked in Benalto on Reg Hambly's mink ranch for a time. Then he worked on seismic and pipe lines for a few years before becoming a carpenter, which trade he still pursues.

Charles Lindsay family. Left to right, Dawna, Charles, Kevin, Marilyn holding Terra and Jason at knee.

Charles married Marilyn Lightbown in 1970. Marilyn had two children, Kevin and Dawna, from a previous marriage. Then Charles and Marilyn had two children, Jason born in 1973, and Terra born in 1975. Their children are taking their schooling in Sylvan Lake.

The James Family and the Big Cone Ice Cream Stand

by Mabel James (Mrs. Hiram)

Mrs. Hiram James and her daughter Martha Jane purchased the Big Cone property at 4707 — Lakeshore Drive from Art James (no relation) in 1959. My husband, Hiram James, had passed away in 1939 so that the children and I worked hand and fist together. There was a cottage south of the Booth amid a forest of unsightly poplars. The cottage had a sign on it saying, "Big Cone Inn". Mrs. James, at the time of purchase, was teaching school in Edmonton and Jane was employed at the Department of Highways as a stenographer. They spent summer weekends and holidays at the lake. (Sylvan Lake, that is.)

Mrs. James' older daughter, Dorothy, and her husband, Hayward Smith, operated a popcorn stand on the roadside near the Boathouse. During the summer months Mrs. James' other daughters and their children: Beatrice Hewitt with Brian, Joan and Gary; Isobel Miller with Kinley, Barbara and Kelly; Willina (Lina) Lang with Barry, Darrell, Rodney, Cathy and Jamie; and Joyce Reardigan with Gerard and David would come and live in the cottage with Mrs. James and Jane and enjoy swimming, boating, wading, and so forth in and on the lake, besides occasionally helping with work in the booth.

Gradually the trees were cleared away and a generous garden created to the south of the cottage.

On July 9, 1960 a load of lumber, whose driver had fallen asleep, ran over the Smith's Popcorn Stand (Smitty's), completely demolishing it. It happened at three o'clock in the morning. The police at once came to our cottage and awakened the Smiths to acquaint them with the accident and to give them the name of the driver and the license number of the vehicle so that they could apply for the insurance. With the insurance money and some extra dollars the Smiths built a new popcorn stand on the east end of the Big Cone ice cream stand.

Hayward and Dorothy Smith and their daughter, Joan, moved from their home in Galahad to Sylvan Lake in 1970, taking up residence in the old Nygaard house to the north and west of the Post Office. That fall they purchased a house in Norglenwold where they still live. Joan married Garnet Nygaard and took over the Nygaard house.

For a number of years Hayward operated the Shell Service under the name of "Smitty's Shell". Later he worked at 2-11 in Red Deer until he retired. At present he keeps himself busy at Alex's Repair Shop on 50 Avenue West.

Going back to "The Big Cone", the "Inn" sign had to be removed from the front of the cottage as tourists expected to be entertained there. There was lots of fun at the cottage, especially at night, when young lads thought they could hide behind the cottage and drink their booze or entertain their girl friends or settle their arguments unobserved. They did not know anyone lived in the cottage as by that time the family had gone to bed and turned the lights out. Hearing a noise in the yard, the James's and their guests would slip out of bed and peek out the windows.

On a few occasions when intruders would disturb the garden we would shout at them to get out. On one occasion the revellers tried to jump the back fence into Revelstoke Lumber Yard, but they found the fence too high, so, to avoid the police who were after them, they dashed back along the east side of the

cottage with the police on their heels. This was a mistake because, in the dark, they did not see the water pipe and fell headlong. That was an exciting night. Another time, a private fight, which soon became a public fight, started in our front yard and spilled over the road onto the beach. Neighbors called the police and there was a free-for-all. A number of youths attacked the police. The fire truck was called and soon everybody was hosed into submission; even two of our family, who had climbed onto the booth roof to watch the fray.

One summer when the Prom, the big dance hall west of the Boathouse, caught fire and burned down, Jane got a number of very good snap shots of the fire.

Mabel James.

In 1969 Mrs. James retired from teaching and moved to Sylvan Lake. She tried winterizing the cabin. Mr. Bardwell and Mr. Maki were asked to consider the job. They did some work, but said it would be wasteful as the entire foundation was rotted away. We decided that maybe the cabin should go. Before taking it down we had Tony Dietrich build a tower to house the well and pump, and to provide bachelor apartments till something else was done.

This tower was built in 1971. In 1972 the cabin was razed and an extension planned to join onto the tower. Harry Griffin had the contract; but it was the fall of 1974 before he managed to get it finished. This was not exactly his fault as heavy snow storms and severely cold weather continually hampered the work.

Our "Castle" still stands. It was named "JaS-HMiJLVR" which is a combination of our Celtic names: James, Smith, Hewitt, Miller. James (for my son who lives in Montreal), Lang, Vaughan (Jane had married Ronald Vaughan in 1967), and Reardigan. In 1974 the Big Cone property was sold to Mrs. James' youngest daughter and her husband, Joyce and Joe Reardigan. The Reardigans were not happy living in Alberta as they found the winters much too cold and much too long. They were used to Eastern Canada and Vancouver Island. So, in 1980, they sold the property at 1707 Lakeshore Drive to Barry Anderson and moved back to Vancouver Island.

Barry Anderson removed the ice cream booth and set up an ice cream dispensary in the living room of the castle. He painted the Castle a mustard yellow, built two other booths on the property and neglected the garden. I wept when I went back and saw it.

After she sold the Big Cone, Mrs. James bought a cottage on the corner of 49 Street and 50 A Avenue and joined the Friendship Club where she acted as secretary for a few years. In 1980, she moved to Victoria where she has a mother-in-law suite attached to the Reardigan's house.

Jane and Ronald Vaughan live in Wetaskiwin

First tower of Mabel James' castle.

where for many years they operated the Tower Service Station. Now they have retired and Jane makes ceramic and porcelain dishes and helps her sister, Lina Lang on their farm north of Coronation. Isobel Miller also lives in Wetaskiwin where she manages the White-Elna Store. Beatrice Hewitt lives in Calgary.

In case anyone is interested, Mrs. James has joined the Victoria Silver Threads, the Juan de Fuca Seniors, the Navy League Chapter of the I.O.D.E., the Western Garden Club, and the Colwood Pentecostal Church. These activities keep her busy every day of the week except when she and Helen Raivio go on tours.

Jamieson, David, Harvey and Margaret

David and Harvey Jamieson came from Pembroke, Ontario to the Balmoral District near Red Deer with their father and mother, Henry and Marion, and the other members of their family, in the spring of 1902 in a colonist train which contained people, furniture and animals.

During that summer, the Jamieson boys,

Harvey and Margaret Jamieson.

Dave Jamieson.

William, David and Harvey, cleared 30 acres of land by hand — it took all summer, even with the use of oxen — as the purebred cattle had all died of swamp fever. Land was cheap, butter and eggs five cents a dozen. Neighbors all worked together helping when and where they could. Entertainment was of their own making, sing songs and charades always popular.

It was this same year, 1902, the family heard of Snake Lake — a beautiful lake to the west — so Harvey, with his sister Ethel and two friends, started out in July with a loaded democrat to find this spot, camp and catch some fish. The road was in and out among the trees — many mud holes and endless number of gates to open and shut. It took seven hours to make the trip one way. As they viewed the lake, it began to rain. It continued to rain for three days. They could not find a dry enough spot to camp where the present town-site of Sylvan Lake is now so they went to a high spot north of the bridge at the outlet of the lake. A big bonfire kept them warm and they were fairly dry in a tent. This first camping expedition led to many more happy times and memories of Sylvan Lake, as the sisters, Ethel (Mrs. W. McKinnon) and Arabella (Mrs. Jas. McKechnie), developed Kensington Camp at the east end of the beach (between the gates) or Lower Camp as it was usually called.

The Jamiesons sold the Balmoral land in 1908 and, in 1909, moved to the Burnt Lake-Centerville area south of Sylvan Lake where they bought land for $20 an acre. Harvey and Dave managed the land and, in the fall of 1914, while they were threshing, Harvey and Dave took the day off to go to Red Deer — most

unusual — but that December 2, 1914 was the day Harvey was being married to Margaret Emerson McKee. The minister was Rev. W. G. Brown.

Margaret was the daughter of John W. and Jane (Young) McKee who had come to the area east of Red Deer (Valley Center) from Ontario in 1902. Margaret was born in Erin County, Ontario June 10, 1879. Moving to Red Deer in 1912, she was a capable seamstress, a busy homemaker and a very gracious hostess.

In 1916, Mr. Jack Fitch, Harvey and others of the Burnt Lake-Centerville area were anxious to have a telephone line. Each pledged $100 to construct the original Centerville Telephone Co. as an independent line. In some cases, the fence wires carried the conversations as well. This line extended on to the Marianne District and later on to Evarts where, at one time, a line was to be put into a home but there was no auger to drill the hole. So, a 45-90 rifle was near at hand and the hole was shot through the wall and the phone put in place. This telephone line then came on to Sylvan Lake and ended at the hardware store at the corner of Main Street and Railway Avenue. Later, these lines were connected to the Western General Telephone Co.

Harvey and Dave traded their Burnt Lake half section for the hardware store in Sylvan Lake in 1917 and they moved into town — Harvey, Margaret, Edith (born 1916) and Walter arrived that October, 1917. They lived upstairs above the store and Dave made his home with his father and mother in a small cottage near the castle.

Dave and Harvey installed the first electric lighting plant in 1920, for a few homes. Later, they enlarged the plant and it supplied more homes, the stores, the church and municipal office until Calgary Power came to town in 1932.

The Business Men's Association was formed in 1925 and, by way of advertising the "Beauty Spot of Alberta", these men constructed a float in the form of a boat on Harvey's car and he drove it that year in the Calgary Stampede parade and the next year in the Edmonton one.

Some time before 1927 there was a vacant lot next to the 'castle' and it was flooded to use as skating ice after the lake was snowed in. Also, in this era Henry Jamieson's "cheeses", which were molded iron curling rocks, were 'tried out' on the edge of the skating ice. Soon the skaters were sharing their ice with some enthusiastic curlers and this led to talk of a covered curling rink. A club was formed and, in the fall of 1928, building was started across the C. N. tracks, but alas, one October night the wind came up and the first building efforts collapsed. Two days later, it was all up again and curling ice was ready in Sylvan Lake that winter. That old curling rink was the center of many, many happy evenings of fun and fellowship. We all cherish those early memories of "too light", "too heavy", "oh, he's wide" and always, "Sweep, sweep . . .".

Ward Keith bought the hardware store in 1934 and the Jamiesons continued to operate the B.A. Oil agency which they had had since 1920 — the oldest agency of the company in Alberta.

By this time, the Jamieson family consisted of Hazel born 1919, Eleanor born 1921 and Doris born 1923. The small cottage where Henry and Marion Jamieson lived was enlarged and the family, including 'Uncle Dave' lived in what was known as "Pembroke Lodge".

Harvey and Dave were both active in the community: Red Cross, Knights of Pythias, Harvey on the Board and Dave a member of Session of Memorial Presbyterian Church. Harvey served on both the School Board and Council. In 1947, Harvey was appointed Justice of the Peace. When the new curling rink was built, it became 'Harvey's project' and he took great pride in watching the progress of each day's work.

"Uncle Dave", as he was known to all, was never married and will be remembered on Main Street for his puzzles for all the kids to work, the endless number of whistles he used to cut out of the green saplings, the hoop sticks he gave away and, always, his beloved game of checkers. Uncle Dave spent several years in Rose Haven, Camrose and passed away in 1957. He is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Margaret was always involved with the Presbyterian Church as a young girl and in Sylvan Lake. She was a member of the Ladies' Aid when it first began in Sylvan Lake. Monies were raised in various ways, church suppers, summer concerts, lawn parties and always the spring plant sale. What a thrill when all these lovely plants arrived from Terrills' Greenhouse to be put in a front window of the hardware store and sold for the Ladies' Aid!

In 1935 the I.O.D.E. was organized in Sylvan Lake at Margaret's home. She and Edith became charter members. As the I.O.D.E. library project grew, Margaret became the librarian for many years as she was always a keen reader. She had once belonged to a Literary Guild with Mrs. Stan Carscallen and other women of the village.

The Red Cross, the Pythian Sisters and the Women's Insititute were groups she worked with — always the one-week courses in leather glovemaking, the raffia weaving or hat making. These were held all day in the K.P. Hall above the store where Long's Grocery is today. Margaret loved her home and her

family. She was always happy entertaining family, friends and summer visitors. There was always room for another place at the table. She particularly enjoyed Christmas gatherings and the many times when she could have "just a few of the 'connection'" arrive for a get-together. She kept busy and active until 1957 when she passed away quietly at her home.

Harvey carried on for a while visiting his family frequently, later moving to Alix for a time with Edith, then to a Calgary Nursing Home where he passed away in 1965.

David, Harvey and Margaret are each laid to rest at their beloved Sylvan Lake.

Henry Jamieson

Henry was born in Horton, Renfrew County, Ontario in 1843. He married Marion Airth who was born in Renfrew, September 7, 1847 and was the daughter of David and Margaret Airth. Henry and Marion were blessed with eight children: Margaret, Martha, Mary, William, Arabella, David, Ethel and Harvey.

Mr. Jamieson was a farmer and herdsman all his life. For 30 years he shared a meat-supply business with his brother, also serving on the town council of Pembroke, Ontario and being active in the Liberal Party.

In 1900, Mr. Jamieson brought his family to the Balmoral District east of Red Deer and purchased W 15-30-27-W5 from the Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Co. for $6.00 per acre. With the family came a valuable herd of fine horses and purebred Jersey cattle, most of which he lost the first winter due to it being a particularly severe one. He soon overcame this set-back to become a pace-setter in agricultural development. In 1908, he won the Red Deer Exhibition Society's competition for the best kept farm in the area. The same year he became a member of the Provincial Farmers' Association and assisted the locals of the United Farmers of Alberta. He fought for the pooling of freight rates so no one would be penalized for distance from markets, feeling it would be simpler and fairer than the existing freight rates.

Henry and Marion Jamieson.

The Jamiesons were staunch Presbyterians and were keenly interested in starting a ladies' college, which led them to donate the land for the site of Alberta Ladies' College, Red Deer. Because of the depressed economy of the early 1920's, the college only functioned for three years and then became a hospital for World War I veterans. In another year or two, it was purchased by the Provincial Government as a home for the mentally retarded. The institution was first known as the Provincial Training School. The building is now part of the Michener Centre complex.

In 1910, Mr. Jamieson sold the remainder of the Balmoral property and moved west of town to Burnt Lake, where he and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in June, 1917. That year they moved into the village of Sylvan Lake where Mr. Jamieson suffered a stroke and passed away in June, 1920. Mrs. Jamieson was active and kept house for her son, David, until she passed away in March, 1930. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson were laid to rest in the Red Deer Cemetery, very close to where they had lived when they first arrived in Alberta.

Henry Walter (Wally) Jamieson

A native son of Sylvan Lake, born in 1917, growing up and enjoying the friends and fun times of the sleigh rides on the hill, skating on the lake and curling on the rink by the "castle". Dr. Nasmyth and Wally's dad threw curling irons at a wash basin to start curling, which led to the inter-town rivalry of the Bank of Montreal Challenge cup. There were long summer days of hard work, but also fun on the beach and at the dance halls at night.

Post high school trades training in radio and television in Los Angeles provided the technical background to enable him to make a valuable contribution during his military service 1939 to 1945.

Enlisting in September 1939, he became a specialist in tank communications, rising through the ranks to retire as the Technical Maintenance Officer, R.C. Signals, 4th Canadian Armoured Division.

During the 15 years in retail business in Lethbridge he actively served the community in numerous capacities: a member of the Tradesman's Qualification Board, Civil Defense Director and

Communications Director, Chairman of the Retail section of the Chamber of Commerce and president of the Lethbridge Curling Club.

In 1946 he married Kay Farries. They have three children: Bob, a biologist, writer, and outfitter at Ta Ta Creek, B.C.; Wendy is married to Lanny Aitkens, who is in the Retail Service business in Calgary; and Margaret, who is a partner in Ptarmigan Ski Tours, Kimberley, British Columbia.

Moving to Calgary in 1960, Wally moved up through various positions of responsibility in sales management and marketing with several companies. He will retire as General Manager of Palco Electric Manufacturing and Supply Company.

Jaminette

by Mrs. Henry P. (Madge) Scharber, Birmingham, Alabama

Charles William (Carl) Jaminette was born on June 22, 1868 in Monroe, Michigan. Anna Pope Thatch Jaminette was born on April 24, 1889 in Prairie Township, Washington County, Arkansas. She was a descendent of Isabella Madison and Captain Nathaniel Abney of the Revolutionary War.

The Jaminettes met at Baptist General Hospital in Shawnee, Oklahoma, where Carl was a patient and Anna a student nurse. They were married May 5, 1910.

Mr. Jaminette began railroad service in the United States as a boomer operator at the age of 15. His early work saw service with Pere Marquette, Michigan Central, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, M.K. and T. and Rock Island Lines. He started Canadian service in 1911, serving Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian National. He was a charter member of the Order of Railway Telegraphers at a time when such membership had to be kept secret, and holds cards, passes and train orders dating back to 1885. This interesting collection of train orders includes an order calling for a sharp lookout for train robbers.

In 1911, Mr. Jaminette was a telegraph operator at Whittier Junction and Fort William. He commenced work for Canadian National in January 1912, being stationed at Winnipeg, Edmonton, Giscomb and other locations before going to Gainford as station agent in 1921. He was transferred from Gainford to Entwhistle and from there to Sylvan Lake in 1924 as Station Agent. He retired in 1935 after 52 years of railroad work. Anna and Carl had been working on their retirement home for some years. It was appropriately named "The Ozarks" after the Arkansas mountains in which Mrs. Jaminette grew up.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jaminette participated in civic work wherever they lived. He was president of the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce, Exalted Ruler of the B.P.O.E. and a member of the Knights of Columbus. Mrs. Jaminette was honored for her Red Cross work. She was a registered Nurse and was the nearest thing to a doctor in Sylvan Lake for many years. Her diary relates many an event of illness and sadness; it also tells of happy times — of hunting with Mr. Jaminette — of trips from Gainford and Entwhistle to dances in Jasper and of their dog named "Jack". Following is her entry in the diary for Monday, December 12, 1927: "Drove to Red Deer in the cutter with Bob Armstrong, driving Dock and Smokey. Left at 10:00, in at 12:30. Started back at 4:00, home at 6:40. 30° below when we got home." Mrs. Jaminette was an amateur photographer and made many pictures of pioneer living and beautiful mountain scenery.

Carl and Anna Jaminette.

After Mr. Jaminette's death, April 2, 1945, she spent two years on the staff of Rupert's Land Girls' School in Winnipeg. At "The Ozarks" there is a

roster bearing the names of people who roomed there while on holidays at Sylvan Lake. In the early 1950's, she became a reporter for **Sylvan Lake News, Red Deer Advocate, Calgary Herald** and **Edmonton Journal**. She did much research and wrote many articles about the early settlers and the history of Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Jaminette died on August 22, 1971 and, like her husband, was buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery overlooking the beautiful area they were happy to call home.

While writing this story about the Jaminettes, I came to realize that it was impossible for me to relate the love they had for Sylvan Lake, for their friends there, and for each other. I am Madge, the youngest daughter of Jennie Lee Thatch Roberts, sister of Anna. I am now the proud owner of "The Ozarks" where my husband and I (until his death) spent many happy summers. I expect to spend many more days at "The Ozarks" in Sylvan Lake, the place my Aunt Anna and Uncle Carl called home.

Abel Jarvin

Abel Andrew Jarvin was born January 21, 1903, in Almy, Wyoming, U.S.A. to Andrew and Sandra Jarvin. They immigrated to U.S.A. from Finland early in the 1900's. Abel married Lydia Kaikkonen from Hespero, Alberta in 1932. Lydia was born in Sand Coulee, Montana, December 3, 1911, to Paul and Annie Kaikkonen, who also had immigrated to U.S.A. from Finland around 1908.

Abel worked for Joe Untinen and Jack Sunell in the Lakeview Garage in Sylvan Lake from 1927 to 1949. He then had his own Welding and Repair Shop in the Armeneau Building, Sylvan Lake, for about two years. In July, 1951, he went to the Queen Charlotte Islands and worked in Aero Camp as welder and mechanic. Three months later Lydia moved there also. In 1953, they moved to Port Hardy, Vancouver Island and Abel worked as a welder and mechanic till 1960. From there they moved to Jeune Landing, B.C., until November 1962. On March 25, 1963, they went on a World Cruise on the cruise ship, "Oriana", from Vancouver, B.C., and after five months and seven days arrived back in Vancouver on September 1, 1963. They visited 20 different countries on that trip, including Leningrad, Russia. They visited in Finland two and a half months, and met so many new relatives. It was indeed a wonderful trip.

After returning home they moved to Holberg, B.C. and worked there until 1968. While there, Lydia operated a Coffee Bar before moving to Port Alberni, B.C. where Abel retired, but continued working for another year helping his son-in-law, Roy

Andrew and Alexandra Jarvin.

Abel and Lydia Jarvin.

Eileen Darling, Lydia Jarvin holding grandson, Andrew and Abel Jarvin.

Darling, who operated a Service Station on Beaver Creek Road in Port Alberni.

While in Port Alberni, Lydia and Abel took up carpet bowling and were great enthusiasts of that sport. They also won a few trophies for their efforts which included one B.C. championship. Lydia still participates in the game and thoroughly enjoys it.

Because of Abel's failing health, he and Lydia made the move back to Hespero, Alberta, on October 31, 1980, in order to be near their daughter, Eileen. Abel passed away on Novembver 8, 1980.

Lydia lives at Hespero with her brother, Charlie Kaikkonen, who operates his own service station and has operated it for the last forty-two years.

Lydia and Abel have two children; a son, George, and a daughter, Eileen. Both were born while they lived at Sylvan Lake and both attended Sylvan Lake School.

George lives in Vancouver, B.C., where he is employed at the University of B.C. as an electrician. He has one son, Andrew, and a daughter, Anna Maria, both of whom live in Vancouver.

Before her marriage to Roy Darling, Eileen worked as a telephone operator in Sylvan Lake. They now live at Condor, Alberta, and have one son, Bob, and a daughter, Gale. Bob married Donna Sawchuk from Port Alberni, B.C. They have two sons: Christopher, born July 30, 1980, and Brant, born May 23, 1982. Bob and Donna and family live in Port Alberni, B.C. At present, Gale is living in Rocky Mountain House.

Abel had an older brother, Eino James, who was born April 16, 1901, the first baby in Cumberland, Wyoming, U.S.A. He passed away Octobr 4, 1971, at the age of 70 in Victoria, B.C. He was cremated there. His widow, Dorothy, still resides there. Eino left home at an early age and no one knew of his whereabouts until after his funeral.

Abel, and his mother and father, are all buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery. Sandra Jarvin passed away October 8, 1949, at the age of 68, and Andrew, her husband, on July 15, 1961, at the age of 83 years.

Bill (William), Abel's younger brother, lived at home and worked in Sylvan Lake in the trucking business with his youngest brother, Neil, until he moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1940. Bill died there in November, 1967, of a heart attack at age 62.

Abel's sisters attended school in Sylvan Lake. Martha now lives in Chilliwack, B.C. with her husband Vern Weaver. Elli passed away at the age of 58 years on October 10, 1971. She was married to Lorne Douglas and they lived in New Westminster, B.C.

Neil Jarvin Family
by Sheila Jarvin

Andrew and Alexandra (Sandra) Jarvin brought their five children: Abel, William (Bill), Niilo (Neil), Martha and Elli to Sylvan Lake on June 22, 1920. They moved from a farm northeast of Rocky Mountain House to a quarter section about a mile east of Main Street. The farm house was close to the C.P.R. tracks (some distance south of the new farm home built years later by George Rozier on the same farm) and all the children except the oldest walked along the tracks to school in Sylvan Lake. Their close neighbors were Frank Bardwell, John Tanche, C. Cuendet and George Daley all of whom remained their good friends through the years.

Neil's father, Andy, had had some business training in Finland before he emigrated to the U.S.A. Over the years, he learned to speak and read five languages. Consequently, in the early days, he was much in demand as an interpreter in court, in business dealings and in legal matters such as estates. Because of his knowledge, his languages and his beautiful handwriting, he was called upon on many occasions to perform as clerk at farm auctions, to write wills and to serve as executor of different estates.

Neil's mother was quiet and reserved. Her main interests were her family, her home and her garden. She socialized mainly with her own people and was well liked by them all.

Neil and Sheila Jarvin.

Having been completely hailed out two years in a row, the Jarvin family gave up the farm and, in 1929, bought property — 25 lots — in town on 47 Avenue East, across from the transformers. After they left school, Bill and Neil worked together in the trucking business. They hauled grain for district farmers and, in winter, hauled ties and lumber for Charlie Edwards at Rocky Mountain House.

Neil established a mink ranch on some of their back lots in about 1935. He purchased his first mink from Angus McClean. His friend, Glen Paul, school principal, bought mink and Neil cared for them as well and shared in the profits.

Neil sold both his truck and his mink and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in World War II. He married Sheila Hanna of Red Deer on September 4, 1942. Together they spent varying periods of time at Air Force Stations in Edmonton, Moose Jaw and Lethbridge where Neil was a heavy equipment operator in airport maintenance. In June, 1944, he received an isolation posting to a joint American-Canadian Airforce Base in Whitehorse, Yukon. There he remained until his discharge in the fall of 1946.

Upon his return to Sylvan Lake, Neil once again established himself in the general trucking business. This time he hauled grain, gravel, coal, loam, feed, furniture and oil well drilling mud. Neil served farmers, cottagers, and town residents and became acquainted with a large number of people. He purchased a home on 50 A Avenue (next door to the Jamiesons) from the Dr. Nasmyth estate. Here he and his wife and family continued to live until 1972 when they moved into a new home on 47 A Avenue West on property they purchased from Mrs. Beatrice Vincent.

Neil joined the Legion in 1946 and was very active in that organization for many years. He held almost every office in the local branch and was twice president. For quite a few years we had Christmas trees for sale in our yard with all proceeds going to the Legion Polio Fund. The trip out west to obtain the trees was an enjoyable outing that the Legion "boys" looked forward to every year.

The local school board, in those years, controlled the operation of the town schools and was elected by the residents at the same time as the mayor and council. Neil was elected and served for some years until the Sylvan Lake School District was included in the County of Red Deer.

Neil was an enthusiastic member of the Curling Club and, at one time, was secretary. When the present Community Centre was constructed, Neil was a shareholder, volunteer worker and, along with Dick Swainson, Howard Halvorson and Ken Wilkinson, hauled all the concrete blocks, gratis, from Calgary.

When Rick and Hugh were of scouting age, Neil served as Scout Master, went on many an outing and attended several jamborees with the Scouts, including the World Jamboree held in Banff in 1958.

The first time Neil ran for Town Council he topped the polls. That was in 1957. He served on council for more than ten years (though not consecutively) under Mayors Wilkinson, German and Cody. He was appointed Civil Defense Co-ordinator for the town, attended courses in Red Deer to acquaint him with his duties and held the post for two or three years.

Because of his active involvement in the community and in the Legion, Neil was a recipient of the Coronation Medal in June, 1953.

In June of 1964, Neil sold his trucking business to Gordon and Tom Barker. He then began working for Ellis Stone at the Sylvan Lake Golf Course and, in September, started driving a school bus on the Pine Hill run for Prairie Bus Lines. Ray Ferguson was the local bus supervisor. In conjunction with the regular daily bus run, Neil took his turn on the shop route to River Glen and did nearly all the basketball and volleyball team trips. When he gave up bus driving in 1973, the cheerleaders, led by Shauna Murray, presented him with an appreciation plaque.

Neil felt extremely grateful to the Stones for their appreciation gift of a skill saw and jig saw they gave him when they sold the golf course. Through the years, he has found the golf course management and crew provided such a congenial atmosphere and suitable work that he has stayed with it, though only part-

Doug and Rick Jarvin.

time the last few years. As well, he enjoys the game of golf very much and the cross-country skiing the course provides each winter.

Our first son, Richard Neil (Rick), was born October 2, 1945. As a little pre-schooler, Rick was a favorite in the neighborhood: the Speedies, Mrs. Knut Staudinger, and the card/checker players in the Jamieson Bulk Oil Station office — Messrs. D Jamieson, H. Jamieson, E. Beckett, Don and Joe Donlevy. He was a natural in the water and earned his bronze medallion at age 14. His first job was working for Mr. and Mrs. J. Bos in the Sylvan Lake Bakery. He went to work at 4:00 a.m. (except when he slept in, then Mr. Bos walked over and roused him). The following summers he worked as a stock boy at Cobb's Store. The summer after graduating from Lindsay Thurber Composite High School, Rick worked on the natural gas pipe line that was under construction between Red Deer and Calgary. The pay was good, but oh, the laundry!

While Rick was working his way through university, he joined the Seamen's Union and worked on freighters in the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway and tugs on the West Coast. The first summer, while a member of the crew of the "Agawa", a terrible storm was encountered on Lake Ontario and Rick saw a fellow deck hand washed overboard — a terrifying and unforgettable experience!

Following his stint on the tugs which plied up and down the West Coast hauling ore, logs, lumber, etc. he tried his hand as a railroad switchman. He passed the examinations to qualify with a perfect score so, for one summer, worked on the Burlington Northern Railway. One could truly describe Rick as "a man broadened by travel and experience."

Rick was married in Vancouver on October 4, 1969 to a Vancouver nurse, Janis Page. They have two children: Michael Craig, born in Kamloops in 1976 and Stephanie Ann, born in Ottawa in 1980.

Prior to his marriage, Rick obtained his Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture Economics from U.B.C. in Vancouver and went to work for the Crown Corporation, Farm Credit. He continued his studies with night courses while stationed at Kamloops, B.C. and qualified as a Certified General Accountant (CGA). With this accomplishment came a promotion to the auditing department of Farm Credit in Ottawa. After 10 years with Farm Credit, Rick opted for a change and a challenge. He is now Director of Financial Assurance, Department of Agriculture, Government of British Columbia. He and his family reside in Victoria.

Hugh and Neil Jarvin.

The second son, Hugh Frederick, was born June 25, 1950. His school career got off to a good start in the W.I. Hall where an extra Grade One class was housed, with Mrs. Betty Keeler his teacher. Hugh took accordion lessons in Red Deer. Later, he played the clarinet in the Sylvan Lake Community Band (his dad played a horn) for several years. Hugh rode the bus to the Composite High School in Red Deer for grades 11 and 12 at our own expense since those grades were available locally.

While in high school, Hugh took part in many high school bonspiels (as did Rick) throughout the area. The highlight came on March 11, 1967 in the Presbyterian Men's Bonspiel held in the Sportex Building in Edmonton when their rink scored an eight-ender. That feat reaped them quite a number of awards — certificates, pins, and prizes — plus membership in the Canadian Eight-Ender Curling Club. The members of the rink were: Skip — Mr. Stewart Craven; Third — Douglas Craven; Second — Hugh Jarvin; Lead — Lorne Fisher.

Hugh's summer employment began with working on the golf course. After that, he worked every summer throughout his entire college and university career with Supervisor Jack Speedie's crews in the Calgary City Electric Light and Power Department.

After attending Red Deer College for one year, Hugh entered the University of Alberta, Edmonton. He graduated in Dentistry in 1975, winnng the Dr. Arthur Cummings Gold Medal for best all-round student. The same year, Hugh married an education graduate of the U. of A., Valerie Novakowski, of Wainwright. They now live in Kelowna where Hugh has established his dental practice. He is active in the various dental associations and, one year, attended the World Dental Convention held that year in Spain.

James Douglas was born on September 2, 1965. By this time, a kindergarten had been established in town with Mrs. Peter Rowell as teacher, so Doug's

education began there. His favorite teacher in elementary school was Mrs. Beryl Webster in grade four. She was not only nice to the children, but nice to look at. Doug was enthralled with her bouffant hair style and with her stylish outfits — no two days the same and always with matching shoes and purse.

Though hampered in his early years by attacks of asthma, throughout his junior and senior high school years Doug succeeded in receiving the top academic awards. For three years, he was happily employed at Long's Grocery during the summer and part-time during the winter. At present, he is attending the University of Alberta in Edmonton, where he hopes to have embarked on a career in dentistry.

I, Sheila, was born and raised in Red Deer. I was the fourth child of William Hendry (Mark) Hanna and Josephine Beatrice Hanna (nee Ross). Both of my parents were born in Ontario — my father of Irish descent, my mother of English-Scottish ancestry. They had each received their education in the East, met and married in Red Deer (in Knox Presbyterian Church). My father died December 24, 1925 and my mother June 9, 1964.

From earliest childhood I had wanted to be a teacher. After graduating from the Red Deer High School, I attended Calgary Normal School and began my teaching career in the Durham District. While there, I met my future husband who was a friend of the Schmidts with whom I boarded. Prior to my marriage, I taught in the City of Red Deer Public School System under Principal Joseph Welsh who had been my excellent grade eight teacher. One year after our marriage I gave up teaching to become a housewife and mother. During this time, I was a faithful member of the Legion Auxiliary and of the Home and School Association serving as treasurer of both organizations for several years. Some years later, I was persuaded to do some substitute teaching. Eventually, I joined the Sylvan Lake Junior-Senior High School staff and ended up teaching from September 1959 to June 1980, with one year maternity leave in 1965-66. During that time, I improved my teacher's qualifications through attending university classes in Red Deer under the U. of A.'s Evening Credit Program. Because of this, I was qualified to teach Business Education in high school. Throughout all those years many, many students passed through the school doors. I do not always remember the faces, or the names, but it is always a happy moment for me when a former student stops to chat.

Ever since establishing our home in Sylvan Lake, we have been active members of Memorial Presbyterian Church. I began by being secretary-treasurer of the Ladies' Aid and a Sunday School teacher. Then I filled in as superintendent of the Sunday School. Neil was elected as an elder and is now the senior elder of the Kirk Session having served longer than any other present member. I was on the Board of Managers as church secretary-treasurer (succeeding Mr. Chas. Dunford) for nine years. We have witnessed the great growth and expansion of the church over the years, from the Rev. Ian P. McSween to the present long ministry of the Rev. John D. Yoos.

Our many years here have been eventful — several really big fires, some tragic drownings, a cyclone or two and a few bad blizzards — but all in all, Sylvan Lake has been an excellent place to call home.

Jarvis Family Recollections

by Nellie (Jarvis) Watson

There have been quite a few Jarvis relatives who have lived in Sylvan Lake. I will endeavor to tell a bit of history about them.

My Aunt Goldie Jarvis was the first. In 1918 she stayed and went to school with a Mr. and Mrs. Larke who lived right along the lakeshore on the west side of town. Mr. Larke was a carpenter. Goldie and her sisters, Nellie and Sylvia, had come from Grassy Lake, Alberta with their brother Bill and wife Louise to work on a farm near Sylvan Lake. Goldie remembers so well November 5th, her 11th birthday, when she developed the 1918 'flu. She had caught it from Mr. Larke. She had been in bed for two weeks when her father, Arthur William Jarvis (my grandfather), and her brother Les (my dad) came from Grassy Lake with a carload of cattle and horses to take to the farm that her dad had bought in the Happy Hill District south of Benalto and Eckville. They were both getting the 'flu. The hotel at Sylvan would not let them stay there so Mrs. Larke said if Goldie was well enough to look after them they could stay at their home and they did. When they recovered they moved to their farm.

Bill and Louise Jarvis with Sylvia, Nellie and Goldie then moved to a farm east of Evarts. Goldie went to school in Red Deer boarding with a Mrs. Payne. When she was 15 years old she went to Edmonton to her sister Vye's and got a job with Morreaus for her room and board. She has been in Edmonton ever since. In 1926 she married Minor Davies. They had three sons, Bernard, George and Leo and a daughter who died as an infant. Minor passed away in 1955. Goldie resides in a Senior Citizen Apartment in South Edmonton.

Bill and Louise became very friendly with neighbors east of Evarts, Mabel and Knut Hollingstead, so much so that when one of their daughters arrived she was named Louise. (Today that is Louise Pickering

who lives east of Sylvan Lake.) Bill and Louise moved to the Happy Hill District for a few years, then went with their daughter, Eva, and sons, Billy and Dal, to their farm at Barnwell, Alberta, where two more daughters arrived, Ila Mae and Verlin. Bill passed away in 1973 at 81 years of age. Louise resides in Calgary.

In the early 30's George and Gerty Jarvis (Archibald) and sons Earl and Cecil lived for a while just east of the bank corner along Railroad Avenue. After leaving Sylvan, they farmed for several years in the Poplar Ridge District. George was killed in a car accident near Red Deer in January, 1939. Gerty passed away in 1974 after spending several years in Edmonton. Earl married Dorothy Besse of Poplar Ridge District in 1940. Earl served for five years in the army. When he returned he farmed the home farm for a number of years before moving to B.C., later moving to California. They had two sons, Ronnie and Lyle. Both reside in California, as does Dorothy. Earl passed away in 1964. Cecil married Heather Erickson of Drayton Valley. They have two daughters. Verna and Carolyn and two sons, Kevin and Wade. They reside in Sundre where Cecil is employed by an oil company.

In 1943 my grandmother, Mrs. Cora Henry, lived in a little house owned by Mrs. Bergstrom, just west of the tennis court. She enjoyed Sylvan Lake and her neighbors: Mrs. John Chatwood, Grace Albert, the Gordon Bigams, Vic and Fay Ramsbottom and family (Fay was grandma's niece). In 1946 grandma had a stroke and passed away. Shirley O'Neil and myself attended Sylvan Lake High School and boarded with her.

Les and Fay Jarvis (my dad and mother) were the next to move into Sylvan. They purchased the house "Valhalia" (next door south of McCrimmons) from Vern Neely in January 1947. With them came my brothers Ralph and Art who both attended Sylvan Lake School. My brother Bernard with his bride, Thelma Palm of Eckville, moved to the family farm as my dad's health was not good. Sister Audrey was attending Olds School of Agriculture taking an Home Economics course.

Les Jarvis family: Les and Fay (seated), Audrey, Bernard, Ralph, Art and Nellie.

My dad and mother returned to our family farm after selling Valhalia and in 1951 moved to Red Deer. They purchased a lot on 38 Street in Sylvan Lake and for a few years spent some time there in their trailer. I recall them saying that mushrooms were growing plentifully on their lot. They built a cottage and in 1969 moved back to Sylvan again. Their near neighbors were: Bertha Doeg, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Fairley, Don and Mona Thorn, Myrtle (Archibald) Gehrke, Dr. and Mrs. Dodds (our family dentist). Mom continued to live on 38 Street, after dad's sudden death in April 1974, until 1976 when she sold the cottage and bought a house on 50 A Avenue. Mom did not drive so being closer to the shops suited her much better. She passed away in October, 1979 from cancer. Ralph Jarvis married Ernestine Duffy of Clive and they reside in the Happy Hill District. They have four daughters, Julie Hambly, Debbie Valentine, Brenda and Sandra and one son. Randy and his family reside on the family farm. Art Jarvis married Jo Anne Reighly and live in Red Deer. They have two daughters Trena and Trudy and one son Darcy.

In the spring of 1946 my Aunt Vye Slocombe came from Edmonton to Sylvan Lake and started a bake shop in her home along the lakeshore. Following that venture, she and her daughter Kathleen operated the Cozy Corner Cafe near the hotel. Vye married Guy Stanfield, who was the hotel clerk. They operated a concession along the lakeshore called "Guy's and Vye's" for several years. They moved to Red Deer where Guy passed away. Aunt Vye is 83 and at the Mayfair Nursing Home in Calgary. Kathleen married Richard (Dick) Tooley and had four children, Richard, Geraldine, Kathy and Bill. Dick was killed in an accident: Kathleen resides at Whitecourt, Alberta.

I, Nellie, lived with my family until June 21, 1947 when I became the bride of G. Kay Watson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson of the Evarts District. Mrs. Bob Speedie decorated our wedding cake and Mrs. Bruce Hagerman Sr. brought tubs of lilacs for flowers for our wedding. Prior to my marriage I spent quite a few years at Sylvan. My first employment, around 1940, was at the Tip Top Cafe with Mrs. Hunter, the proprietor. I also worked at the Home Grill. Shirley O'Neal (my cousin) who later married Stan Sparling, remembers dad's program on

C.K.R.D. radio. Shirley and I spent one summer working for Mrs. Alex Robertson at the Balmoral Tea Room. What a fun-filled summer, with Penley's Varsity Dance Hall so close by. We went to sleep hearing the music of Sonny Fry and his band almost every night. Then the Alexander Pavilion with its jitney 10¢ dances, always so much fun — I can still remember the throngs of couples going back and forth from one dance hall to the other. The air was so refreshing and Adie Kanten had his Popcorn Stand ideally located so most everyone was munching on a bag of popcorn. A great feeling of nostalgia comes over me. Oh yes, it was the Alexander Pavilion where roller skating got its beginning at Sylvan Lake. What fun we had!

In 1943 I went to work for Ted and Dorothy Watkiss. I was in their new Coffee Shop with the big sign above the door "EAT". I cooked and did waitressing and enjoyed both a lot. It was such a nice clean restaurant. I remember my first pay was $4.50 a week with board and room. Tipping was not like it is today but some was done. I met and worked with many girls, to mention a few — Mary, Rosie, Margaret, Gertrude Schmidek, Velma Petro, Ruby Younge, Mrs. Oppell, Ruth Arndt, Elsie Koski and Dorothy Bystrom. Nothing was more exciting than to have Mr. Watkiss tell us there was a "convoy" in town. This was during the war years and the soldiers from the Red Deer Army Camp would come out to Sylvan Lake for march duties, using the streets for drill work. They were allowed to have some eats at the end of their drills. The Coffee Shop was usually the stop. The door would open and in would troop from 30 to 50 soldiers all wanting to be fed first, probably only had 15-20 minutes. It was hectic sometimes but faithful and calm Mr. Watkiss would just say, "Take your time, you will get them". Usually they ordered pie or chocolate cake and coffee, but the odd one wanted toast, milkshake, etc., just enough to keep us on our toes. Of course, being teenaged girls we had to "size" them up as well and hope some of them would be back again. Summer Sunday mornings were another highlight time to recall. That was when the Air Force men stationed at Penhold would descend on the Coffee Shop for their once a week special. At Penhold, besides Canadians, there were English and Australian service men. They all loved to eat, but I particularly recall the Australians (Auzzies) and their breakfasts. They would have a small steak (10-12 oz.), fried potatoes, a bit of lettuce and tomato, side order of two to three eggs, two slices of toast and top it off with a strawberry milkshake. The cost, I am sure, would have been less than five dollars.

I have many happy recollections from the Coffee Shop. It was during this time I met and became friends with Shirley Watkiss. We went together to Olds School of Agriculture taking a two-year Home Economics course, graduating in the spring of 1946. Shirley married Roy Cutlan in September of that year. I was honored by being the bridesmaid. Mike Fisher was the best man.

Also in the spring of '46 I had the opportunity to work at the Rexall Drug Store owned and operated by Vern Neely. I did not know how I was ever going to know all those "pills", but it was surprising how soon one can learn. Some of the people I worked with were: Margaret Center, Martha Minton, Winnie Roberts, Chuck Vanson, Bill O'Dell and my sister, Audrey Jarvis. This was Audrey's first job. She was on the ice cream counter. Can anyone recall those excellent milkshakes and soft ice cream made in the ice cream machine? I know one who does — Guy Fitch of Centerville. I sure appreciated the experience and knowledge gained from employment at the Drug Store.

Winnie Roberts, Sister Audrey and I lived for one summer in a fixed up garage, belonging to Mrs. Halstein, directly behind the drug store. We did all our cooking on a two-burner hot plate. We did have a pressure cooker.

My sister Audrey went from Sylvan Lake to Red Deer and worked as a cashier at Lawrence's Clothing Store until her marriage to C.P.R. engineer, Douglas Kneale, in 1951. They spent a few years in Red Deer, then moved to Vancouver, B.C. where Doug worked for Pacific Great Eastern Railway and Audrey was employed as cashier at Woodwards' Store in Park Royal. After ten years there, they were transferred to Prince George, B.C. where they still work and reside.

The Kay Watson family: Kay, Tracy, Nellie, Stewart and Ross.

Kay and I have been actively involved in beef and grain farming in the Evarts District since 1947, on the farm that Kay's father purchased in 1918. We have three sons. Stewart married Violet Southern of Sylvan Lake and they have two boys, Robert and Curt. Ross, who farms with us, married Sharon Lemke of Diamond Valley and they have three sons: Garrett, Jason and Matthew. Our youngest son Tracey resides in Red Deer. All three boys attended Sylvan Lake High School.

Through the years since being at Sylvan Lake I have been involved with various community organizations such as: Evarts Ladies Aid, Evarts Community Club, Evarts 4-H Clothing Club, Benalto Brownies, Benalto-Eckville Cubs and Scouts, Parkland District Council, Benalto Sunday School, Evarts representative in the making of the history book "Along the Burnt Lake Trail", Darlene Burns and I instructed ceramic classes and I have been the Returning Officer for the Electoral Division of Rocky Mountain House since 1975, having conducted four enumerations and three elections.

It was a pleasure and a privilege for my family, relatives and myself to have been a part of the history of Sylvan Lake.

Jean (Palmer) Jensen

I was born at Salmon Arm, B.C. on June 19, 1923 to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer.

My father emigrated from Scotland to Canada in 1912. Dad was in the Canadian Army during World War I and went overseas, serving in the front line trenches in France. He once was buried alive, but kicked himself out of it. Dad was in the battle of Vimy Ridge. He played the bugle for the November 11 Armistice services for many years in Red Deer and in Sylvan Lake. Dad was a buttermaker and operated the Sylvan Lake Creamery. He won many prizes for his butter including a first prize in an all-Canada competition. He died January 5, 1957.

My mother, Jean Blackwood, came from DeWinton where she was born to pioneer parents. Grandma Blackwood worked for Colonel McCleod at one time. Mother was a school teacher and taught school at Coronation, Alberta.

Mother and dad were married in 1921. They moved to Salmon Arm to fruit farm. Nine months after I was born in 1923 we moved to Lacombe, Alberta and from there to Sylvan Lake in 1926 when I was three years old.

We moved into the house on Main Street beside the Sylvan Lake Creamery. My mother, Mrs. Jean Palmer, still lives in that house. When we moved in, Mr. and Mrs. Learned lived upstairs and we lived downstairs, but I do not remember that. The house was built in 1906. We had no water or electricity. Every drop of water was carried from the Creamery into the house and out again; so I learned early to conserve water. I used to do my homework under gas lanterns or coal oil lamps. We burned wood and coal to heat the house. I can remember we had at least five stoves, if not more, on three levels. It was an all-day job for mother to look after them in the cold weather. My parents eventually bought the house in 1937 from Mr. Jack Tooley. A Mrs. Gerard owned it before that. The house was modernized. A big verandah that was once on the house became a bathroom, pantry, and porch, and half of it was cut off altogether. A water system, electricity, and a wood and coal furnace were installed.

We got our first car in 1927. It was a Chevrolet and I remember riding down town in it for the first time. I was so excited! I was twelve years old before we got our first radio. Mother still has it and it works!

The first neighbor I remember was Mrs. Brown, Dorothy Schill's grandmother. She lived north of us. I visited her often. Later Mr. Robert Buck moved in and he became a good friend to our family. I was grown up when he died. Mr. and Mrs. Pell and Granny Innes lived east of us and I visited them very often.

I was blessed with my sister, Barbara, in 1931 and my sister, Shirley, in 1932.

Our Grandpa Palmer lived with us for several years. He died in 1932 and I felt the first loss of a person I loved.

My school years were good ones and I loved going to school. The first school I attended is the present town office. The high school I attended is now the apartment beside Mrs. Tooley.

When I was about ten years old a hurricane hit Sylvan Lake. Shirley Weston and I were swimming. We could see the small black twisting cloud coming closer. We did not know what it was, but we knew it was time to get out and go home. It started to hail and we could hardly get up to Weston's Drug Store as the hailstones were fairly large. As we were in the back of the store changing into our clothes, the hurricane went up Main Street. It took down a large wooden slide we had in the school yard. I really missed the slide as it was great to sleighride down it.

In grade six, Dorothy Brown (now Schill) and I sat in the front double desk and we used to eat dill pickles in school. Mr. Cody could smell them but, as far as we knew, he did not suspect us.

Doris Bergstrom came up to play one day and insisted on climbing our cherry tree, but against my wishes. Naturally, she fell out of it and I got the spanking for that! I have since forgiven her.

During my younger years I loved picking berries

Jean Palmer.

and flowers. I had secret strawberry patches, raspberry patches, and saskatoons, all over the place. I picked flowers in the C.P.R. right-of-way, such as tiger lilies, paint brushes, and roses. Mother painted a picture of those flowers that grew there and she gave it to me.

Due to illness in my life, I had to struggle more than others in school, but I graduated with senior matriculation in 1944.

My school teachers were: Miss Gaetz, Mr. Evernden, Mr. Cody, Mr. Slapak, Mrs. Brogan, and Mr. Paul. One other teacher, whose name I cannot recall, taught me. Perhaps it was a Miss Hall.

During my years as a teenager I spent one and one half years in the Junior Red Cross Hospital in Calgary recovering from my illness. My greatest appreciation and thanks would have to go to Mr. Cody who spent many hours above and beyond the call of duty, after school helping me to get caught up on my school work, and encouraging me to go on. Mr. Cody was a stickler for making statements in mathematics to figure out problems. Today, I still use his method to figure out math problems I may have. He did affect my life in a very positive way.

Mr. Slapak was also very good and helpful to me. Mrs. Brogan struggled through three years of Latin with me while I took it by correspondence.

I had many friends. Besides the ones already mentioned, there was Shirley Cutlan, whom I still see often. Verna and Jean Tooley, Doris Jamieson (a lovely person), Bruce McClean, Joyce Harrison, Leona Fletcher, Audrey Appleton and many more.

I left home at the end of 1944 to work in Calgary. After one year, I left for Minneapolis, Minnesota, where I took a medical Laboratory and x-ray course. I returned in December, 1946.

Tragedy struck our family at the end of 1946 when my sister Shirley died, at the age of fourteen.

January 1, 1947 I started to work at the Red Deer Hospital. Later, I worked at the Parsons' Clinic in the original building on Gaetz Avenue in Red Deer. Kresge's is now on the spot. A year later I went to work at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton.

On August 29, 1951 I was married in Sylvan Lake to Constable Kenneth Jensen of the R.C.M.P. Ken was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, October 18, 1921 and he emigrated to Canada with his parents in the early thirties, settling in Manitoba, north of Winnipeg. He was in the Canadian Army for six years during World War II. After returning from overseas, he settled in the Slocan City, B.C. area. After working in Nelson for a time, he joined the B.C. Provincial Police Force and later transferred to the R.C.M.P. in 1948. He arrived in Red Deer in 1949 where I met him. "Marry me and see the world", said Ken, and indeed we have.

Our daughter Joy was born in Red Deer, December 6, 1952. In 1954, we moved to Regina where Ken was on the instructional staff. Our second daughter, Sally was born April 25, 1955 in Regina. Later we moved to Ottawa, Ontario, Dawson Creek, B.C. and finally to Burnaby, B.C. in 1961. We have been at the west coast ever since, except for two years that we lived in Guatemala, Central America. That turned out to be quite an experience. It was a whole new and different way of life. We lived in a predominantly Mayan Indian village on the shores of beautiful Lake Atitlan. We learned many lessons of life there. We learned that we could live quite happily with much less materially. We washed clothes by hand and we did not have hot water. We learned just how fortunate we are in Canada with all its rich resources, especially pure water. In Guatemala we had to boil our water and milk, soak our vegetables and fruit in a special solution to purify them before we could use them. It is still a luxury to be able to drink or brush our teeth from a tap. We never take things for granted now. We have so much more than others and yet there is much complaint.

We returned to Canada August 1972. We live in New Westminster, B.C. My husband works for the Department of Human Resources of the Provincial Government.

Ken Jensen family: Sally, Ken, Jean, Joy and husband Bob Brown.

Our daughter Joy married Robert Brown of Calgary, September 29, 1973. Bob and Joy live in Calgary. Bob is a welder and is now taking up plumbing as well. Joy works as a receptionist for the Calgary Petroleum Association.

Our daughter Sally was married to William Murdoch of Burnaby, B.C. on August 21, 1981. Both of them work for the Canadian Forest Products of Canada.

In the month of September, 1981, my husband and I took a trip of a lifetime and toured Egypt, Jordan, and Israel. We visited such places as the pyramids, even climbing up into the burial place of Cheops; the Suez Canal, the Stone City of Petra in Jordan, Masada, Jerusalem and area, the Sea of Galilee, Haifa, and Tel Aviv. We enjoyed the trip and increased our knowledge of the world we live in.

In summing up, my life has been rich, mostly with my family, and the experiences have been many and varied. We enjoy reasonably good health for which we are thankful.

Fred K. and Lena Johnson

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kjartan Johnson retired to Sylvan Lake in 1947. Mr. Johnson had been born in North Dakota and his wife, Lena Illugason, in Iceland. They farmed for many years in the Pine Hill District where they raised their family: Lilyan, Kris, Gordon, Frank and Lyla.

After selling their farm to Jack Ziola, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson purchased a home in Sylvan Lake on Main Street South. Fred enjoyed his yard and his garden and Lena her houseplants and handwork and both looked forward to visits from family members.

Fred died suddenly in January, 1956. After his death, Lena gave up the house and made her home for the next few years with family members. Eventually she became a resident of the Autumn Glenn Lodge in Innisfail where she passed away in August, 1962.

Gordon and Dorothy Johnson

by Gordon Johnson

I, Gordon, son of Frederick and Lena Johnson, was born in the Pine Hill District in October, 1914. I took all my schooling at the Pine Hill School and lived and farmed in the same district until retiring to Sylvan Lake in November, 1973.

I farmed for years with my father and brothers, Kris and Frank, and then bought a farm from Johnny and Lolly Johnson and went farming on my own. I married Dorothy Dickau from Bentley, March 16, 1947, with Rev. I. MacSween officiating in the Sylvan Lake Memorial Presbyterian Church. Dorothy was born in the Seafield District, south of Ponoka, but moved to Bentley in 1935 where she received most of her schooling. She had worked for Mrs. Hunter in the restaurant where the Parkland Credit Union building now stands, in the summer of 1943.

We built a large farmstead (SW 22-1-37-W5) and farmed up to 2000 acres for some years. I raised a lot of pigs, had a large feed lot for beef cattle and enjoyed farming until selling the home quarter to John Bugbee in 1973.

We raised five children, James, Robert, Patsy, Wesley and Gary. Our children were bussed to Sylvan Lake for their schooling after the country schools were closed in 1956. Mr. Neil Jarvin of Sylvan Lake was their bus driver. Wesley was killed in a car accident September 7, 1972, just a few miles from home.

On the farm, we were both very active in community affairs: Ridgewood Rural Electrification, Penhold Mutual Telephone, Farmers' Union of Alberta, Ridgewood and Red Deer Beef Clubs, Pine Hill Bangs Control and have been a member of the Alberta Wheat Pool for 40 years. I still own a section of land which I rented to our son-in-law, Ted Moore. I had open-heart surgery in 1972 and had to give up farming. We moved to Sylvan Lake and took up residence on 47A Avenue.

I served on the Board of Managers of Memorial

Presbyterian Church and also on the Building Committee for the building of the new church. I have been on the Sylvan Lake Police Commission since it started a local board in 1978.

Dorothy has been a director on the Parkland Savings and Credit Union for 11 years. She takes an active part in the work of Memorial Presbyterian Church — Evening Guild, Senior Choir. Also, she was on the board at the Sylvan Lake Senior Citizen Lodge until the town took it over and, at present, is a representative on the Lodge's town board. She is currently president of the Lodge Ladies' Auxiliary which involves teas, bazaars, Christmas parties and calling bingo to entertain the residents. She enjoys growing flowers and helping with the Annual Flower Show at the church each summer and winning many prizes with her entries.

Dorothy and I have eight grandchildren and enjoy going fishing, camping and travelling. We built a new home in 1981 on the property we purchased from Mrs. Huss on 47A Avenue.

Mrs. Henry Johnson (nee Wantti)

My first recollection of Sylvan Lake is of our arrival at the Canadian Pacific Railway Station and being met by a lady with a horse and cutter, who tucked in my mother, Elisa Wantti, my brother, Armi, and myself, Violet. The lady was, as I recall, Mrs. Andrew Jarvin and the conveyance belonged to Mr. John Hendrickson, widower, who was expecting mother to be housekeeper on his farm, one mile south of Sylvan Lake. Mr. Hendrickson had three sons, Henry, Charlie and Max.

Mrs. Elisa Salonen (in her 80's).

A month or so later, one muddy spring day, my sister Aino arrived. She later married Henry Hendrickson.

Mother married a widower, Henry Salonen, and we settled on a small farm about one and a half miles from the village, west of the Lake. I went to the village school and grew up on that same farm. My teachers' names were: Dorothy Rawlinson, Charlotte Spicer, Roy Thomas, Mr. Bickle and Leslie Mathieson. Mr. Evernden taught history and Florence Gaetz taught French. My last teacher was Henry McCullough.

In 1934, I married a Swedish boy, Henry Johnson. We had a son, Bernie, and, when he was three, we went to Sweden where we stayed all through World War II. We returned in 1948 to Sylvan Lake but moved to Edmonton in 1950, where we still make our home. Our daughter, Diane, attended Sylvan Lake School for one year.

Isaac Johnson Family

by Helen Fraser

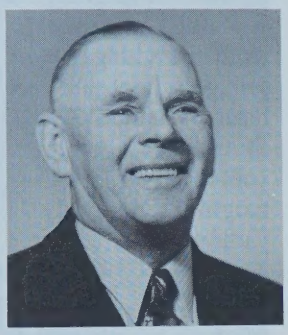
Isaac Wilhelm Johnson married Eva Johanna Strolberg in the United States. They were both born in Norway, Isaac in 1852 and Eva in 1856, of Finnish ancestry. Eva had worked for a doctor in the United States and had learned mid-wifery.

Isaac and Eva Johnson.

Their family was born in Minnesota and Montana and consisted of: Hannah, Lizzie, Ida Rekarda, George William, Louis, Styner Thomas, David Lee, Lester and Gordon Philmor. Apparently Eva had 16 children in all — the rest probably died in infancy.

They lived in Montana, working in the mines and running a boarding house for the miners in Great Falls prior to homesteading in the Melita District in 1902.

Around 1911, they bought a half section two miles west of Sylvan Lake, W½ 31-38-1-W5. Philmor was killed in 1913. He was wearing a heavy sheepskin jacket and it caught in some long bolts sticking out of a flywheel on a one-cylinder pump engine.



George Johnson.

George married Annie Erickson in Great Falls. Later, George bought the north quarter of Isaac's farm. A son, George Philip, was born April 13 and died May 28, 1913. Earl was born in 1916 and, later, Howard. Annie left to return to the States taking Ethel and Howard. Earl stayed with his father on the farm. He died in 1939 of tuberculosis. Ethel married "Red" Baltazar and died in California in 1968. Howard and his wife Betty and family lived briefly at the farm in 1946.

In the 1930's, George was a municipal councillor and a member of the Elk's Lodge. He was fond of hunting. In the 1940's his sample of OAC 21 barley won him the title of Alberta Barley Champion in a contest sponsored by the Brewing and Malting Industries of Canada. He retired to Sylvan Lake around 1955 and built the house at 4748-48 Street. He died in Aldergrove, British Columbia in 1965.

Louis worked in Montana and married Wilma in Great Falls in 1910 before going to World War I. He came to the Marianne District soon after the war.

Isaac died in 1925.

Lester married Annie Woltti of the Kuusamo District. They lived on the Eisner place and at Isaac's farm until the early 1930's when they moved to Sylvan Lake, where they lived until Eva died in 1937. Then they returned to the farm until 1941 when they moved to Steveston, B.C. The government had moved Japanese families from their homes there in Internment Camps so Lester and his family occupied one of these houses and worked in the cannery there until his retirement. Annie died in 1966, Lester in 1978. They had five children: Nora, Phyllis, Gordon, Delores and Ethel.

Ida worked in Great Falls, Montana and came to the farm in Sylvan Lake around 1920. She stayed with grandma except for the times she was away cooking. One summer in the early 1930's, she and Annie (Lester's wife) baked pies, cakes, etc. and Lester delivered them to campers at the Lake. She died in Calgary in 1945.

The Trimmer boys (Lizzie's sons) grew up on the farm. Harry joined the North West Mounted Police and then the army in World War I. He was wounded overseas. He married Elsie Patterson from Ontario. They had two girls, Maxine and Lorraine. Lorraine died in the 1950's during heart surgery. Harry lived for a time in Cremona and Calgary and in Priddis, where he ran a small store and farmed. He was in the army in World War II and retired to Vancouver and Kelowna, where he died in 1969. Elsie died in Calgary in 1980.

Maxine became a nurse and married Herb Comben. They had two girls. Later, she married Bob Kulchinsky and they live in Calgary.

Styner Thomas Johnson and Cecilia (Silia) Johanna Staudinger were married at Sylvan Lake in 1919. Styner worked for lumber yards in Eckville, where Donald Thomas was born January 28, 1922; in Sylvan Lake, where Donalda Cecilia was born January 1, 1924 (in a wee house on Main Street where the Driftwood Inn now stands); and in Carbon, where Helen Margaret was born January 31, 1927. They separated shortly after that. Cecilia went to the States to live. Don and Donna lived in the Lacombe Home at Midnapore and Helen was raised on the farm with her Grandma Johnson and Aunt Ida.

Some Sylvan Lake memories are: riding to school in 40° below weather in a wagon box with heated stones around us; picking saskatoons and selling them at Sylvan Lake for 50¢ for a large wooden apple boxful; double desks in grades one and two in the old school (present town office); bobsleds going down the hill from the school (obviously little winter traffic); hobos camped by the track a half mile west of the village.

Styner ran radio shops in Queenstown and in Olds for a number of years. He was in the army in World War II and spent his last years with his daughter Helen (Mrs. Robert Fraser) near Joffre.

Cecilia returned to Alberta in 1966 and, in 1969, married Clarence Gow. They lived in Rimbey for several years and finally moved to 4740-48 Street in Sylvan Lake. Cecilia died August 5, 1980.

Donald died in California in April, 1969.

Donna married Bill Shaw in California. They had three children: Margaret, Alice and Thomas. Following Bill's death, Donna returned to Alberta and now lives in Red Deer.

Helen married Robert Fraser and they farm near Joffre. They have eight children: Linda, Bruce, Kathy, Bob, George, Susan, Sheila and Heather.

Lillian (Rousseau) Johnson

My parents, Elphege and Raymonde Rousseau, my twin sister, Cecile, my brother, Henry, and myself moved to Sylvan Lake from the Norma District in 1935. My sister, Jeanette, was born in 1938. I took my grade one at the Norma School — a one-room school with grades one to nine. The rest of my schooling I took at Sylvan Lake.

I was married at Sylvan Lake in 1947. We moved to Edmonton in 1948. Our daughters Patricia and Theresa, were born in Edmonton. We moved to Lethbridge, Alberta in 1952, where we lived for 19 years until we moved to Calgary in 1971. We still live in Calgary.

Patricia (Pat) still lives in Lethbridge with her two children. Theresa (Terry) and her husband reside in Calgary.

I have very vivid and fond memories of my growing-up years at Sylvan Lake, such as skating on the lake and the good old hay rides.

Darold and Beverley Jones

Born in Lucky Lake, Saskatchewan in 1933, Darold first came to Central Alberta in 1952 and to SyLvan Lake in 1953, where he worked for a seismic crew. He lived at Anne Simpson's boarding house, as did many of the men working on the oil crews.

Grade 12 graduation class 1953. Left to right: Doreen Watt, Bev Sontag, Marj Roberts, John Buga, Bill Hedemark.

In 1955 he married Beverley Sontag, who was working for Ritz Drugs, and they moved to Lacombe where Darold owned and operated a gravel truck.

In 1957 they moved back to Sylvan Lake, purchasing the property of Mrs. Martz on 47 A Avenue. Darold went back to work in the oil patch and well drilling business with R & J Drilling. Darold was employed by Sylvan Lake Motors, and Eventide Funeral Chapels for a short time, and then, in 1963, he purchased the Balmoral Service Station from Bob Brown, which he operated until the fall of 1966. At that time, he and two partners formed Satellite Drilling Limited, Darold buying out his two partners in 1968. He still operates the business at this time.

Darold and Bev have two children. Bradley, born in Lacombe in 1957. Bradley is a Master Corporal in the C.A.F., and he and his wife Linda live in Petawawa, Ontario.

Janice Beaudet, born in Red Deer, in 1960 and her husband, Andre, presently live in Lafayette, LA, where Andre is employed by Schlumberger.

The Darold Jones family: Darold, Bev, Bradley and Janice.

Jordan Family

by Eva Jordan

I have been asked by the Historical Society to write the history of we Jordans seeing that they consider us to be "Old Timers" (many arguments on my part). However, I shall try, even though this will not be the most exciting history ever written.

There were six of us, my husband, myself and four children, so I shall begin at the top of the family tree. Marion Jordan, my husband, was born in Sioux City, Iowa and came to Canada as a young boy with

his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jordan, in 1911 to a homestead at Waskatenau, Alberta. He joined the Canadian Armed Forces, 49th Battalion, in 1915, going overseas the same year. He was wounded in France, captured by the Germans and spent two and a half years in a Prisoner of War Camp until the end of World War I. After returning from overseas, he worked at Grande Prairie and played ball during the summer months. After his stay in Grande Prairie, he went to Alberta College, Edmonton where he graduated as a telegrapher, joining the Canadian National Railway and remained with the company until his retirement in 1962. He passed away in 1970. During his younger years, Jordan was well known throughout Alberta as a ball player. He was also an ardent curler and golfer.

I was born in Edmonton, Alberta, but raised on a farm 60 miles east of Hanna, Alberta. Our post office was Lanfine and the largest town around was Oyen, Alberta, 10 miles east of the farm. My first home was a sod house. When I was 20 months old, my mother passed away when my brother was born. My mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, took my brother and me under their wings to raise along with their own two sons. I always considered them as brothers, not uncles. My own father went to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan shortly after my mother's death, remarried and lived there until he passed away in 1974. We very seldom ever saw our father during our childhood so our grandparents became our dad and mother, which we called them. They were the most wonderful parents any child could ever wish for.

Times were pretty tough down on the bald-headed prairie. Very few trees anywhere, very little rain, but we did not lack for grasshoppers, gophers, jack rabbits, thistles and sand storms during the summer. The winters were usually cold with lots of wind and snow. In summer, we either walked the three miles to school or rode horseback. In the winter, it was the sleigh and horses. Many a blizzard overtook us on our way home from school and, although at times we could not see the road ahead of us, the horses always seemed to know where we were going. Bless their hearts, they always got us home safely.

In 1930, Marion Jordan and I were married in Red Deer, Alberta and I then became a railway man's wife. We lived in many, many towns throughout Alberta and especially during the depression, when employment was at a premium, so it was move, move, move. Living in railroad stations was not always the most comfortable place to live, especially with small children. No running water, no bathrooms, only kerosene lamps in the early days, then electric lights later on, but always coal stoves. Those stations were always cold and drafty during the winter months. I do believe one of the happiest days of my life was when I threw out that last bucket of ashes from the cook stove, emptied the slop bucket, then moved to a modern home with running water, bathroom, electric stove and gas furnace. That, my friends, was December 19, 1962.

In spite of all our moving during our railway career, we did manage to spend a rare holiday at Sylvan Lake, always hoping perhaps some day we could make our home there. In 1954, lady luck was on our side when Sid Byers retired and my husband became the next C.N.R. agent at Sylvan Lake, where he remained until his retirement in 1962.

I was active in the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, also the Boy Scouts' Parent Group, then in the Parkland Boy Scout and Cub District Council. I also curled and was president of our Ladies' Curling Club for five years. Besides those above-mentioned activities and raising our two youngest children (the two oldest were grown up when we came to Sylvan Lake), I went to work as a clerk at the Sylvan Lake Golf Course for Mr. and Mrs. Eck Biss in 1956. When the golf course was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Stone, I remained in their employ until they sold out in 1974. During those 18 years, I made friends from far and near. We had a good Ladies' Golf Club with a great bunch of women. I enjoyed working for Mr. Biss and Mr. Stone. The golf course employees were a super group of guys, all being most kind, so it was a real void in my life when I left the golf course and all my friends there. Now for our family.

Our eldest child, Marguerite, was born in Calgary in 1931. She married Joe Pylypchuk in 1953. They live in Edmonton and have one son, Tim. The next one in our family was a son, Dale, born at Mirror, Alberta in 1932. Dale worked for the Alberta Government (Mines and Minerals), Edmonton for 20 years. Then, in 1970, he left the government and opened an office in Calgary as a Consultant in Mines and Minerals, where he still resides.

Next in line is Pat, our second daughter, who was born in Red Deer, Alberta in 1941. Pat attended school for one year at Sylvan Lake, then junior high at River Glen School in Red Deer and the Composite High School. After graduating from high school, Pat trained at the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary, receiving her R. N. Diploma in January, 1963. In May 1963, Pat married her high school flame, Ed Lawson of Red Deer, a professional hockey player. After Ed's hockey career ended in the United States, he bought a sports shop in Edmonton. There they lived for four years before selling the business and moving to Courtenay, B.C., on Vancouver Island, where Ed has the Shell Bulk Oil Agency as well as at Campbell

River. Ed and Pat have three daughters, Dana, Tara and Tana.

To complete the perfect family we had a son, Gary, born in Edmonton, Alberta in 1943. Gary attended school in Sylvan Lake for five years before going to the Composite High School in Red Deer. After graduating from high school, Gary spent four years at the University of Alberta, graduating in 1967 in Commerce. Gary then worked for Shell Oil, Calgary, in their Marketing Department for several years. He then opened his own business in designing golf courses, installing automatic water sprinklers in golf courses as well as in lawns, etc. Gary was best known in Sylvan Lake and Central Alberta as a golfer during his schooling in Sylvan Lake and in his high school days. He also was an ardent curler. In 1968, Gary married Patricia Cavanaugh of Calgary, where they still reside. They have one son, Christopher.

I still live in Sylvan Lake and would not trade it for any other place I have ever lived.

Harvey, Katie and Elmer Kaila.

Kaila cousins: Kenneth, Sheila, Gladys, Marlene, and Doris and Harold Bergstrom.

Matt Kaila Family
by Katie (Kaila) Coop

Matt Kaila was my dad. He was born at Oulu, Finland, December 11, 1860. Ida Kesti, my mother, was born at Oulu, Finland, November 29, 1865. They were married in 1884. Neither had a chance to attend school but they learned to read at a Lutheran Confirmation School. In 1888, dad went to the United States, leaving mother and two children behind until he could earn enough money to send for them. He worked at Rock Springs, Wyoming and Duluth, Minnesota. When mother and the children arrived in 1895, they moved to Belt, Montana, where coal mines were opening.

In the spring of 1900, dad accompanied the Leeti, Pass and Pastobak families to Canada. They homesteaded a section of land, one mile west of Sylvan Lake. The four families became more than neighbors. They were one big family ready to help one another when the need arose. My dad had never worked on a farm so he chose his land because it reminded him of Finland. It had lush growth and a creek ran across the land with a spring that supplied water to the cattle year around.

In September 1900, my mother and four children arrived in Red Deer. I have never forgotten that trip in the wagon, pulled by a team of horses. I held my breath when we forded the Red Deer River near the Indian School. The hours of bumpety-bump became tiresome. Our first home was a sod-roofed cabin with rough board floors, long-legged stove, surrounded by home-made beds, benches and table. Mother bought a cow with money she had earned running a sauna in Montana and my brother John had earned working on a farm. But winter was upon us and there was no feed for the cow, so mother and dad pulled a homemade sled to Snake Lake and cut grass and weeds that were above the ice, then pulled the load home. During this time John was out snaring rabbits. Our orders were to go to bed when we got cold and let the fire go out. All that winter, twice a week, Mrs. Pass gave us a five-pound pail full of skim milk.

In December, our brother Arvid was born but he only lived a few days. Everyone worked during the winter for much firewood was needed. Dad made wooden rakes, spoons, stools and, later on, all the doubletrees and single trees used on the machinery. Mother made brooms out of dwarf birch when the leaves appeared in the spring. For years, these were

the only brooms we had. We gathered young willows and peeled them so mother could make whisks for beating eggs. They were a work of art. The nights were long and dark. We only had one oil lamp. Religious literature was the only reading material. Much later, a newspaper, "New Homeland", was read and passed from house to house.

Friendly Indians passed our cabin on their way to Rocky Mountain House. They travelled in single file, the men on ponies and the women walking with their papooses on their backs. We saw the chief, too, headdress and all. There was a deserted Indian campsite on our farm. We named it, "Indian Knoll". For many years, we used their bridge to cross the creek; ours got washed away every spring and had to be rebuilt.

All of a sudden, the snow and ice disappeared. The air was filled with the music of frogs and birds. It was the spring of 1901. Our creeks became a river and full of fish. The men made a willow basket to fit a narrow spot in the creek and, in no time, it took four men to lift it out! The women were ready to clean, salt and smoke the fish. All dad planted that spring was potatoes. The land was so wet that water lay between the rows all summer. Dad borrowed a gun so that he could shoot prairie chicken and partridges. The cow had a calf so finally we had skim milk of our own. Every pound of butter was sold in Red Deer and the money spent on necessities. Whenever a neighbor called in, a cup of coffee was served. Green coffee beans were purchased. What a wonderful aroma when mother roasted those beans! Every home had a coffee grinder. Mother made all our soap from soaked wood ashes instead of lye. Nothing was thrown away.

Charlie Pass rode to Red Deer on a saddle horse to get medical aid when my brother was born, October 19, 1901.

By now, our Montana shoes were worn out, so mother cut rags into strips, braided them into a moccasin-shape. Knitting was always on the table because all our socks and mitts were homemade. I could knit and sew at the age of seven. My brother John worked in the Frank coal mines during the Frank Slide disaster on April 29, 1903. He was one of the lucky ones and often talked about walking over the ruins the morning after.

By 1903, we had a team of oxen to do the plowing. Dad sowed timothy with a hand seeder. Another half-acre was sown into rye so we could make rye bread but the deer found it, so there was no rye bread. We moved into a bigger, shingle-roof cabin. We got our start with poultry from a rooster given us by Mrs. Pastobak and a hen from Mr. and Mrs. Pasma.

When Kuusamo School opened, two Kailas were in attendance. The school was used as a church on Sundays. School taxes had to be paid with cash but road taxes could be paid by labor. The settlers made the roads. Cream was delivered to the Evarts' Creamery. Later, milk was hauled to the Miller Cheese Factory. By this time, we had eight cows. There was a public library in Pasma's home.

The first Finnish Christmas program, put on by the settlers at the school, was a memorable occasion. Old and young came in bobsleighs with bells jingling. The Red Deer store keepers were very kind. They gave every family candy canes and hard candy. The only music we heard was Mr. Leeti's small roller organ and, about 1904, we listened to Mr. Hendrickson's phonograph.

Every June 24, the day of Finland's midnight sun, the settlers took the afternoon off and had a picnic. From a booth made of poles and covered with leaves, lemonade was sold at five cents a cup. When Loiselles' and Archambaults' hotel, store and post office opened, we could sell eggs, butter, vegetables and wild fruit there.

So the summers were beautiful. Everyone was busy, always looking forward for better days to come and they did, day by day, year by year. Dad had several implements by this time. He sold his team of oxen and got horses. Mother had plenty of work at all times. In 1911, when Mr. Murray set up his work camp on our quarter to build the C.N.R. grade, she boarded 12 to 15 men. Both the C.N.R. and the A.C.R. (later the C.P.R.) went through our land so dad was forced to buy another quarter. He had three sons helping him clear his land. Every year the wheat field got bigger until most of the land was under cultivation. To help the family financially, I went to work in the Sylvan Lake Hotel at $10.00 a month.

Mrs. P. Whitelainen, a capable mid-wife, delivered a sister, Ida, July 26, 1905 and, later, two brothers, Isaac and Harvey. During the war years, Elmer worked all year on the farm. The boys helped during the summer but when the winter came Edward mined at Nordegg. John worked at Rocky Mountain House and Ellen and I worked in Red Deer.

When the 1918 influenza broke out, our family was immune. John helped the families that were hardest hit. He tended both the sick people and the stock. Elmer assisted with the burials. My youngest sister Ida died in 1919 of scarlet fever, while attending high school in Red Deer. Tragedy struck again in May, 1921, when Edward pitched head first down a shute leading to the cellar, which had a cement floor. He died on the operating table.

In 1922, mother and dad moved into their beautiful new, two-storey house (now occupied by the Stewart Rowe family). Elmer planted all the spruce

trees around the house and driveway. Dad's work was now easier but mother was left alone to clean a big house, milk cows, churn, bake bread, wash clothes by hand, garden and tend chickens. Her cupboard was never empty, meals were always on time, expected or unexpected, company was always welcome.

My brother Isaac married in 1927 and Elmer and Harvey in 1931, so mother and dad were left alone on the farm. Mother said, "The boys will get hungry in the city and they will return so we must never sell the land." So dad had an auction sale in 1933. Everything was sold but the house and land, which they rented. The folks built a small house in Sylvan Lake, where they lived until the spring of 1943. When the renters left, I took dad and mother back to the place that was so dear to them. Dad bought a cow, a few chickens, and three little pigs to have their own milk, butter and eggs. Our garden was good. No water lay between the rows of potatoes. The spring was gone, the sloughs were dry fields, the creek had dwindled. The only trip mother and dad had together was to visit Harvey and his wife and new granddaughter. One year, dad went as far as Calgary to see Elmer who was ill with rheumatic fever.

When the flowers were at their best and the crops looked promising, death walked into our house. Mother died August 2 and dad August 17, 1945. Interment was in the Kuusamo Cemetery.

Lydia, Mrs. John Koski, was born March 30, 1885, in Oulu, Finland. She died September, 1974 in Montana. John was born in Oulu January 10, 1888 and married Hanna Sloop. He moved to the U.S.S.R. in 1932. He had one stepson, Eino Sloop. John died November 30, 1965. Elmer was born in Belt, Montana, January 13, 1898. He married Ivy Jarvie and now resides in Vancouver, B.C. Ellen was born in Belt, Montana, December 13, 1899. She married Oswald Uimari on October 2, 1917. They retired to B.C. and Ellen died July 26, 1975. Isaac was born on the homestead March 3, 1907. He married Irene Silta Maki December 6, 1927. They lived in Edmonton and Isaac died July 22, 1976. Harvey was born May 7, 1909, in Sylvan Lake. He married Ina Tolson, May 4, 1931. They reside in B.C.

I, Katie Coop, was born August 2, 1896 in Belt, Montana. I have two children by my first marriage: Harold Leonard Bergstrom, born July 6, 1920, at Sylvan Lake; Doris Elvira Bergstrom, born September 4, 1924, at Sylvan Lake.

Harold married Olive Ann Watchhorn of Nanaimo, B.C., December 15, 1944. They have a daughter, Cindy Ann, and a son, David. They make their home in New Westminster, B.C.

Doris married Jack Morrison of Nelson, B.C., August 10, 1946. They have a son, Johnny Arthur, and a daughter, Janice Arlene. They make their home in New Westminster, B.C.

Harold and Doris return each year to visit their father, John Bergstrom, who has resided in Sylvan Lake for many, many years.

John and Anna Kangas

John was 25 when he first came to Red Deer in 1909 from Bonner, Montana. (At that time, the government was promoting homesteading with a one penny per mile railway fare.) He returned with his family the following year, travelling by train to Red Deer where they were met by a friend from Benalto. They bought an ox team in Benalto and travelled on to Codner (about five miles northeast of Rocky Mountain House). The family lived in a tent on the homestead for the rest of the summer but managed to construct a log cabin for use before the winter came.

The cabin was destroyed by fire in January 1912, forcing Anna to flee to a neighbor's with their two children just two weeks before the birth of a third.

The family left the homestead and settled in the Kuusamo District in 1916, but then went back to Codner again in 1919. They moved again in 1926 to Hespero where they farmed until moving to Sylvan Lake in 1943.

John and Anna lived on an acreage south of the present site of the Senior Citizens' Lodge until John's retirement in 1950. During this time John operated a dairy farm on the acreage, supplying milk to the residents of Sylvan Lake. Anna had been paralyzed by a stroke in 1937 and was bedridden until her death in 1960. Despite this handicap, she contributed poetry, short stories and plays for several Finnish language publications.

After his retirement, John and Anna lived on 48th Street in Sylvan Lake with John devoting himself to caring for Anna until she passed away. John was a well respected member of the community until his own death in 1974.

Of their four children, Tyyne moved to Sylvan Lake with her husband, Bill Blair, and their two children, Gail and George, in 1946. Tyyne was extremely talented in the arts. Following Bill's death in 1962, Tynne moved to Edmonton. There she continued with her painting and her sculpture. So successful was she that her work was displayed in many prominent art shows held in the McDonald Hotel. For years her work was quickly sold and in much demand, particularly by American tourists. Tyyne passed away in Calgary in 1980.

The second daughter, Ethel, lived in the Senior Citizens' Lodge in Sylvan Lake for quite a number of

years. Here she made many friends among the residents. She helped a number of them by setting their hair, shopping for small sundries and doing little errands for she would walk down town nearly every day while her health was still good. She passed away in the Eckville Hospital in 1982.

The two Kangas sons, Toivo and Urho, are both still living. Toivo, with his wife Ellen, resides in Victoria while Urho and his wife Betty farm at Evergreen.

Adolph and Veronica Kanten

Adolph and Veronica are better known to everyone as Adie and Ronnie.

The first year Adie lived in Sylvan Lake he worked in the Magnet Grocery Store. The next year he went into market gardening, which he worked at for eight years. He recalls selling carrots at five cents a bunch or six bunches for 25¢ and peas sold for six pounds for 25¢. He faithfully pedalled his fresh vegetables from door to door every day in his little open truck. He usually assisted his deliveries by ringing a bell as he passed the houses. The ladies flocked to the truck garbed in just about every kind of attire imaginable — from pyjamas to swim suits — to purchase their fresh vegetables. Some years, radishes were ready for market the first of May.

Two years after he started his market garden, he started a popcorn business on the lakefront. He owned and operated it for 20 years. Many local people had their hand at shovelling popcorn in Adie's Popcorn Stand. Tourists from all over the country did not leave Sylvan Lake until they had a bag of hot buttered, or caramel, popcorn. The old timers will never forget the bright orange popcorn stand located on the lakefront near the old boathouse.

In 1946 Adie opened a store called, "Adie's Furniture & Novelties", in an old vacated Chinese restaurant. Adie recalls when demolishing the old building he found the back part had been built with horseshoe nails. In 1948 a new store building was constructed, in which he conducted his business for 28 years and then sold it to his daughter Sharon in 1974. This store was a favorite shopping place for tourists and beach lovers. It was also noted as the firecracker centre of Alberta until the law prohibited the sale and use of firecrackers. The store was later sold and used as a drapery shop and then by "Granny's Gallery" and presently by "Cast Away Sports".

Adie was an active member of the Presbyterian Church in his younger years. He was the choir leader, young people's leader, and song leader for a number of years.

In 1951, Adie married Veronica McIntosh. Ronnie had been widowed while living in Stettler and moved to Sylvan Lake with her two children, Sharon and Susan. She and her brother, Preston Nourse, purchased land west of Sylvan Lake from George Johnson. Part of this land later became the site of Adie's and Ronnie's new farm home.

In 1954 a son Randy was born, followed by daughter Coreen in 1956.

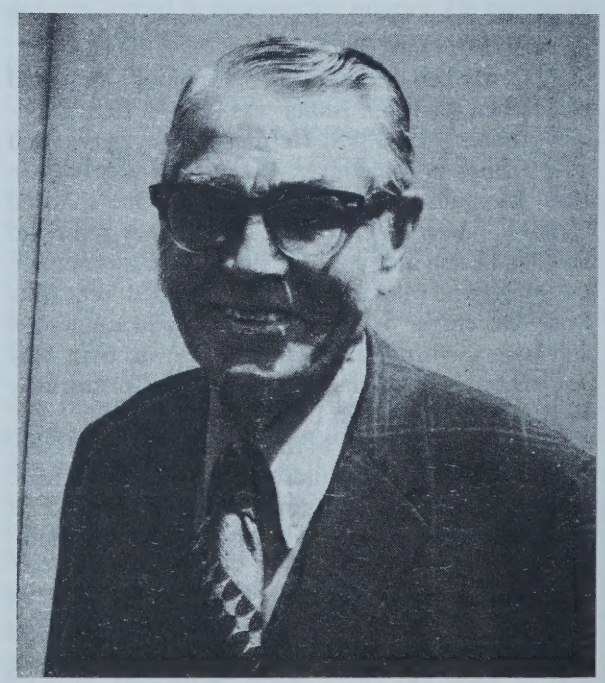
Ronnie and Adie lived in Sylvan Lake on 47th Avenue East for a number of years before moving to the farm. The grove of trees were all hand-planted, a few at a time, by Adie. Many of them are ornamental and some are fruit trees. They received much tender loving care and are admired by many.

Both Adie and Ronnie were active in many community efforts. Adie was on town council, was a member of the Chamber of Commerce and later, on the church board of the Gospel Chapel for many years. Ronnie was responsible for starting a community band which lasted for several years. She also served as president of the Home and School Association and worked with the Sunday School of the Gospel Chapel a long time.

Sharon, a psychiatric nurse at Michener Centre, resides in Sylvan Lake and has two children: Daryl, working in Sylvan Lake and Teresa, still in school.

Susan trained as a nurse in Lethbridge. She married Waldo Penner, a cattle buyer there. They have two girls: Kelly born in 1973 and Allison born in 1975.

Randy married Gloria Ortwein of Red Deer and



Adolph Kanten

they have one son, Christopher. Randy is employed by Beaver Home Centre as Home Salesman.

Coreen attended Northwest Bible College after completing high school. She travelled in Alberta for two years presenting Children's Crusades. She married David Fry of Windsor, Ontario, who later became a pastor. They now reside in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, where he is assistant pastor of a Pentecostal Church. They have one son, Joshua, born in 1982.

Adie and Ronnie sold their farm in 1981 to Frank Johnson. They moved to Red Deer for a year to try city life. In the fall of 1982, they returned to Sylvan Lake to a new house they had built on 52 Street West. Adie celebrated his 80th birthday in October, 1982 and still is very well and active.

Andrew and Martha Kanten

Andrew and Martha Kanten immigrated from Norway to the United States in the late 1800's, first settling in North Dakota. They had a family of 13 children. Their next move was to Saskatchewan in a covered wagon. All their children grew up and were married in Saskatchewan except for Adolph. In 1932, they moved with their only unmarried son, Adolph (Adie), to Caroline, Alberta. Adie recalls the "dirty thirties", having to abandon his 360 acre farm hoping to find a brighter future in Alberta. His worldly possessions included a Model T Ford, $35 cash in his pocket, a dog and meagre camping supplies.

On May 1, 1935, Martha, Andrew and Adolph moved to Sylvan Lake during a snow storm which dumped a foot of snow on the ground. They lived in a small garage-like house that Adolph had prepared for his aging parents and himself. They later built a house on 46 Street where they lived until selling to the Gutterud family (now owned by Mrs. Aune Parkkari). One married son, Henry, built a house next to it. The two sons owned the 40 lots surrounding the houses. The land had been purchased from Victor Bjergaard, a resident of Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Kanten was a well-loved, bright and spry lady for her age. She enjoyed her walks to visit her many friends: Granny Bloom, Mrs. Amley and Mrs. Gutterud, to mention some of them. She was of the Lutheran faith but attended the Pentecostal Church of Sylvan Lake whenever she could.

Andrew passed away in 1944, nine years after moving to Sylvan Lake, and Martha in 1963, at the age of 97 years.

Henry and Hulda Kanten

In 1930, early in the depression, Henry and Hulda Kanten left behind seven quarters of land, a theatre and the town power plant at Rockglen, Saskatchewan, to move away from the drought to the green of Central Alberta.

They arrived with baby Colleen and built a one-bedroom house on a Hudson Bay quarter of land at Caroline. Henry set up a small sawmill in those difficult times, when farmers sold eggs for two cents a dozen. Daughters Wanda and Carol were born at Caroline and, in the spring of 1935, the family relocated to Sylvan Lake, where they lived until moving to Red Deer in 1948.

Henry Kanten family: Colleen, Henry, Hulda, Wanda and Carol.

During the years in Sylvan Lake, Henry worked at various things to support the family: repairing farm machinery (at 25¢ an hour!), carpentry, even a stint as town constable. When the family lived for a year at Bowden, during the Second World War, he was maintenance foreman at the R.C.A.F. station.

Toward the end of the war, the Kantens operated "Kanten's Kanteen", a coffee shop along the Sylvan Lake beachfront, a couple of blocks east of Main Street, and a Merry-go-round on the adjacent lot. Henry also operated the Merry-go-round throughout many Alberta towns.

Music was very much a part of the family and the three daughters, Colleen, Wanda and Carol grew up singing as a trio at many community events, as well as doing a Red Deer radio program with their father, entitled, "The Kanten Gospel Singers", which was sponsored by Marks' Electric of Sylvan Lake.

Henry Kanten passed away in 1957 and was buried near his parents in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

One of the horses from the old Merry-go-round has been restored and is part of the decor of the Portland, Oregon, home of daughter Wanda Hartfield. Wanda is still periodically employed in the television field with Oregon Public Broadcasting. Her husband, Michael, is in marketing with Hayward, Larson and Hartfield. They have two teen-age sons.

Carol and her husband, Glenn Bradley, reside in

The Kanten sisters.

Victoria where Glenn is in the manufacture and marketing of office furniture. They have five grown children.

Colleen was in the ministry with her husband, Reg Carbol, until his death in 1976. She now operates a music school in Victoria. Two of their six children are still in high school.

Hulda lives in her own home, bakes "grandma buns", sews for the kids, carpenters, and still wields a mean tennis racket. She thanks God daily for His many blessings to her family over the years.

Ivor and Borguild Kanten

Ivor, son of Andrew and Martha Kanten, and his wife, Borguild, lived in Sylvan Lake in the late 1940's and early 1950's. They had four sons: Ray, Hervey, Lester and Dennis.

Ivor purchased the pool hall in Sylvan Lake and operated it for several years before selling it to Mike Harasyn. He also owned two speed boats called "Phantom" and "Sunray". Rides were sold to the tourists as, at that time, they were just about the only speed boats around. Bert David, a family friend, operated one of them.

Their son Ray was killed in the war. Hervey and Lester both married and had families. Hervey died of a heart attack and Lester lost his life in a drowning accident. Dennis also married and lives in Calgary.

Ivor and Borguild retired to Camrose where Ivor passed away at the age of 86 years.

Alex Kask

by son John

Alex Kask was born on the island of Saarema, Estonia on August 15, 1878, and came to Alberta in 1900 with his two brothers, John and Anton. Estonia, at that time, was under control of Russia and conditions were very difficult. They were a poor family with a small land-holding and, as the eldest son inherited the farm, the other three had to leave. The C.P.R. and Canada's Immigration Department were, at the time, carrying on a widespread campaign in Northern Europe for immigrants, and the news of free land and cheap fares spread quickly in all languages. The brothers, along with a number of friends and relatives, came as far as Red Deer by train, where they obtained homestead directions and started walking west. There were no roads but only a few trails and survey cut-lines. They all selected homesteads with dad choosing his because it was close to the Lake, adjoining what later became Lower Camp. There was also a clear stream flowing through it with an abundance of fish. These early years were difficult ones for all homesteaders with no money and only their bare hands with which to start. Not being able to speak English made it all the more difficult. They obtained work in the brick yard in Red Deer, and in the surrounding district in lumber camps, as well as in the coal mines at Blairmore. They would return to their homesteads in the summer to cut trees and build houses. They helped each other and became quite expert with their broad axes. Our first house was of logs with a sod roof and dirt floor. All of the furniture was home-made with bunks filled with hay. Only the kitchen stove and cutlery were bought.

In 1905, dad built a new addition to the first house and this one had a shingle roof and board floors. He then sent for his childhood sweetheart whom he had left back in Estonia. Anna Opp made the trip to Alberta alone and we still marvel at her courage to undertake such a long journey, over a month in duration in those days, without knowing a word of English. They were married on her arrival in Red Deer on May 30, 1906. Their first child, Victor, was born in 1907, and a daughter, Elizabeth, was born on Alex's thirtieth birthday, August 15, 1908.

In 1910, a number of the Estonian friends who had come with them from Estonia decided to move to

Chester, Montana, as homesteads had been opened up there and, as it was prairie land, it could be put under cultivation without having to be cleared. After the many years which it had taken to clear and break a few acres at Sylvan Lake with oxen, this seemed too attractive to pass up so the Kasks loaded their possessions, children, and livestock into a railway box car and moved. Montana, however, turned out to be a disaster. It was certainly prairie, there were no trees for firewood, nor was there any water. They melted snow and had to buy drinking water at the nearest village. As soon as the winter was over and their child, John, was born, they packed up and returned to their homestead at Sylvan Lake.

After this experience, they settled down to develop the farm in earnest, and each year cleared and broke more land. They built up a herd of cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Our main crops were oats and barley, although we raised some rye which was milled into flour at the mill at Eckville. We tanned the hides for leather and dad sewed most of our shoes. Mother spun the wool, knit our socks and sweaters, and dad even made her a loom with which to weave cloth and rugs. In the summer, we had a large garden and sold milk and vegetables to the campers who had started coming to Lower Camp at Sylvan Lake. A fourth child, Sophie, was born in 1913.

Dad became active on the Norma School Board and was its chairman for many years. The C.N. Railway was built during these years and provided a market for labor, hay, meat, and vegetables. Our family became quite self-sufficient and our savings account started to grow.

There was another settlement of Estonians at Eckville and, as our homestead was halfway between Eckville and Red Deer, our place became a convenient stop-over for the hardy pioneers, who made the two-day trip with horses and wagons. The horses were put in the barn and fed while room was made in the house for the family. For us children, it was great to have company and we were always allowed to stay up later than usual and listen to the conversation.

Another unusual happening each summer, after rather regular rain storms, was pulling cars out of the mud because they were stuck in the corduroy section of the road to Red Deer, which went past our farm. Such calls would come at all hours of the day or night and meant that we had to harness up a team and drive over. The usual fee was two dollars.

In 1916, tragedy struck when Sophie was very badly burned when her dress caught on fire while she was attempting to cook candy on the kitchen stove. She was rushed to the hospital in Red Deer but did not survive. Mother was grief-stricken over this for a very long time, and I recall that dad tried to console her by buying her a player piano which she really enjoyed.

In 1918 we bought our first car, a used 1914 Model T. It did not work very well so the next year we traded it on a brand new 1919 Model T.

Tragedy struck again in February, 1920 when, during the flu epidemic, both my mother and my brother Victor died. We were all sick in bed for weeks but the three of us recovered. Dad kept expanding his farming operation. Elizabeth, at the age of 12, was the chief cook and housekeeper, while I was errand boy and jack-of-all-trades. We milked about 10 cows and sold butter in Red Deer until the creamery was opened at Sylvan Lake. Dad was active in the formation of the Sylvan Lake Co-op Store and was also busy with Norma School which was starting to fall apart, so a new one was planned and completed in 1927. During those years, all our farming was done with horses and we never did graduate to owning a tractor.

My sister Elizabeth and I attended Norma School

The Alex Kask family: Alex, Victor, Anna holding Sofie, John and Elizabeth.

until Grade Nine and then took the balance of our high school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. Elizabeth went on to teaching and I joined the Imperial Bank.

Dad died on October 24, 1931 and was buried in the family plot in the Red Deer Cemetery.

Elizabeth Kask

Elizabeth was the eldest daughter of Alex Kask and was born on the farm on August 15, 1908. She attended Norma School for her junior grades, taking Grade 10 at Sylvan Lake and Grade 11 at Red Deer. She then went on to the Camrose Normal School and, for the first two years, taught at Sundre and Caroline. In 1930, she took over the teaching position at her home Norma School and continued there for six years. She lived with her brother, John, at Sylvan Lake and commuted daily to school. She recalls that, on a few occasions when the roads were blocked, she walked the three miles.

In 1936, she married Ernest Hughes and moved to Vancouver where Ernest was employed by Hotel Vancouver. They have two daughters, Sheila and Lucille, both of whom are very talented in music. Sheila has her Bachelor of Music degree and teaches at the Vancouver Academy of Music, while Lucille has her studio at home. Sheila is married to Dr. Walter Hardy, a professor of Physics at U.B.C. and they have two sons. Lucille is married to Doug Little, an executive with B.C. Forest Products. They have a son and a daughter. Ernest Hughes died in 1969 and Elizabeth has now retired from teaching and lives in Burnaby, B.C.

Elizabeth Kask.

Kask, John A.

I was the youngest son of Alex Kask and was born on February 7, 1911, in Chester, Montana, where my family had gone for one year in an unsuccessful search for greener pastures. I was only a few months old when they returned to Sylvan Lake. As my younger sister, Sophia, died when I was five years old my parents enrolled me in Norma School along with my older brother and sister. My early schooling got off to a poor start. I was extremely shy, I could not speak any English, and the teacher concluded that I must be stubborn when I would not answer when she spoke to me. As a result, I spent considerable time standing in the corner as well as getting strapped. With the help of my older brother and sister, however, I soon learned English and, within a few years, my parents were complaining because I would answer in English when they spoke to me in Estonian. When I was twelve I took over the janitor duties at the school which involved getting there an hour early in the morning and sweeping up the school after four. It did, however, pay four dollars per month and I held on to the job until I graduated from grade nine. I also became quite adept at trapping muskrats and skinning them and learned how to properly cure these stretched on shingles. The market was good and this started my first bank account. My Grade 10 was taken at Sylvan Lake and Grades 11 and 12 at Red Deer.

On July 2, 1928, I joined the staff of the Imperial Bank and remained at that branch until 1936. Those were very active years as, in addition to working at the branch at Sylvan, Harold Mann, the Accountant, and I would drive up to Eckville three days a week to operate a sub-branch there. Extra curricular activities included organizing a Young People's Society, a Drama Club, the Hockey Club, as well as Sylvan's first tennis court and badminton club. I was a member of the Board of the Presbyterian Church and its Secretary-Treasurer. Who can forget those summer

John Kask.

jitney dances with three halls going six nights a week?

In 1932 I had Karl Soderlund build me a new house on Main Street South. This was one of the best built houses constructed during those years.

Sylvan Lake is also where I met my wife, Edna Eggen, and we were married at the Presbyterian Church on July 5, 1936.

In the subsequent 25 years the Bank transferred me to Sangudo, Edmonton, Edson, Winnipeg, and Port Arthur. In 1960, they transferred me back to Winnipeg as Assistant Superintendent, which was the number two position in the Imperial Bank in Western Canada. In 1961 our bank amalgamated with the Bank of Commerce and I came back to Alberta to assist in uniting their different routines. After this was completed, I went back to managing a branch in downtown Calgary until my retirement January 31, 1976.

While banking for nearly 50 years occupied a large part of my life, there was still ample time to play. At Sylvan Lake I was on the hockey and baseball teams. I learned to curl and golf and built their first tennis court. We played badminton in the Varsity Hall and also took up cross-country skiing. In all the numerous places I worked since, I have kept up with these sports and still enjoy them all.

During most of my life I have continued to be on the Board of my Church in whatever village or city I was located, and this has involved many areas of responsibility, from building and financing new churches to teaching Sunday School. While I was still at Sylvan, I joined Kenilworth Masonic Lodge and, over the years, these activities have expanded to include Scottish Rite, Royal Order of Scotland, and the Shrine. Another interest has been Service Clubs starting with Kinsmen, followed by Rotary and Kiwanis. Now that I have retired, I have even more time to enjoy these activities.

Edna and I were blessed with two daughters, Beverly and Joan. Beverly became an R.N. and is now married to Pat Welsh. They have three sons and live in Port Coquitlam. Joan became a secretary and is now married to Bill King. They have two daughters and live in Calgary.

My dear Edna passed away on September 26, 1979, after a lengthy illness.

Hilda Kauppila Family
by Elmi Borden

In the fall of 1928, Hilda Kauppila and her two sons, Armand and Arnold, arrived in Rocky Mountain House to join her husband, Matti, who had left Finland the previous year. Their oldest son, Urmas, remained in Finland with his grandparents. Matti moved his family to Alhambra the following spring to homestead on a CPR Homestead Plan.

Tragedy struck during the winter of 1930 while Matti was working in a logging camp. Just hours before camp dispersed for the spring, a falling tree hit and killed him. Hilda then left Alhambra and spent the next four years in Rocky Mountain House, supporting her two sons and two daughters on her widow's compensation.

Hilda Kauppila.

In 1934, she again moved the family, this time to Sylvan Lake, and settled them in a four-room house. The house, without utilities, was purchased from Mr. Dodds for the sum of $900. Hilda had a large family to support on her $75 per month workman's compensation. At this time, Armand was fourteen, Arnold twelve, Margaret six, and Elmi two. Arnold remembers going to the back door at the butcher shop to ask Dave Bunce for bones "for the dog". Not only he, but his successor, Hugh Learned's dad, must have been animal lovers, for there was usually a brown-paper wrapped parcel to take home.

In 1936, the house was wired for electricity, and a well was drilled and enclosed by a porch off the back door. The children attended Sylvan Lake School, a three-room school whose staff consisted of Mr. Glen

Kauppila family: Margaret, Arnold, Hilda and Elmi.

Paul, principal, Mrs. Kinna, who taught the primary grades, and Mr. Evernden, who taught the secondary grades. Around 1936, two rooms were added to the north-west and three teachers joined the staff: Mrs. Paul, the principal's new wife; Mr. Cody; Mr. Slapak, who replaced Mr. Evernden.

Winter activities, aside from school, included skating, hockey, sleighing and an occasional 10¢ movie at Watkiss's Uptown Theatre. Summers were filled with swimming, softball, horseshoes, and golf.

Armand and his good friend, Harvey (Spud) Murphy, did not really play much golf. They were more inclined to visit the course at midnight. Harvey's dog, Spike, was very adept at sniffing out golfballs. Armand and Harvey would clean and polish these golfballs, then sell them the next day for 15-25 cents, often as many as ten or fifteen balls for an hour's hunt. It seems that Arnold and Harvey's brother, Ken, also capitalized on Spike's unique ability. Much to their chagrin, Harvey met the course manager, Mr. Biss, one day as he emerged from Jamiesons' Hardware with a brand new .22 calibre rifle. The rifle, he proclaimed, was especially for Spike, because golfers were complaining they could never find any balls to replace the ones they lost.

During the summer holidays of 1938 and 1939, Armand worked at the Sunflower Cafe, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Clendon. He washed dishes and did odd jobs for the princely sum of $25 per month, plus meals. His hours were 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. with two hours off in the afternoon, seven days a week. On Friday and Saturday, he went back from midnight to 2:00 a.m. to accommodate the after-dance crowd.

At the same time, Arnold peddled produce such as eggs, bread, and milk, to the campers.

In July 1940, Armand and Harvey went to the Calgary Stampede. A battalion of Calgary Highlanders marching in the parade, bayonets fixed and rifles at the slope, so impressed them that they were inspired to immediately sign up with the Calgary Highlanders. Armand was posted overseas with the 8th L.A.A. Regt., R.C.A., 4th Armoured Division.

He was captured by the Germans on the Kusten Canal on April 28, 1945, and repatriated to Calgary, where his family had moved during the war, in July of 1945. There, on June 29, 1946, he married Helen Hillman. They have six children: Karen, Susan, Armin, Rhea, Lorna, and Barry — all residing in the Edmonton area. Armand owns and operates Custom Hoist and Truck Body Limited in Edmonton.

Arnold and his wife, nee Shirley Lester, have five children: Kelly, Marilyn, Sandy, Douglas, and Sherry. They all reside in Calgary. Arnold owns and operates Arnie's Moving & Delivery Limited in Calgary.

Margaret married William deWynter, Western Supervisor for Greyhound Buslines. They have three children: Dennis, Jamie, and Debbie. Margaret died July 14, 1966.

Elmi is presently living in Calgary with her husband, Robert L. Borden, recently retired President of Greyhound Canada, and two children, Cheryl and Nikki.

The indomitable Hilda, spry and chipper at 89 years of age, owns yet another home in Calgary and lives quietly by herself.

The John Keeler Family
by Elizabeth M. Keeler

The first time I visited Sylvan Lake was during the summer holidays in 1930. I came here with the

Keeler family: Richard, John, Betty and Gerry.

W.I. Girls' Club group from Cluny, Alberta — my home town. We camped in a big bell-shaped army tent near where the Inn at the Lake now stands. We

Gerry and Richard Keeler.

went swimming several times a day and had fun playing ball and other games. Every evening we walked up the lakeshore gravel road (pretty hard on the feet) to the Prom (Alexander Pavilion), where we'd dance with each other. It was jitney style — ten cents a couple for each dance and, when the tune ended, everyone was literally herded off the floor with a rope barrier. On the way back to camp, our shoes would come off and we'd wade in the shallow water on the lakeshore. One night, we even had enough energy left to dunk our leader in the lake. After all, it was her birthday and, lucky for us, she was a good sport. We all agreed we had a wonderful vacation that summer at Sylvan Lake.

Both John and I came from the prairie east of Calgary. My parents, Clarence and Julia Chase, of Scottish and Irish descent, came to Cluny from the State of Washington. Both of them had been teachers, but salaries were so low. My mother taught 64 pupils, grades one to eight, for $22.50 per month and my father, with his B.Sc. Degree, did not make much more. They decided to go farming, but winters in Washington were wet — rain, rain, rain, for six weeks at a time. My dad's health could not take it so they moved to the dry chinook area of Alberta — 65 miles east of Calgary, right beside the present Trans Canada Highway .

I was born on the farm and attended the village school at Cluny to grade 10. I completed my matriculation at St. Mary's Girls' High School in Calgary and earned a L.R.S.M. degree from the Royal School of Music, London, England. I taught music for a little while but, since there was such a shortage of teachers during World War II, I decided to go to the Calgary Normal School and become a teacher.

In March, 1942 I was sent out as a trainee teacher to take over Spruce Hill, a log school near Buck Lake, $1.00 per day and board. That was an experience! They met me at the station with a Model T Ford touring car — minus both top and curtains. I held on for dear life to the back seat while we bounced up and down like a bucking horse over the frozen swamp, and wound in and out on the logging road through the bush to my boarding place.

On the prairie, I could see for 40 or 50 miles in most any direction but, at Spruce Hill, the only way I could see any distance was straight up. I had to follow the children to and from the school on a path through the woods or I'd have become lost. I really enjoyed teaching those students in grades one to seven and I often wonder who learned the most — the teacher or her pupils. I always liked the study of nature and, believe me, at Spruce Hill I had a front row seat. It was my first real introduction to the Park Country and, in my opinion, it is one of the loveliest areas in our province.

John's father, Walter, was born in Toronto of Irish-French descent and first came west with the Royal North West Mounted Police. After leaving the Mounties, he tried logging for a short time and then came to Strathmore to work for the C.P.R. in the Irrigation Division. It was there that he met his future wife, Johanna Bartelen, who had just emigrated from Holland. After they were married, they moved to a farm half-way between Strathmore and Rockyford, just six miles north of the Trans Canada Highway.

John was born on the farm and, with his brothers and sisters, attended St. Mary's Convent at Trochu, St. Joseph's Convent at Red Deer, Lanseer, a country school, and, finally, the Institute of Technology in Calgary. In 1941, he joined the R.C.A.F. and it was while he was stationed in Calgary that I met him. After the war ended in 1945, we lived there and John worked as a motor mechanic for General Supplies. Our boys, Richard and Gerry, were born in Calgary.

In 1950 we moved to Rockyford, in 1954 to Olds and in 1955 to Red Deer. We simply could not find a place to rent in the city, that is, one that would take a family with boys. Finally, we ended up in a nice basement suite five miles south of town, at old Dyck's fur farm.

Richard and Gerry rode the school bus to River Glen School in Red Deer, which was in the old army barracks on the site of the present school. On the first day, Mr. Murray, the principal, took us on the grand tour from the office right through one classroom after another, leaving Rick in grade three and Gerry in

grade one. Everything worked out pretty well until Gerry got pneumonia and, as he was not getting better, the doctor said, "You've got to get out of that basement suite."

At that time, John was working at Red Deer Motors and some of the employees were living in Sylvan Lake. We thought we'd give it a try, so we moved into one of the Huss cottages right across the street north of the Catholic Church in June, 1955. We lived there for four years until we moved to our present home on 49 Street. Richard started school here with Mrs. Gilchrist and Gerry with Mrs. Lees. I soon got myself involved with the Catholic Choir and John was busy commuting back and forth to Red Deer Motors.

That first winter we were here, the ice formed on the lake before the rink was ready. All the kids, including Richard and Gerry, went down to skate. One day, our little black dog, Sambo, was with them. He saw some seagulls in the water and took off after them. Of course, he tried to stop at the water's edge, but it was no use and "Splash!", one cold little dog was in the icy water. He could not get out by himself and the boys wanted to help him. I'll always thank the man who said, "Look boys, call your dog and walk where it's safe to the pier and you can get him out of the water there." Some good advice, even for today.

In September 1956, I started to teach in Sylvan Lake, 25 little people in grade one at the W.I. Hall. We had quite a time with a pot-bellied stove, outside plumbing and coat hooks all along the wall. The piano was a godsend and we really did learn to sing songs and play musical games.

The very first morning when we had been out for recess, one of the children was missing. I did not know which one and I did not know where to start looking. However, my problem was solved at lunch time when the little boy's father escorted him back to school.

The day the nurse came was almost a disaster. There was no place for her to innoculate the children except right there in the classroom. One young fellow took a look at the needle and started to scream so the nurse took him first. It was really a traumatic experience for the children; no mom or dad to comfort them, so I ended up substituting the best I could.

It was really something when the Inspector came one day at two-thirty in the afternoon. The children were just having recess and when they came in, Mr. McCullough said he would like to hear them read. "We read every morning", piped up one little girl. With a little persuasion from me, the children, reluctantly I must say, read a story from their reader. Then Mr. McCullough wanted to see their arithmetic. "We did that this morning, too", he was informed. Well, finally, I resorted to the piano and the children responded enthusiastically — a bright ending for a hectic afternoon.

The next year, I taught grades seven and eight in the school on the hill with Mr. Cody. At this time, they were building the new school, the construction going on only three feet from my classroom windows. I should have erected a blackboard right across the windows as all eyes were turned that direction anyway. It was more interesting than Social Studies or Science and I could hardly blame them. The day the cement truck upset right before our eyes was exciting and I had a good look, too. Finally, for the sake of education, the windows were boarded up. Even that did not help one day when the men were drilling holes or breaking up cement with the jackhammers. We could not hear each other speak so, again, I resorted to the piano. I played as loudly as I could and the boys and girls sang boisterously. When the buzzing stopped and the sing-song ended, I turned around and there, sitting in one of the desks, was Mr. Hastings, the new inspector. He said, "I did knock, but I knew you could not hear me. Just keep on singing — there is not much you can do under the circumstances."

During the summer of 1958 I was offered the chance to teach grades three and four for the Red Deer Separate School System and I accepted. Though it meant travelling to Red Deer every day, since John was going too, it turned out alright.

That first year I taught in Red Deer, Richard was going to the Centerville School with the grade six class. I'll always appreciate the fact that Mr. Bowles encouraged Rick to sing. I knew he had a good voice but, except for singing in the church choir, there was no chance to develop it. Mrs. Hills, who lived in the other Huss cottage, kept Gerry with her boys until it was time for school, so the teachers would not say they had to babysit the Keeler boys.

Both Richard and Gerry attended Junior High at St. Mary's Home Tech., a boys' boarding school in Edmonton. It was there they really got involved in sports. Rick had always been shy and never had an opportunity to play for the local school teams. At St. Mary's, it was different. They all played hockey, softball, volleyball and basketball and competed with other junior high teams in Edmonton.

Later, at high school in River Glen and the Vocational School in Red Deer, both Richard and Gerry were prominent in sport activities. Richard majored in Commercial Art and Gerry took a business course. They joined the Army Cadets in Red Deer and spent a couple of summers in Vernon, B.C. When he was attending high school in Red Deer, Richard took singing lessons from Miss Mahaffy and was fortu-

nate enough to win a scholarship as the most promising young male vocalist at the Kiwanis Music Festival that year.

Richard moved to Edmonton in 1968 and was an orderly at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for eight years before joining Smith's Ambulance Service. He is at present a supervisor with the Edmonton Ambulance Service and is just finishing a paramedic course at the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology. He is married and lives in a new subdivison in northeast Edmonton. Richard and Shirley have two daughters, Be-a (Beatrice Anne) and Kacey Leigh, and a little son, Jared Wayne.

Gerry married Della Miller, a Sylvan Lake girl, in 1958 and moved to Kamloops, B.C. When they returned to Red Deer, Gerry took a Psychiatric Nursing Course at Ponoka and Della attended Red Deer College. When Gerry graduated, they moved to Ponoka. At present, he is a Nursing Supervisor and Della is working with Social Services. They have two little boys: Sean Michael in grade three and Erin Donaly in grade one.

John worked for Red Deer Motors until 1976 when he was forced to retire due to ill health. I taught in Red Deer 22 years with the Catholic Schools until I retired in 1980. I keep busy trying to catch up with all the things I wanted to do but did not have time for when I was teaching. I play the organ at Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Sylvan Lake and help with the Junior Choir. I am pleased to be asked quite often to play for weddings of my former students in Red Deer at both Sacred Heart and St. Mary's Churches.

We have a motor home and really enjoy taking trips to the various parts of our country. John, especially, enjoys fishing so we do a lot of camping and boating during the summer months. Though we travel to many places, when we are coming down the David Thompson Highway, we look around and say, "Sylvan Lake and the Park Country are prettier than any place we've been." We are glad we moved here to live.

Gordon Keith Family
by Ruby (Keith) Furber

Gordon Keith and his wife Violet and four children arrived in Sylvan Lake on a cold day in January, 1944. Our first home was at the east end of town. My dad's first job was at McAfee's Garage (now Hansen's) with his brother Bill until the spring of 1945. Then he opened his own garage called, "Don's Garage", which was located where the parking lot at the Inn at the Lake is now. This building was later sold to McIntosh Cabins and moved to that location where it was used as a summer cabin until a few years ago, when it was sold to Fred Long for a trailer park.

In 1946, my dad built a garage at the corner of 46 Street and 50 Avenue, where Iverson's Bumper to Bumper shop is now. It was a Great West Distributor Station with "Red Head" pumps. In conjunction with the garage, he also had a bulk service, a honey wagon and was an Alberta Brewer agent, hauling beer bottles to Red Deer.

In 1947, our family started the ice, coal and wood business after purchasing the Archie Miller property on 42 Street for $500.00. With the help of Bill Blair, our house was built that year. We were able to move into our home in January, 1948, after living in tents while it was being built. We operated the ice business until the summer of 1951.

My dad went to work for G.S.I., a seismic crew, in 1949. He had a fatal car accident December 12, 1950 and died December 20, 1950.

Mother married Herbert Leake of Sylvan Lake in March, 1955. Their travels took them to various places in Saskatchewan and Alberta. They had a taxi business in Stettler until they moved to Drayton Valley to help on Herb's son's farm. After the farm was sold, they moved back to Sylvan Lake and later to Red Deer. Mother died in May, 1978.

All four children went to school in Sylvan Lake. The first school that my twin sister Ruth and I attended was in the old Rosse Store on 46 Street. Later, we went to the school up on the hill. After grade nine we attended schools in Stettler and Red Deer.

Our home at Sylvan Lake was sold to my brother Monte in 1966, when he came back to operate the *Sylvan Lake News* until 1969. Monte and his wife,

The Keith twins — Ruby and Ruth.

Elaine Storey, live in Wainwright, Alberta. They have two sons and three daughters.

My older sister, Jean, and her husband, Glen Mactier, live in Medicine Hat. She has two sons and two daughters from a previous marriage to Gordon Uhl.

My twin sister, Ruth, and her husband, Ralph Horney, live in Trail, B.C. They have two sons and one daughter.

My husband, Stan Ferber, and I live in Red Deer and have two daughters.

Ward Keith Family
by Emma Keith

Ward C. Keith was born in Havelock, New Brunswick. He came West to Olds, Alberta and then to Didsbury in 1918. I, Emma L. Keith, was born in Marion, Kansas and came to Didsbury in 1905. We were married there in 1925. We have two sons and one daughter.

Robert M. Keith was born in Didsbury. He never married. Murray W. Keith was also born in Didsbury. He married Beverly Grunert and they have one son, Timothy. Robert (Bob) and Murray and family live in Burnaby, B.C. Our daughter, Myrna, was born in Red Deer. She married Wayne B. Jacques. They have two daughters, Michele and Linda, and they all live in Grande Prairie, Alberta.

We moved to Sylvan Lake in 1934 and purchased the Jamieson Hardware which we operated until 1944 when we sold the store to Mr. and Mrs. Greenaway. Our Christmas visit to Vancouver in 1944 turned into a 39-year sojourn.

We feel that it was a privilege to have lived in Sylvan Lake regardless of our ups and downs. There was a good golf course, lots of good curling and church dinners. We found the residents of Sylvan Lake and the surrounding district good people.

One incident we will never forget is when Doug McCutcheon took young Bob out of the water after he jumped in from the boat. We do not know how deep the water was, but we do know that he was a very frightened and panicky little boy. Another incident we will not forget was when Murray was hit by a baseball bat while the boys in the Air Force from Penhold were playing on the beach.

Our tribute to Sylvan Lake was that we built up a good business and a new home. (Later the C. Bloom and now the S. Andreeff residence.) Our hopes now are that Sylvan Lake will continue to prosper and we take this opportunity to extend our very best wishes to everyone.

Alex Kinnunen Family
by Gertie Peltola

Alexander Kinnunen Jr. was born November 14, 1888 at Lake Norden, South Dakota. Alex was almost a lifetime farmer in the Marianne District. He was 12 years old when he came from South Dakota to Red Deer with his parents. He worked on his father's homestead until 1911. Going west, Alex homesteaded in, what is now, the Oras District. In 1919 he sold his homestead and returned to the Marianne District to farm on his own. In June 1928, he married Helmi Patama, a young widow from Finland who had come to Canada to visit her aunt, Mrs. Oscar Hilman. About a year later, they sent for Mrs. Kinnunen's daughter Gertie, the only child of her first marriage. Added to their family were two sons and another daughter.

Alex and Helmi Kinnunen.

In 1940, Alex and Helmi bought a quarter section from Ray Hilman. The old home place was sold to Phil Hilman. Alex farmed for several more years before turning over most of the farming operations to his son-in-law, Norman Sigurdson. Later, he rented the land while he and Mrs. Kinnunen remained in residence there. The Kinnunens are remembered for their hospitality, especially on Saturday nights when people came for a sauna bath. In 1965, Alex sold the farm to Gus Podriski and purchased a home in Sylvan Lake.

Alex passed away in 1969 at the age of 81. He was loved and respected by all who knew him as a pioneer, a friend and a neighbor. Helmi still lives at Sylvan Lake.

Gertie was only seven years old when she made the journey to Canada to be with her mother and new father. For the ocean voyage and, as far as Ontario, she was in the care of a couple who were travelling from her home village to Ontario. The rest of the way she came by herself with a cardboard sign tied to a belt with her name and instructions as to her destination. Gertie and her husband, Eino Peltola, make their home in Delta, B.C. They have two daughters, Maria and Liisa.

William and his wife Zona live in Lethbridge. They have five children: Barbara, Brian, Trudy, Bill and Tammy.

Waino, second son of Alex and Helmi, died of polio in September, 1952. Eila and her husband, Norman Sigurdson, farm in Baldur, Manitoba. They have three children, Sherry, Douglas and Wanda.

Knieper Family

by Beth Knieper Baldry with the assistance of E. C. Caswell and Mrs. J. Zimmermann

John Adolphus Knieper was born at Quinsey, Illinois. His wife, Lydia Margaret (Reiter) Knieper was born at Canton, Missouri. They lived at or near Keokuk and Kahoky, Clarke's County, Missouri where they had a market garden. They decided to move to Alberta in the spring of 1900. This was quite an undertaking as there were already eight children. They travelled by wagons and brought only the barest essentials with them: ropes, axes, saws and other absolute necessities. I believe they travelled the greater part of those long miles on the United States' side of the border until near Alberta, which was then the Northwest Territories. They decided to settle on the north side of Sylvan Lake on S.W. quarter of Section 16, Township 39, Range 1, west of the 5th Meridian.

There they built a part dug-out, and part sod, building for a house. This was warm in winter and cool in summer. All of the breaking and clearing was done by hand which was hard labor. Seeding was done by broadcasting. They hunted partridges which were plentiful, fished and picked wild berries which were in abundance at the time. They got their water from the Lake. I believe grandfather was one of the first settlers to raise corn in that area.

The family consisted of Erma, Orin (Charlie), Eunice, Lionel (Jack), Amythest, Genevra, Helen, and John. Eunice died as a result of having a tree fall on her and was buried on the family farm. Mr. H. C. Weber, Sr. had charge of the graveside service with many neighbors in attendance. The youngest girl was born here in the province, and therefore was named Alberta.

Charlie left the first year they arrived here and worked in the Gull Lake area. It was not long before Erma went to work in Red Deer, and Jack left to work around the Chain Lakes-Tees area, east of Lacombe. The five youngest children attended Norma School for a time.

Grandfather passed away about 1911 or 1912 and was buried on the family farm, with Mr. Dane conducting the service.

Erma met and married Ed Caswell in Red Deer and they had one son, Edmund C. Caswell (Ted). Ted worked in the Post Office there and only just recently retired. Erma and Ed have both passed away, and are buried in the Red Deer Cemetery.

Orin (Charlie) married Freda Adams of Winfield, Alberta. They had one boy and two girls: Glenn, Arlie, and Beth.

Dad homesteaded four miles north of Sylvan Lake in 1921 or 1922, and also kept clearing and farming grandfather's farm until 1950 when he moved to Stauffer. Later he retired to the town of Sylvan Lake. Dad passed away in 1966 and is buried in the Raven Cemetery. Mom now lives in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Amethyst married John Adams who was a blacksmith at Sylvan Lake for quite a number of years. They had four children: Herbert (Happy), Jean, Roy, and Freda. Amethyst passed away a number of years before John, and they are both buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Genevra married Isaac Riley. They farmed in the Rimbey area until they retired and moved to Ponoka where they lived their remaining years. They are both buried in the Ponoka Cemetery. They had five girls: Elsie, Jane, Ethel, Olive, and Ann.

Helen married Arthur Black. They lived on a farm near Sylvan Lake for a number of years before moving to New Westminster, B.C. where Arthur passed away. Helen still lives there with her daughter, Mildred. They had two boys and one girl.

Johnny married Edith Forester of the Clive district. They farmed there until Edith died. They had one daughter, Marlene, who was killed in a car accident on her 21st birthday. Johnny, who passed away several years ago, was liked by all his neighbors.

Jack and Alberta never married. They moved around a lot and are both now deceased.

Grandmother moved east of Lacombe with her sons and Alberta, after grandfather's death, and then lived with Charlie and Freda for a time before her passing in 1925.

The countryside has certainly changed over the years as well as equipment and modes of living and travelling.

Nick Komarnicki Family
by Kay Komarnicki

Nick grew up in Poland. In 1930, he came to join his sister, Mrs. Tina Slobodin of Lake Louise, Alberta. She had emigrated earlier from Poland and now lives in Carstairs.

Kay's parents, John and Mary Komar, had emigrated from Poland to Dana, Saskatchewan, where Kay was born and raised. Nick and Katherine (Kay) were married in 1938 and settled in Lake Louise where Nick was employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, Calgary division. They also lived in other small places west of Banff.

When they moved to Sylvan Lake, September 8, 1952, the family consisted of three children: Rosanne thirteen, Bonnie seven and William three years old. All the children grew up in Sylvan Lake and attended school here and high school in Red Deer. Nick worked in Sylvan Lake for the C. P. R. until his retirement July 2, 1974. Since then, Nick and Kay spend a lot of time fishing, gardening and looking after their grandchildren, now seven in number.

Rosanne married Peter Stachnick of the Edmonton area and they live in Edmonton. She graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Education Degree in 1959. Their children are: Kathy 16, David 14, Cheryl 13 and Brian 11. Her husband, Peter, is a chartered accountant and has his own business.

Bonnie took a business course. She married Del Connolly, originally from Prince Edward Island. Bonnie has been working for the City of Calgary and Del works for that city as well, in the water-works department. Their two children are, Tommy nine and Tracy eight.

Bill lives in Edmonton with his wife, the former Harriet Shack of Edmonton, and their four-year-old daughter, Crystal. He is a bus driver for the City of Edmonton.

Wilfred Koskie.

Wilfred Koskie with nieces Gwen and Pat Peters.

Wilfred Koskie
by Alma Peters and Gwen Goleski

Wilfred Nicholas Koskie was born at Kauajoki, Finland, October 5, 1905. He and his mother, Maria Sophia Koskie, joined his father, Kaarl Sanfred Koskie, at Butte, Montana and, in 1906, moved to the west shore of Sylvan Lake. Another son, Waino, was born there in 1907 and, as money was tight, the family moved to Coleman, Alberta in 1908, where Sanfred went to work in the coal mines. A daughter, Alma Esther, was born at Coleman in 1909. In 1910, a scarlet fever epidemic caused the death of three-year-old Waino and left Wilfred, at age four, without hearing or speech. A third son, Armas, was born in

1911 and shortly thereafter they moved back to the farm at Sylvan Lake. Sanfred Koskie died of an infection at age 29 in November, 1911, and young Armas died during the 'flu epidemic of 1918. In 1913, Maria Koskie married Samuel Abrahamson and they had four more children, Arvo, Ellen, Wayne and Helge. Maria passed away in December, 1966.

Wilfred attended the Winnipeg School for the deaf from 1920 to 1926 and was a brilliant student. He learned the sign language of the deaf but was only able to use it with others who understood it. However, he communicated very well by writing (he always carried a pencil and pad in his pocket), and through signals which his family and friends learned to understand and use as well.

From 1947 until his death, Wilfred lived at the home of his sister, Mrs. Alma Peters, at Sylvan Lake. He was a self-taught carpenter who earned his living doing roofing, painting and lawn work, as well as carpentry and cabinet-making. He was a perfectionist by nature and therefore his work was always very neat and well done. In 1972, he built the altar and communion rail at St. Mary's and St. Timothy's Anglican Church at Sylvan Lake. It stands as a good example of his work.

Wilfred was an avid reader who subscribed to several magazines and newspapers and kept up to date on world affairs and politics. Because of his interest and knowledge, he was a great help to his nieces and nephews (Alma's children) during their school years. He was a father figure, particularly to Pat, Gwen and Dennis when they were young, as their own father had passed away in 1947.

Although he did not attend church, he was very knowledgeable about the Bible, which he spent some time studying.

In spite of his handicap, Wilfred was a happy, outgoing person who liked people and was especially fond of children. Many residents of Sylvan Lake knew him well and would stop to pass the time of day with him as he went about his daily work.

Wilfred passed away at age 70 on May 5, 1976 and is buried in the Kuusamo Cemetery. He is fondly remembered by family and friends.

Kovacs Family

Frank Kovacs arrived in Calgary in May, 1927 from his native Hungary. He was met at the immigration office by a Mr. Swartz, an Hungarian interpreter, who got him a job as a gardener in Calgary with a Mr. Chappin. In June, Mr. Chappin moved his family to Sylvan Lake for the summer to their cottage at Second Point on the west side of the Lake. Mr. Kovacs came along with them as gardener and handyman around the cottage. In the evenings, for something to do, he used to walk into town. Here he met a Polish shoemaker with whom he was able to talk as he could speak Polish and, being a shoemaker himself, they had things in common. This man was going back to Poland in the fall so he introduced him to Mr. Bergstrom who owned the shop and, between the two of them, talked Mr. Kovacs into working in the shop when this fellow left. Unable to speak much English, he had Mr. Bergstrom do the book work for him and he helped in the bulk gas station.

In order for him to bring his wife and family to Canada he had to own land, so in 1928 he bought a homestead at Warburg, Alberta. After the land purchase, he was able to make plans to bring his family to Canada. He spent the winter of 1928 and part of 1929 at the farm cutting and shipping telephone poles. On December 24, 1929 Mrs. Kovacs and the three children: Steve, Helen and Frank, arrived for a joyous Christmas reunion. There was a brand new sled under the Christmas tree and the children made good use of it, not being used to snow. It was a child's paradise sliding down all the snow banks that winter.

Since money was scarce in the early thirties, Mr. Kovacs often took produce from farmers for his work.

The children started school in September, 1930 and, thanks to the patience and hard work of Miss Flo Gaetz, the teacher, they were able to learn fluent English in a very short time. In 1936 the third son, Louie, was born to complete the family.

Mr. Kovacs continued shoemaking in Sylvan Lake until the fall of 1948 when they moved to Red Deer where his son Steve was operating a shoe repair shop. Mr. Kovacs built a house that year at 4641-48 Street where he still resides. To this date he is still quite active in orthopaedic work. He has helped a great number of people over the years who had badly crippled feet. He had customers from all parts of Canada and the United States. His wife Julia passed away in January 1978.

The Frank Kovacs: Steve, Louie and Frank standing; Helen, Mrs. Kovacs and Mr. Kovacs seated.

His daughter Helen is married to John McDonald and living in the Ridgewood District. They have three children: Betty-Jean, Donald and Cathy.

Steve is married to the former Kay Yuhasz and living in Red Deer. They have one son, Mark. Steve still operates his shoe repair shop at the same place he started out, but it has been enlarged quite a bit over the years.

Frank is married to the former Rose Johnstone. They are living in Calgary and have four children: Robert, Donald, Dianne and Patrick. He is working as an Oil Consultant.

Louie is married to the former Verna Gillies. They are living in Grande Prairie and have four children: Sharron, Michael, Shayne and Kim. He is working for Alberta Government Telephones as a mechanic.

At 85, Mr. Kovacs still remembers back and often talks about all the changes and improvements that have been made since his arrival at Sylvan Lake.

Tom Kvale Family

by Grace (Baldry) Kvale

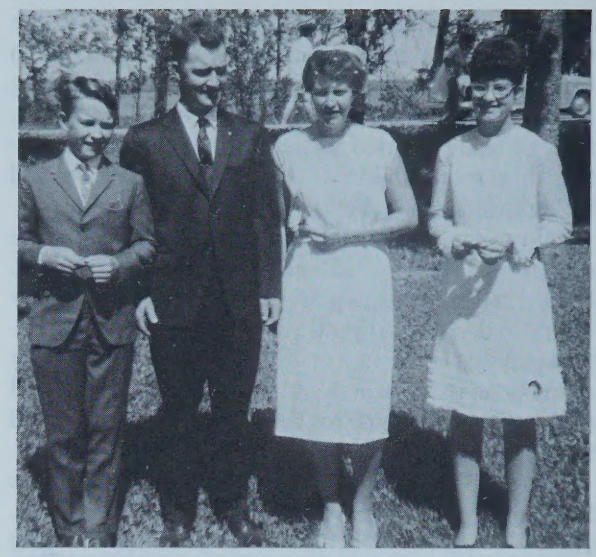
In the spring of 1946 my parents, Charlie and Eva Baldry, and myself, Grace, moved from Leslieville to the old Loiselle place at Sylvan Lake. At that time, my dad supplied firewood for most of the town. We also had a few livestock such as milk cows.

In January, 1947, I went to work for Mrs. Cameron in the bakery. At this job I learned what happens when you put too many doughnuts into a pot of hot grease at one time and also how to wrap hundreds of loaves of bread. In the fall of 1949, there was an opening for a job as chambermaid at the hotel so I decided to try that. Thelma Webster was housekeeper upstairs with Marg Knoepfli as the other chambermaid. What a lark we had! There was never a day too hectic for us not to have a good hearty laugh about something. What a wonderful friendship developed between Marg and me. I learned a lot on that job, too. One thing was, always double check for people before stripping a bed!

On November 9, 1952, Thomas Kvale and I were married in the Pentecostal Chapel, with Edwin Kvale and Marg Knoepfli as our attendants.

We lived in the Sylvan Lake and Diamond Valley area for about one and a half years. Our daughter, Judy Ann, was born in the Eckville Hospital October 27, 1953. The following spring we moved to Manyberries, Alberta, my husband's home town. We worked on a ranch there for four and a half years. Our son, Lorne Thomas, was born in the Medicine Hat Hospital October 26, 1954.

In October 1958, Tommy started training with the



Kvale family: Lorne, Tommy, Grace and Judy.

Alberta Wheat Pool and, in February 1960, was placed at Retlaw, Alberta, as a grain buyer. We lived there until 1968, at which time the company built a new house for us in the town of Vauxhall (Potato capital of Canada). Tommy is still Wheat Pool Agent at Retlaw, soon completing 22 years there.

Judy and Lorne took all their schooling at Vauxhall. Judy married Clifford Elgie in 1972 and they have four children: Brian, Rhonda, Robin and Julie. Clifford is an oil-rig man and they live in Vauxhall, too. Lorne graduated from grade twelve in 1972 and has worked in different jobs and areas. He has now settled in Rocky Mountain House where he works for Revelstoke.

Bruce and Marjorie Lane

Bruce, youngest child of John and Lillian Lane (who were early homesteaders in the Castor area, coming there in 1898), was born in Castor in 1919.

Marjorie, younger daughter of Percy and Mae Webber (who had come from Ontario to homestead at Castor), was born in 1925, also in Castor, Alberta.

Bruce and Marjorie were married in 1950 in Castor, where they resided until 1953 when they moved to Edmonton. A year later (1954), they came to Sylvan Lake, having purchased a clothing store. They operated "Lane's Clothing" on Main Street until November, 1982, when they liquidated the business and retired. During the later years in business, Bruce also assisted Mr. W. A. Buchanan in conducting funerals for Johnson's Funeral Homes of Rocky Mountain House and Sylvan Lake. Marj took up paper tole work and instructed a number of classes in that difficult but beautiful craft.

Both Bruce and Marj were active in community affairs being members of the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce (Business Men's Association) and of the Curling Club. Bruce was a charter member of the Lions Club and Marj was secretary-treasurer of the Sylvan Lake Senior Citizens' Lodge for several years and was the first president of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Lodge.

Both Marj and Bruce were very active in the life and work of Memorial Presbyterian Church where Bruce was an Elder and Marj a long-time member of the Evening Guild — a group in which she took a leading part, convening and organizing many of their functions. As well, Marj was treasurer of their Memorial Fund for some years, having taken over after the death of Isabel Wilkinson. Marj also served the church as envelope secretary for a few years.

Bruce and Marj enjoyed camping and fishing — so much so that they chose their favorite holiday spot for their home in their retirement. On June 1, 1983, Bruce and Marjorie Lane left Sylvan Lake, after nearly 30 years residence here, to make their home in Balfour, B.C. on the Kootenay Lakes.

Winifred Lang

One of Central Alberta's pioneers "retired" to Sylvan Lake after a hardworking life in the bush country west of Sylvan Lake, where she and her husband had a mixed farm and sawmill operation for twenty years.

Mrs. Winifred Lang, one of Sylvan Lake's respected senior citizens, came to town with her only child, William (Bill) Turner, in 1963 and settled into a house across the tracks from her present home on Railroad Avenue.

Never one to just "sit around" Winnie soon found work at the Old Dutch Bakery, owned at that time by the Hoofdeckers and stayed with that company until it closed down in 1966.

Long a familiar figure on the streets of Sylvan Lake walking her small dog, a Pekinese named "Teddy", Winnie is now 82 years of age and still going strong. She is still a member of the Adventist Church and the Seniors' Friendship Centre and can still be seen walking everywhere around town — disdaining the use of the automobile.

Mrs. Lang enjoys her cozy home, surrounded by memorabilia from earlier days. One fascinating memento of her childhood that resides on her mantlepiece is a hand-carved toy originally belonging to her father. It is a Noah's Ark with many different animals "two by two", obviously well used, and has undoubtedly given a great deal of joy to many generations of children lucky enough to have owned it — a far cry from today's video games. She enjoys the visits of her many friends in the community and especially the visits from her grandchildren, Annette and Anita, daughters of Glen and his wife Laurene. She spends many hours reading, watching television and working with "Artex" on tablecloths and wall-hangings, many beautiful examples of which adorn the walls of her home.

Occasionally, she will go sailing with her son, Bill, and confides that she misses her old way of life in the bush and the smell of the freshly sawn wood. So, she takes the odd trip down memory lane by going out to Caroline with Bill to visit his acreage where he has a sawmill which brings back many happy memories to this grand old lady of Sylvan Lake.

Myron Lawrence Family

Myron Meredith Lawrence was born in Amelia, Nebraska, September 18, 1915, the youngest child of Arthur Bowman Lawrence and Loretta Cline.

In 1917, with his father and mother, brother Wes, sister Ruth, the Lawrences emigrated to Canada to settle in Carnduff, Saskatchewan, where the family farmed while Myron's father continued his ministerial duties. They resided in Saskatchewan for 16 years and then the pioneering instinct took hold and, in the fall of 1930, the Lawrences moved to Alberta to homestead a quarter section of land in the Condor area. In later years, Myron and his father purchased a small sawmill west of Rocky Mountain House which they operated until 1951-52.

In 1945, Myron met and married Margaret Clara Knorr of Ricinus, Alberta. Margaret comes from a family of nine, five brothers and three sisters: Herman, Lilian, Robert, Raymond, Margaret, Evelyn, Dick, Jack and Nona. Her parents were Herman Robert Knorr and Lilian Charlotte Fullerton, who had moved to the Ricinus area in 1933 from High River, Alberta.

Myron and Margaret, with the help of Myron's father, continued to farm and to operate the sawmill. During their years in Condor, Myron and Margaret had four children: three sons, Leonard, Raymond and Ronald, and one daughter, Lois. After selling the sawmill, Myron's father moved back east and the Myron Lawrence family bought a farm near Dovercourt where they resided for two and a half years.

In 1954, Myron and his family moved to Sylvan Lake where they bought a nine-acre parcel of land (14-32-38-1-W5) located west of the town of Sylvan Lake. Myron began work at Jack Goodey's Texaco Service, where he remained for 18 years. In 1972, he started work at Macleods' Store in Red Deer and then worked for the Town of Sylvan Lake until his retire-

ment in 1980. During the years in Sylvan Lake, Myron raised a few livestock on the acreage.

The Lawrence children, especially the boys, took an active part in many of the athletic teams in the town. Myron was their biggest fan, be it baseball or hockey. He rarely missed a game, being one of the most regular attenders of Sylvan Lake home games.

Myron's family continue to live in or around the Sylvan Lake area. Following Myron's death in 1982, Margaret remains on the acreage at Sylvan Lake. Leonard resides west of Sylvan Lake and is married to Margaret Olson of Sylvan Lake. Leonard and Margaret have two daughters, Lisa and Lora. Raymond resides in Benalto where he operates his own oil servicing company and is married to Lynne Dorin of Sylvan Lake. Ray and Lynne have four children: Caron, Allan, Stacey and Jimmy. Ronald lives in Sylvan Lake and is married to Pat Hendley of Chilliwack, B.C. Ron and Pat have three children, Suzanne, Donna Lee and Aaron. Lois lives in Red Deer and is married to Hugh McPherson of Red Deer. Hugh and Lois have two children, Michael and Michele.

The Learned Family

by Mary Backhaus and Margaret Good

Bertram Clifford Learned, born in Hennesy, Oklahoma, May 25, 1897 was the fifth child of a family of ten born to Daniel Boone Learned and Hattie Dell Rivers Learned.

In 1900 the Learned family moved from Oklahoma to the State of Washington and in 1905 they moved to a farm west of Sylvan Lake, a half-section of land which they bought from Dan Weber. Kenneth, Bee, Wayne, Bessie and Della attended the Kuusamo School, then located one-half mile from their home. Bee attended school until he was 12 years old, then worked on the farm. In 1909, he and his brother, Kenneth, cleared and ploughed 100 acres of land with oxen. At 14, to earn some money Bee went to Nanton, Alberta to work on a ranch. These people were hard workers and heavy drinkers. They treated Bee as a member of their family and, even though he liked the taste of liquor, he was scared to drink. He acquired little taste for liquor and this was to remain with him for the rest of his life.

Tourist Inn, 1940.

In 1914 when the First World War broke out, Bee joined the army even though he was only 17. He had gone through his basic training in England when the army learned his true age from a letter his mother had written. Bee insisted that in a very short time he would be 18 and refused to go home. Little did he realize that his mother's hair had turned white over night when she found out that her son had joined the army.

While serving in the trenches in France, he worked himself up to Platoon Sergeant. The trenches were wet and, in order to keep the feet dry, bales of socks were sent from England. One day, as he was changing his socks, he found a lady's name and address in the toe and kept it. He was wounded in the Battle of Vimy Ridge and sent to a hospital in England to recuperate. As he had plenty of time to kill, he wrote to the lady named in the note.

Jean Brown Nesbitt was born in Galston, Ayshire, Scotland on October 20, 1893. She had six sisters and three brothers, one of whom was killed in the First World War. She was a teacher by profession, travelling each day by train to teach school in the city of Kilmarnock.

Jean's sister worked in the sock factory and, as a joke, placed the name and address of a co-worker in the sock. When this lady received Bee's letter, Jean's sister had some explaining to do. Her parents insisted that she invite this Canadian soldier to their home in Scotland.

When Bee was able to travel, he sent a telegram stating his day of arrival. Three of the four Nesbitt sisters at home, set out to meet this Canadian soldier. But not Jean. She flatly refused to go, stating, "He'll think he's going to be swallowed by all these women."

This first visit led to many others, friendship blossomed into love and, on July 20, 1918, Jean Brown Nesbitt was married to Bertram Clifford Learned at her family home.

When the war was over, Bee brought his bride back to the farm west of Sylvan Lake.

Bee's brother, Kenneth, met them at the box car station in Sylvan Lake. Proudly he escorted them to his new Ford for the ride to the farm. There had been a lot of rain and those muddy roads with their deep, crisscrossed ruts became a challenge. In no time, the

Ford became firmly stuck in the mud and Kenneth set off for home to bring the horses and buggy. Jean silently wondered how she was ever going to get into that buggy.

Since Jean had lived all her life in a city, she was inquisitive about her surroundings. She noticed some gophers and inquired what they were. Kenneth promptly told her they were buffalo.

The elder Mrs. Learned realized how strange and new all this was to her new daughter-in-law and, with a great deal of patience and loving kindness, tried to make this new life a little easier for Jean.

There followed a lot of hard work, many tears and, of course, love and laughter. And Jean was a trooper. She learned to overcome her fear of the animals, to milk the cows, do the farm chores and the other things necessary on a farm. She had little time to feel sorry for herself.

In 1919, the elder Learneds decided to move back to Washington State and, through the Soldiers' Settlement Board, Jean and Bee bought the farm.

It became clear to Jean that she needed to write an exam to retain her teaching certificate in Alberta. She did this and, over the years, taught school in Sylvan Lake, Marianne and Evarts.

The family continued to work the farm until 1936, when they moved into the town where they bought a meat market. This business, run as a family concern, was sold to Jack and Vern Cole in 1941 and the Learneds bought the Tourist Inn on Lakeshore Drive from Mrs. Meyers.

Tourist Inn was the scene of many a high old good time. Bee often remarked that he should put revolving doors on the front and back so the kids could get in easier.

Each New Year's Eve, as long as her health permitted, Jean Learned held an Open House to celebrate the Scottish Hogmanay. The table was loaded and old and young were welcome. Many of the young people taking part in the New Year's Eve dance at the Alexandra Pavilion watched their consumption of alcohol because at midnight they were going to the Learneds'. They had the greatest respect for Jean Learned. She was a lady.

In May, 1953 Jean passed away in the Red Deer Hospital after a short illness. A few years later, Bee sold the Tourist Inn and retired.

Both Bee and Jean were very active in community and civic groups.

Jean was an active member of the Women's Institute and in later years became president of this organization. She taught Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church in Sylvan Lake and often filled in for the minister if he had to be out of town or was ill.

Bee was also an active community worker. For a brief period he was a member of the Kuusamo School Board. He sat on the board of the Alberta Wheat Pool and was a buyer for the Medicine Valley Co-op. Each fall he disappeared for his annual hunting and guiding trips. Bee was a lifetime member of the Alberta Fish and Game Association. He received his medal and certificate for a 75-year resident of Alberta in 1980.

With all these ventures, community interests were never forgotten. Friends and neighbors were always welcome in the Learned home.

Bee died on November 1, 1981 in the Richard Parsons' Auxiliary Hospital in Red Deer.

There were three children from this marriage:

Mary Dell, born in December 1920, married James Backhaus in 1949. They have three children: Bill, Nancy and Mary. Bill and Nancy are married and each have two children. The whole family lives in Denver, Colorado.

Robert Hugh, born in August 1925, married Marjorie Sherwood in 1957. They have one son, Scott. All live in Homer, Alaska.

Margaret Jean, born in October 1930, married Jack Good in 1973. They live at Cooper Landing, Alaska. They have no children.

Bee and Jean Learned's family have wonderful memories of their home. Their friends were always welcome and they grew up in a home where the parents always cared and did much for young people. Love abounded.

The Leeti Family

by Martha Leeti

Arvid Leeti was born in Finland in 1863. He came to the U.S.A. and worked in the coal mines in Belt Montana. In 1900, he brought his wife, Sofia, and one-year-old son, Elmer, to a homestead at S.E. 30-36-1-W 5, one mile west and one-half mile south of Sylvan Lake.

In 1905, Mrs. Leeti was seriously ill. It was raining and the roads were almost impassable. Mr. Victor Pastobak Sr., a neighbor, took his team of oxen and drove her to the Red Deer Hospital. She had an operation and died June 29, 1905, after being in hospital nearly two months. She was 44 at the time.

Arvid died in April 1925, at the age of 63. Both are buried in the Kuusamo Cemetery.

Elmer batched for a few years, then he and I, Martha Hiitola of Eckville, were married. In 1938, Elmer and I sold the farm to James Ada. Arthur and Sylvia Ada still live on that place.

We rented land for a few years and then, in 1945, we bought land (S.E. 17-39-1-W5) on the north shore of Sylvan Lake. Our son, Irven, and his wife, Ann, still live on that farm.

Leeti family: Martha and Elmer seated; Gordon, Aileen, Helen and Irvin.

In 1972, we bought a house in Sylvan Lake from the Wilkinsons and took up residence there. Two years later, in April 1974, Elmer passed away, at the age of 75.

Our oldest daughter, Aileen, married Don Lyons. They have six children, three boys and three girls, all grown up. Aileen had six grandchildren. She lives in Surrey, B.C.

Our second daughter, Helen, married Jack Anderson. They have three girls, one boy and one granddaughter. They live on a farm in the Bentley area.

Gordon, the youngest child, married Johanna Lauter from Kindersley, Saskatchewan. They have one boy and one girl and live in Sherwood Park, Alberta.

I continue to reside in my home. I am a member of the Friendship Club and have enjoyed several trips and tours that the club arranged for the seniors.

The Leicht Family
by Harold Leicht

Annie Leicht was the daughter of Fred and Margaret Martz. After her marriage to Mr. Leicht, she lived in Irvine, Alberta. Then, in 1926, she and her four children, Harold, Emil, Jack and Rachel, arrived in Sylvan Lake to live with her parents.

Annie was employed at the Sylvan Lake Hotel where she worked as a cook for a number of years. Later, in 1941, she went to work for Dave Gairns as a housekeeper. Annie passed away in 1957.

Annie is remembered by her family and friends for her cheerful outlook on life. Though she worked hard, she was never too busy to spend an evening playing cards or games with her children.

In 1941 Harold joined the army; he was with the 13th Field Regiment for four and a half years. He returned to Sylvan Lake after the war and worked as an apprentice carpenter for Dave Gairns. In 1947, he started to work for Geophysical Services Incorporated. He retired from G.S.I. in 1981 and is presently employed by Sonie Exploration. Harold also has a partnership in a drug store in Cochrane, Alberta.

Harold married Wilma Totzke in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. They have three daughters, Brenda (Mrs. David Tomaszyk), Donna (Mrs. Garry Zlomandhuk), and Gail (Mrs. Steve Waltding). The three girls all live in the Calgary area with their families. Harold and Wilma have three grandchildren.

Emil went to work for Camerons' Bakery in Sylvan Lake in 1941 and worked there for many years. Eventually, he opened his own bakery in Hanna, Alberta. At present, he is employed by a bakery in Innisfail. Emil married Elaine Phillips of Sylvan Lake. They have one son, Dale, who lives in Edmonton.

Leicht family: Emil, Jack, Harold; Rachel and Annie seated.

Jack joined the army in 1943. After the war was over he moved to Medicine Hat, where he found employment in the pottery factory as a pattern maker. Jack and his wife, Anne, still live in Medicine Hat. He retired four years ago, but since has gone back to work part time, doing books at the pottery plant.

Rachel went to Medicine Hat in 1941 to look after Grandmother Leicht. While she was there, she met and married John Smith. They had one daughter, Shirley. John passed away in 1970. Rachel re-married in 1976. She is now Mrs. Fred McCleary and they reside in Medicine Hat.

Lewin, Alfred Reg
by Miffie (Lewin) Halliday

Alfred Reg Lewin came to Canada from Norfolk, England in 1905, buying a place at Sylvan Lake which they called "Lake View Farm". He went back to England in December, 1906 and married Ada Rosea of Leicester, England on February 7, 1907 and returned to Sylvan Lake with his bride.

Their only child, Mifwanwy Marie (Miffie), was born September 4, 1908 in their home at Sylvan Lake.

My father became quite well known in the area because of his ability to "witch" for water wells using a forked willow "wand". (His mother had made a living doing just that in England.)

In the summer of 1913 my parents sold Lake View Farm and took up homesteading northeast of Withrow, Alberta. They sold this homestead July 18, 1919 and, in September of that year, they returned to England where they farmed at Norfolk for about three years. We came back to Canada December 31, 1922 and settled at Vernon, B.C.

In July 1925, we moved to Lulu Island, south of Vancouver, where they bought a 65-acre dairy and poultry farm. It was there I, Miffie, met and married Thomas Halliday on June 6, 1936. We moved to Langley to farm as Thomas had been a farmer at Windsor, Ontario.

My parents retired from Lulu Island in 1945 and moved to White Rock. Dad died October 26, 1972 at the age of 92. My mother passed away December 21, 1975 at the age of 97.

Tom Halliday and I had two sons, Arthur Lorne and Vern George, both of whom live in Surrey with their families. There are four grandchildren. I am now a widow and still live at Langley, B.C.

Mrs. Banton, Mrs. Lewin, Mr. Lewin holding Miffy, and Mrs. Levesley.

Charles Lindsay Sr.

Charles Blair Lindsay was born in Belmont, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, March 8, 1865.

Charles Lindsay Sr.

In the early years of the present century, after serving in the Boer War with the Canadian Mounted Riflemen (C.M.R.), Mr. Lindsay came west and worked with the old Grand Trunk Railway as foreman of a bridge construction unit.

In 1905, he settled on a homestead at Wainwright, Alberta. He went back to the railway in 1910, working as a steam engineer and pump man. He came to Sylvan Lake in 1921.

His first wife, the former Roxena Barnhill of Belmont, N.S., died in 1909 and he married Martha Ellen Carver of Sylvan Lake in 1921. There were two children from the first marriage, Ellery and Jean.

Martha passed away in 1939 and Charles died in 1953. Both are buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Alexandre Loiselle Family

As the name indicates, the Alexandre Loiselle family were French and were among the very first to settle in or near what is now Sylvan Lake.

Louis and Hattie Loiselle seated; their children Arthur, Alexandre, Louise and Laura; also Richard Hilman.

It was in 1898 that Alexandre (Alex), along with his son Louis, daughter-in-law Hattie Loiselle and their two children, Laura and Arthur, and friends Joe Boquette, Pete St. Peter and the Adelard Faucher family arrived. They were natives of Quebec but had tried living in Saginaw, Michigan before the lure of available cheap land brought them (and many others) to Alberta.

The party travelled by train to Red Deer. Louis was in charge of the three car-loads of effects which included a saw-mill, farm implements, furniture and 14 head of horses. When they finally reached Red Deer, one cold November day, everything and everybody had to be hauled over rough, untravelled trails to Snake (Sylvan) Lake.

A month later, Alex's wife and other children arrived and took up residence in a new log cabin with a sod roof. In the spring of 1900, Alex filed on a homestead — the quarter of land which is now part of the town west of Main Street and also part of the Golf Course. Louis filed on land further west but both homesteads bordered on the waters of Sylvan Lake.

The Alex Loiselle family consisted of, besides Louis, Arthur, Jerry, Della, Clara, Delfese, Johnnie and Alexina.

The saw mill was soon set up and put into operation. Rafts were built and lumber was rafted down the outlet stream of Sylvan Lake through Burnt Lake to the Red Deer River and then on to Red Deer.

Alex soon made use of the lumber for, in 1909, he built the first hotel on the part of his land where the Turbo Service Station is now. Adjoining the hotel to the west was a small store and post office and a cream station. Back of the hotel was a livery barn. In 1911 he sold the hotel to J. C. Rutter and built a new hotel, the Alexander Hotel, on the site of the present Golf Course parking lot and former Eddie Hunter residence (now Reno). This well-built hotel, complete with bar, did very well as the railways were being constructed through Sylvan Lake and business was good. The Alex Loiselle family comprised the efficient management and staff. This hotel operated for 11 years, then was converted to apartments and, finally, was destroyed by fire.

Mr. Loiselle also had a shoe and harness repair shop. Mr. Joe Boquette managed the saw mill which was two miles west on the lakeshore.

Alex Loiselle and his family, along with the other early French settlers established the first church in the area. Alex donated a piece of his land for the first Roman Catholic Church and the new edifice is on the same property.

In August 1921, the Loiselles gathered their family around them and celebrated their 50th anniversary.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Loiselle lived out their lives in the village of Sylvan Lake. Mrs. Loiselle passed away in 1930 at age 78 and Mr. Loiselle in 1932 at the age of 82. Both were buried on part of their land in a small cemetery overlooking the lake they loved so much.

All the Loiselle boys eventually left Sylvan Lake for other ventures. Their sister, Alexina, had been killed instantly in an accident at the saw mill.

Clara married Ogden Wilkinson. They ran a boarding house and the first telephone exchange in Antler Lodge. There was one child, Kenneth Ogden, who was later to be a long-time councillor and mayor of Sylvan Lake.

Della married Roy Wells who was a carpenter and they lived in Nanton. They had one daughter, Mae. After Roy's death, Della and Mae moved back to Sylvan Lake. Then some time later Della married Henry Hussfeldt and, in 1925, they built a large dance hall which included a stage and a tea-room in the east end. They also built a number of cabins on this same property on the lakeshore (present location of the Wild Rapids Waterslide) which they rented to tourists in the summer. The hall was named, "The Alexander Pavilion" in honor of Della's father, Alexandre Loiselle, former owner of the property. That hall was used not just for summer dances but for concerts, New Year's Eve frolics, farm machinery shows, political meetings, etc. and the first picture shows in Sylvan Lake were viewed in that hall. Of course, it will be remembered best for its jitney

dances and especially for the large crowds "The Silver Tone Seven" orchestra attracted. After being a popular spot for many years, this Prom Hall (as it was called in later years) was destroyed by fire in July, 1959.

Mae Wells married Eddie Hunter, Parts and Service Manager at the Lakeview Garage for many years and a prominent Central Alberta curler. When they left Sylvan Lake they took up farming near Galahad, Alberta. After Eddie's death, Mae moved to Stettler to be near her only child, Ron Hunter, and his family.

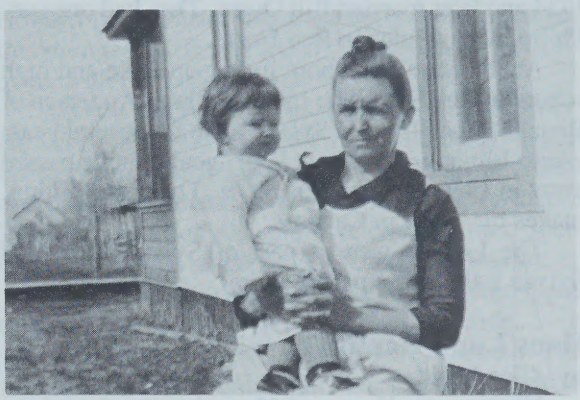
Louis and Hattie Loiselle's daughter, Laura (grandchild of the Alex Loiselles), married William Reid and they farmed for many years west of town. William Reid passed away some years later after they retired to live in town but Laura Reid still resides in her own home on 48 Avenue West, where she enjoys her garden, quilt-making and visits from her many grandchildren.

Martin and Mary Loken
by Louise Pickering

Martin Loken was born in Fron, Norway on February 25, 1864. He married Mary Odegaarden who was born on June 26, 1872 in Ottedahem, Norway.

They left Norway in 1896, arriving in Loyal, Wisconsin where they lived for three years. Then they made the move to Canada where, in the spring of 1900, Martin filed on a homestead east of the Medicine River in what came to be known as the Evarts District. Here this couple left their mark as true pioneers, who had faced the challenges and worked hard in harmony with their neighbors to build a community in this new land. In 1901 Martin built a big house for his family, from hand-hewn logs. There were three daughters, Clara, Mabel and Anelle.

In 1924, Martin and Mary, along with their youngest daughter Anelle, moved to Sylvan Lake. Here he built another house for them along the lake. This house was a landmark at that time being the first large two-storey home in that area. It is still standing and has been the Popilchak home for many years. Not even in their wildest imaginations could the Lokens have pictured the Wild Rapids water slide, now seen just across the road from their house! As a girl I remember being fascinated by this big house, with its many bedrooms upstairs, always kept neat as a pin, without a speck of dust anywhere. Grandmother was an immaculate housekeeper. I remember, too, that she always seemed to have delicious gingerbread with whipped cream on hand! The adults would usually speak in the Norwegian language when together which we (my sisters and I) did not understand, except when Grandma would look



Grandma Loken and grandson Bernard Sjare.

Martin Loken and granddaughters Louise and Edna Hollingstead.

The Loken home on Lakeshore Drive.

lovingly at us and say, in Norwegian, "Poor little ones". We lapped that up, of course!

Martin enjoyed ice fishing. He was soon elected to the Village of Sylvan Lake Council. He willingly lent a helping hand toward the betterment of the village. He died on the golf course where he was doing some volunteer work. This was in 1930. Mary lived on in Sylvan Lake until her death in 1947.

Clara married John Sjare. Their family, Elmer, Mary, Bernard, John, has only two surviving members: Mary Ritchie of Red Deer and John of Toronto.

Mabel married Knut Hollingstad. Their three daughters are: Louise Pickering of the Sylvan Lake area; Edna Larsen of the Bentley district; Alice Fairgray of Powell River, B.C. Mabel was widowed in 1934 and later married Bill Owen. They had one son, Philip, who resides in Red Deer.

Anelle attended school in Sylvan Lake and high school in Red Deer. She married Elmer Anderson of Benalto. They lived in Sylvan Lake for several years where Elmer was a Wheat Pool agent. Anelle passed away in 1976 and Elmer in 1979. Their son, Eldon, makes his home in Calgary.

The Lokens were a part of Sylvan Lake and Sylvan Lake was a part of them.

Hans Lund Family
by Alice Lund

My parents, Hans and Marie Lund, came from Scandinavia. Dad left Sweden and arrived in Minneapolis in 1905. He lived there for two years, then came to Canada and homesteaded at Hespero, Alberta. Mother was the former Marie Halmsen. She was born in Norway and, after coming to Canada, lived at Evarts, Alberta, until she met and married dad.

We three children, Alice, William (Bill) and Rosie were born at Hespero. Our family eventually came to the Eckville district to homestead and we went to school in the Bluebell District.

In 1944, dad purchased a summer cottage at Sylvan Lake from Joe Parent. It was called, "Rose Villa". He remodelled and winterized the cottage and our family left the homestead near Eckville and came to Sylvan Lake to live. Dad bought two more cottages, one from Mrs. Clement and one from Mr. McCrimmon. He made some improvements on the cottages and rented them to tourists in the summer.

Mother did not live long to enjoy the beauty of Sylvan Lake. She died in July, 1945, just one year after we came. Dad passed away in 1955.

Dad's brother, Uncle Simon, came to Sylvan Lake; sometimes he lived with us and sometimes he found other accommodation. He made two trips to his native Sweden — spent one year there, then came back to us. Uncle Simon passed away in 1963.

The Lunds: Uncle, Hans, Rosie, Alice.

My brother Bill is married and has five children. They live in Calgary. Rosie lives in Red Deer and I continue to live here at Sylvan Lake. I am enjoying my retirement and keep very busy. I am the president of the Women's Institute, an active member of the

Alice Lund and her brother Bill.

Friendship Club, belong to the Fish and Game Association and helped to organize the Farmers' Market. I enjoy gardening and handicrafts and love to travel. I have been on several trips offered by Nagel Tours to

senior citizens. In 1981, we went to Grande Prairie and Peace River. This year, 1982, we went to Waterton Lakes and Kalispell. Being able to travel in this way has made my life at Sylvan Lake that much more enjoyable.

The Henry Lund Family

Henry Lund Sr. left his native Finland for the U.S.A. in 1896, leaving behind his wife and three-year-old daughter with the understanding that he would send for them when he became established in the new world.

He worked for a while near Boston and then moved to street construction work in Ottawa. From there, he went to railway work and coal mining in southeastern British Columbia until the spring of 1901 when he moved to what was later to become the Kuusamo District just west of the present site of Sylvan Lake. He homesteaded the NW¼ 38-2-W5 and, as soon as he had a small log house completed, he sent to Finland for his wife and daughter.

The family had several additions during the next few years. The oldest, Lydia, came from Finland with her mother. She later married Dave Sarman and they farmed near Rocky Mountain House and, for a while, three miles south of Sylvan Lake. Their daughter, Sadie, is married to Elmer Raivio and they live at Leduc. The Raivios have three sons, Allan and Barry in Edmonton and Dale in Red Deer. The present address of one of Lydia's sons, Arne, is not known. Her three other sons, Ed, Arvi, and Clifford have passed away.

Henry Lund Jr. was born in 1902. He never married. He lived all his lifetime on the home place until he moved to the Eckville Seniors' Lodge where he passed away, two years later, in 1976.

A baby girl, Meimi, was born in 1904. She died in infancy. Another girl, Hilja (Lillian), was born in 1906. When quite young she went to work in Seattle where she married George Frans and still lives there. They had a son and a daughter. The son is married and has two boys and two girls, all married. The daughter passed away about four years ago. She was married to Ted Ritter. They had two girls, Debby and Sue. Debby is now Mrs. Ken Bowman. Sue is still unmarried.

Elmer Lund was born in 1908. He married Sylvia Luoma of Eckville. They had two daughters, Helen and Darlene, and five sons: Ray, Eino, Ralph, Ron and Howard. Helen married Melvin Anderson. They live in Calgary. They have three girls and one boy, all married. Melanie and Debby live in Calgary and each has three children. Laurie lives in Fort McMurray and has one girl. Greg married Marilyn Olson of Innisfail. They live near Rocky Mountain House. Ray married Annie Lauritzen of Eckville. They had a daughter Brenda (Mrs. Robert Scott) and a son, Brian. Ray passed away in 1964. Eino and his family lived in Calgary about 20 years. He now works for the Forestry at Nordegg each summer. Their older daughter, Terry, lives in Calgary while the second daughter, Dawn, is married and lives in Kelowna. Their son, Darren, lives in Bentley where he works for the C.P.R. Ralph married Sandra Mann of Bluffton. They have a son, Ricky, and a daughter, Sherrie. They operate a dairy farm west of Bluffton. Ron married Mabel Lauritzen of Eckville. They have a son, Rollie, and a daughter, Maureen. They live in Benalto. Howard married Ann Setterlund of Camrose. They have four children and live at Thorsby. Howard is a minister and a school teacher. Darlene, the youngest in Elmer Lund's family, lives in Kelowna with her husband and two children.

Bill was the youngest in the Henry Lund family. He was born in 1910. He lives in Sylvan Lake. He was married but the marriage ended in divorce. They had one daughter, Diana, who married Frank Gwozoz. They live near Eckville and have one daughter, Sherryann, and three sons, Kenny, Grant and Russell.

It was a rough life for the first settlers who came to this country, full of privation and sacrifice. So it was with Henry Lund Sr. and his wife, Hannah. The first few years he went to the mines for the winter to earn money to keep the homestead going. Mrs. Lund stayed behind to take care of the children and the few head of livestock. Modern conveniences came too late to be of much help to the pioneer. Mrs. Lund died in 1931 at the age of 64. Her husband lived almost to his 87th birthday in 1952 but he was blind for several years before his death.

Fred O. Lyons Family

by Ruth Lyons

I was born at Walsh, Alberta and came with my parents, Nils and Olava Gutterud, two brothers and four sisters to reside in the Benalto area in 1924. Five of we children attended Kuusamo School and enjoyed coming to Sylvan Lake for picnics. I left home in 1938, going to Vancouver where I found work. I met Fred Lyons there and we were married in 1942.

Soon after our marriage, Fred joined the navy as Leading Stoker Mechanic and soon became a Petty Officer and served for the duration of the war. Fred was stationed at Halifax and I joined him in 1943. I soon found employment in the Halifax shipyard drafting office and continued in this work for the duration of the war.

When we returned to Vancouver, Fred resumed his work as a mechanic with his former employer.

Fred Lyons family: Fred, Don, Ruth, Freddie, Patricia, Teresa.

Later, he was employed with Clark-Simpson Co. as a tune-up specialist for 15 years.

Our four children were born in Vancouver: Frederick Jr. in 1946, Donald in 1947, Patricia in 1952 and Teresa in 1956.

Anxious to get away from city life, we came to Sylvan Lake in 1965 where my two sisters and my mother lived. Fred commenced work with Engineered Homes in Red Deer and continued with that firm until he retired.

Lyons' home, "Hilltop Acres".

We lived in Sylvan Lake for several years before buying an acreage about three miles northeast of town. We call our place, "Hill-top Acres" and have a wonderful view of the lights of Sylvan Lake. Our children all live at Sylvan Lake.

Ruth and Olga Gutterud.

Fred Jr. married Patricia Brotten of Vancouver in 1966 and took up residence at Sylvan Lake soon after. They have two children, Nola 13 years and James 11 years. Fred is a meat-cutter and manager of the meat department at Super Sam's in Red Deer. Pat operates her own Sears' Order Office and wicker boutique at Sylvan Lake.

Donald married Karen Middaugh in 1978. Don is a Fine Arts Technician, specializing in sculpture and painting. Don has been the recipient of several bursaries from Alberta Culture to pursue sculpture at the Banff School of Fine Arts and the University of Lethbridge. The Canada Council Art Bank purchased one of his sculptures for the permanent collection of the Canada Art Bank.

Patricia married Lorne Daniel in 1973. They have two children, Eric, age seven and Kate, age five. Though Lorne is Public Relations Officer for

Michener Centre at Red Deer, he is also poet-author of three books of poetry and he, too, has been the recipient of numerous Alberta Culture bursary awards to encourage and enable him to continue with his writing.

Teresa married Karl Letourneau in 1981. Karl is a construction foreman in Red Deer.

Our family all enjoy out-door recreation, music and the various arts.

Mahaffy
by C. Elizabeth Mahaffy, M.D.

Sylvan Lake — what delightful memories we have of the many times spent at this beautiful spot, from our first summer there in 1916 to our last in 1970 when, due to health reasons, we were forced to leave.

The summer of 1916 was noted for the profuse rainfall; the lake rose to the edge of the road with mountainous waves with every storm. Our cottage that summer was on low land near the stone castle just over from the swampy area. The next summer we located near Dr. Creighton, the man with the bull dogs, a mile from the village. There, our neighbors were the Malcolms, the Parkes, the Carscallens, the Quiggs, the R. L. Gaetzs, the G. W. Smiths, to name a few. All along back of the cottages was swamp land thickly covered with willows. Every night, when we first came out there, we were wakened by the weird, wild cry of a cougar close by. The men decided it was a danger to be so close and gathered together one dark night to shoot it. They sneaked silently toward the sound and then shot. A tiny cat owl fell out of the tree, much to the chagrin of the intrepid hunters!

Our final beautiful spot was beside the cottage Micheners had moved from First Point to the property the Y.M.C.A. had held. In the old days, there was a fund of things to do every day. The highlights were the yearly regattas held to encourage all young people in swimming, diving, canoeing, etc. What a celebration that was! The older ones did enjoy the fishing for the gamey pike lurking in the shadows of the reeds around First Point. All the folks joined forces to build huge bonfires at night on the beach where hot dogs and singing predominated the scene. We, and others, had horses out during the summer and the one great joy that everyone loved was either the quiet walk, or ride, down to the village along the shadowy, sandy lane to pick up the mail every third day. It came in on the tri-weekly train from Red Deer.

We came from Medicine Hat to live in Red Deer when my father was appointed Judge of the District Court of Red Deer. We drove up from Medicine Hat and it took us three days, driving through dust storms, rain and wind. The final straw was being stuck in mud on the narrow hill near Didsbury. Quite a trip!

The water supply at Sylvan Lake was a single pump for all the campers in our area. We attended the little Presbyterian Church in the days long before all the new additions had been added. There was such an excellent feeling between the residents and the campers and so many functions were for the campers and the residents as well as for the farmers in the area surrounding the Lake. This may have been so because, as the children grew older, many of them came into Red Deer to the upper grades in school and we knew them there.

The Mannix Family
by Shirley Pickering

Joe and Vera Mannix came to Sylvan Lake in May, 1942 from the Carlos District, north of Leslieville. They and their four children, Betty, Dale, Lee and Shirley, moved into a one-room cabin, where they stayed until 1945, when a new home was built.

In 1946 their fifth child was born, a little girl they named Carol.

The Mannix family: Betty, Lee, Joe, Carol, Dale, Shirley, Vera.

Joe did carpenter work around the country-side for a number of years. He was a member of the Service Club in the 1940's and also worked as a caretaker of the old skating rink. Years ago, we youngsters persuaded dad to make a skating rink at home. After several winters all our grass was killed so that ended our "at home rink".

Vera was a member of the Sylvan Lake Women's Institute for many years and also a member of Home and School. She was very active in the Senior Citizens' Lodge Auxiliary here, and she played the

organ at Johnson's Funeral Home until the time of her passing.

Betty married Charles Albert in 1953 and they had five children, Wendy, Peggy, Brian, Duane and Cindy. Cindy passed away suddenly in September, 1975. Betty and Charles live in Sylvan Lake.

Dale married Shirley Popilchak in 1958 and their three children are: Shari, Connie and Randy. Dale is the Alpha milk distributor for Sylvan Lake, Benalto and Eckville. He and his family reside in Norglenwold.

Lee married Carol Belt in 1962. Their four children are: Vernita, Dallas, Wade and Carrie. Lee and Carol farm at Leedale, Alberta.

Shirley married Robert Pickering in 1957. They have two boys, Daryl and Darren, and live in the original home built by Shirley's parents in 1945. Both boys are active in hockey.

Carol resides on a farm between Sylvan Lake and Red Deer and works for the city of Red Deer.

Vera passed away in July, 1979 and Joe in August, 1981.

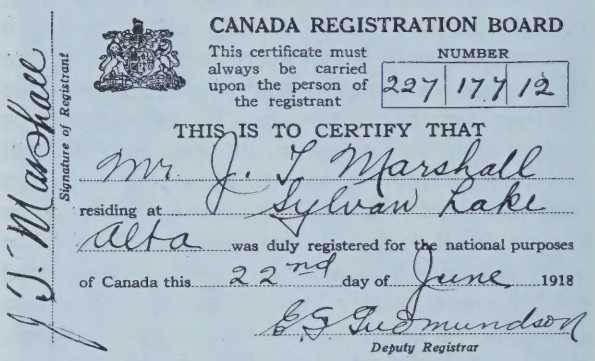
Joseph Marshall — Charlie Ralston
by Laura Marshall

Joseph (Joe) Marshall and Charlie Ralston (first cousins), born and raised in Armagh, Northern Ireland, travelled from Toronto to Sylvan Lake in April, 1912.

Joe and Laura Marshall.

At that time, the slogan was, "Go west, young man, go west." When they left Toronto by C.P.R. train they had no idea where they would settle. At one small town in Saskatchewan they stopped off at a hotel for the night and asked, before retiring, where the bathroom was. The porter took them outside, pointed down the hill and said, "Down there." Ar-

The first drug store at Sylvan Lake: Joe Marshall and Charlie Ralston.


CANADA REGISTRATION BOARD

This certificate must always be carried upon the person of the registrant

NUMBER 227 177 12

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Mr. J. J. Marshall

residing at Sylvan Lake

Alta was duly registered for the national purposes

of Canada this 22nd day of June 1918

J. J. Marshall
Signature of Registrant

G. S. Edmundson
Deputy Registrar

Canada Registration, June 1918.

riving in Calgary April 12, 1912, they were startled by newsboys calling, "Disaster at sea!" This was the sinking of the Titanic. On west they came, arriving in Red Deer, then on to Sylvan Lake. As the railway had just gone through in 1911, they decided to settle here.

Both being druggists, they built and opened a drug store on the west side of Main Street, just south of where Long's Grocery is now. Business progressed so well that they eventually branched out into groceries and dry goods as well.

During Joe's residence in Sylvan Lake, he made many friends in the town and district but the time came when both he and Charlie felt the urge to move on. In October, 1919 Joe took a trip back to the land of his birth. His intentions were to stay in Northern Ireland but, with the rains and lack of sun, he returned in May, 1920. The winter of 1919 and 1920 had been a long one. When Joe left Red Deer in October, 1919 it was snowing and that snow was still on the ground when he returned in May, 1920.

Charlie and his wife, Annie, moved to Toronto, then to Rimbey and opened a general store there. In

the late 1930's he moved back to Toronto, where he passed away in 1960.

After Joe's return from Ireland, he worked around the district at many jobs, including threshing and stooking in the fall of 1920, until he could make up his mind where to settle.

He opened a hardware store in Eckville in the fall of 1920, which he operated until June 1, 1964.

Joe married Laura Porter in 1928. To this union were born three daughters: Mavis (Swainson), Maureen (Tatlock) and Josephine (Sinclair). In March, 1975 our daughter Mavis passed away very suddenly.

We enjoyed many years of travel and happiness together. Joe passed away in April, 1981 at the age of 94 years.

Angus and Mattie Martin

Mattie Reilly was born in Toronto, June 13, 1888 and took all her schooling, including music, there. Her father and mother came from Montreal (where they were married) in 1880 to Toronto, where all their children were born.

The family lived in Toronto until 1903, when they came to the Indian Industrial School at Red Deer, where Mr. Reilly was an instructor in carpentry. Mrs. Reilly was assistant matron and Mattie, at 15 years, was the housekeeper. They stayed there until 1905, when the family went farming at, what is now, Leslieville and stayed seven years.

In 1907, Angus and Lachie Martin started a lumber mill 10 miles north of what is now Rocky Mountain House. They did freighting and stopped often at the Reilly farm.

Angus and Mattie were married in 1911 and moved to Prairie Grange, later Rocky Mountain House, where Angus continued in the lumbering business. There was only a post office there but, in the spring of 1913, the townsite of Rocky Mountain House was established.

Angus was born in Essex County, Ontario in 1881. His father came to Red Deer in 1889 and filed on homesteads for himself and two sons. In 1891 he brought the family to the homestead. Angus kept his farm for many years.

In 1915, Angus and Mattie moved to the farm at Ridgewood, where most of the family, five sons and one daughter, were born. They moved to Leslieville in 1926 to live. In 1950, they retired from farming to Sylvan Lake.

Angus passed away in 1964. Mattie and daughter Margaret moved to Red Deer, where Margaret was employed at Michener Centre. They left Red Deer in 1977 and moved to Rocky Mountain House. Margaret passed away there, in 1978, after a long illness.

Mattie was associated with the Women's Institute for many years, including the time she and Angus lived at Sylvan Lake. She held various offices in that organization. She helped with the Senior Choir of Memorial Presbyterian Church and worked with the Junior Choir as well, leading that group, as well as playing the organ, for nine years. Mattie was Sylvan Lake's returning officer for nine years and took the town's census for ten years. She was indeed a very capable person and was often found at the piano, contributing a recitation in a program, or lending a willing hand when needed.

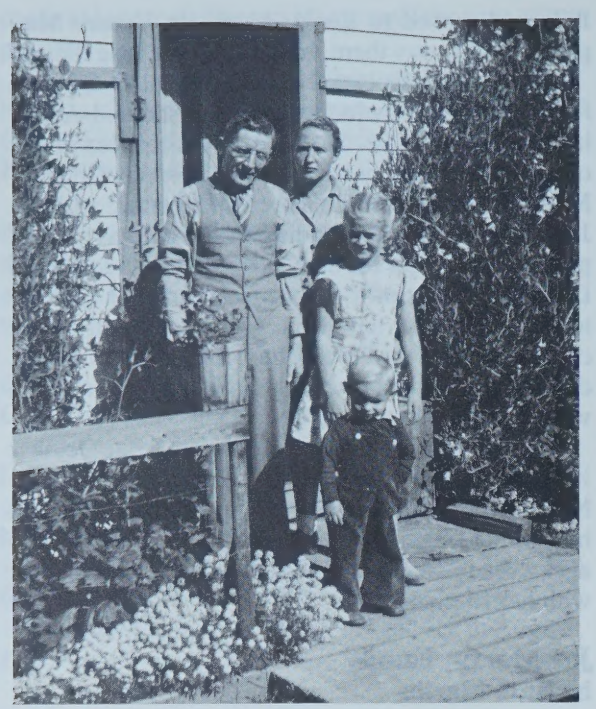
Mattie came to Sylvan Lake Lodge in October 1981, where she still resides at this time, March 1983. Nearing her 95th birthday, she is quite hale and hearty, her fingers are seldom idle, she always manages a ready smile and she still enjoys a cheery joke with her friends.

Joe Martin Family
by Ruth Martin

Joe Martin was born in Chatham, Ontario, one of nine children. The family came to Red Deer before 1910. His father proved up on a homestead near Veteran, Alberta where the family grew up. When Joe was a young man, he worked for Bonsall and Mitchell, in Coronation. They ran a general store and also a car agency. In 1926, he went to Banff and worked in a grocery store there. He and his brother Frank bought Hailes' Grocery in Stettler in 1928, sold this in 1932 and opened the grocery store known as the Magnet Store in Sylvan Lake.

In 1940, he married Ruth Harrison of Stettler and

Joe Martin.



Joe and Ruth Martin, niece Ruth and son Duane.

we continued to live in Sylvan Lake until 1948 when Joe sold the store to Jenkins' Groceteria. In the fall of 1948, Joe went to work for the Co-op Store in Willingdon, Alberta for a few months. Then we moved to Red Deer where he worked for the Co-op until 1951. He bought the pool hall in Olds, later sold it and worked for Jensen Men's Wear until his retirement in 1971. He suffered a stroke in 1975, passing away in 1977.

We had one son, Duane, who is a National Park Warden. He and his wife, Donna, live in Jasper, Alberta. They have one son, Darren Scott.

I am still enjoying life here in Olds, keeping very busy with the Olds and District Evergreen Club (Seniors).

Frank Martin, who worked for Joe in the store at Sylvan for several years, is now in the Mount View Lodge, Olds. He served in the army in the First World War. He worked for the Dominion Fruit Company, Red Deer for many years, then became part-owner of the Red Deer Pool Hall and Bowling Alley. After he sold this, he bought a gift shop in Penticton, B.C., then opened one in Cranbrook, B.C.

The Martz Family
by Pauline Walcott

The Martz family arrived in Sylvan Lake from Medicine Hat by covered wagon, November 1925. Our family consisted of my father, Frederick Martz, my mother, Marguerite, and 12 children. When my father died in 1927, my mother took in laundry and worked at every available job. As we grew older we began to realize the many sacrifices our mother made to support and keep the family together. What a wonderful mother she was!

When we moved to Sylvan Lake we lived in the stone house known as "the castle". However, after the death of our father, mother rented a house from Mr. and Mrs. Loiselle Sr. This house was west on Lakeshore Drive. We lived there until 1935 when we were able to move to our own house on 47 A Avenue, next door to Mary Pell's home.

Mother passed away February 8, 1959.

Anna (Annie) Leicht, our eldest sister, was the first child born to our parents. She came to live in Sylvan Lake with her four children in 1926. She was the first of six members of our family to work for the Grahams at the Sylvan Lake Hotel.

Mrs. M. Martz.

Our second sister, Bertha Schwartze, and her husband, Chris, came to live at Sylvan Lake after the rest of the family had arrived. They had two children, Esther Pohl and Chris Jr. They eventually moved to Red Deer to live. Bertha passed away January 14, 1982.

Emma Martz left Medicine Hat for North Dakota before we came to Sylvan Lake. She passed away February 25, 1982.

William went to North Dakota in 1928 to look for employment. He and his wife, Esther, now live in the State of Washington.

Walter learned the meat-cutting trade and then went to Rocky Mountain House to work. He met and married Iola Darby in June, 1938. Walter passed away February, 1958.

Esther married Henry Knoepfle in 1929 and their children are: Marguerite, Ina, Pauline, Carole and Rosemary.

Helen left Sylvan Lake in 1935 to find work in Calgary. She married Wyllie Tainsh in 1937 and they still live in Calgary.

When I, Pauline, look back on the earlier years when we first lived in Sylvan Lake, I remember Rev. Mann, the Presbyterian minister at the time. Later, Rev. Stevens came to take his place. We will never forget Rev. Stevens for he was a good minister and a wonderful friend.

Some of the school teachers I remember are: Miss Spicer, Miss Hunter, Mr. Thomas, Mr. McCullough and Mr. Evernden. They were all good teachers and we enjoyed being taught by them. In 1929 or 1930, a clinic was set up in the school to remove tonsils. One room was the operating room and the other was the recovery room. I am not sure how many children had their tonsils removed that day, but it was a terrifying experience. Each child was taken to the operating room alphabetically. By the time it was John's and my turn, we were very frightened and wanted to go home.

When I had completed my schooling, I went to work at the Sylvan Lake Hotel for Miss Graham. Later, I met Al Walcott and we were married September 2, 1938. We went to live on his farm south of Sylvan Lake.

Al originated from Gilmore City, Iowa. He came to Sylvan Lake to take over the farm of Mr. and Mrs. George Root. The Roots were Al's aunt and uncle who had come from Des Moines, Iowa. The farm is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Petterson.

The next year after Al and I were married, Al had a bad accident. He was repairing his truck in the garage at night, using a lantern for light, when somehow the truck caught fire. Al's gas-soaked clothing burst into flames, too. Thinking quickly, he jumped into the water tank and doused the flames, but he was quite seriously burned. I went for help and Ward Keith came and took Al to the Red Deer Hospital where he was to spend a considerable length of time recuperating.

Al enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1941 and was discharged January 9, 1945. We have two children, Al Jr. and Loretta. Al Jr. married Colette Vinn and they live in Regina. Their sons are Christopher and Cameron. Loretta married Lawrence Swainston and they live in Calgary with their sons, Keith and Bradley.

At present, Al and I live in Stettler. We think Sylvan Lake is very beautiful and have many fond memories of the years we spent there.

Albert, also known as "Uncle Martz", enlisted in the army in the Loyal Edmonton Regiment July 25, 1940. He went overseas and was wounded on December 25, 1943 in the Battle of Ortona. He was returned to Canada and discharged December 5, 1944. Albert passed away September 30, 1979 and was buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery with a Legion Guard of Honor.

John enlisted in the Canadian Artillery in 1939. He was honorably discharged in July, 1940, because he had poor sight in one eye. John subsequently received training in sheet metal in Winnipeg, then went to Toronto where he met and married Marie Roberts. In 1946, they moved to Rochester, New York.

Rose married Harry Hitchin and their children are John and Lorraine. Harry worked for oil companies and his job took him and his family to many different countries. They were in Peru in 1947. When Harry retired, he and his family settled in Florida, where he passed away September 15, 1980.

Alma was a good student and well liked by her school mates. She has a keen sense of humor which she has not lost over the years. Alma is very musical and sang in the Presbyterian Church choir when she was in her teens. During the war she worked in an ammunition factory in Toronto making Bren gun parts.

Alma married Jack McGladrie in October, 1950 in the Sylvan Lake Pentecostal Church. They have two children, John and Donna. John married Carla Judson and they live in Red Deer. Donna married Lindsay Smith and they live in Stettler with their three sons, David, Clinton and Michael. Jack and Alma are living in Red Deer.

Mathews

by Alison Hankins

My parents, Charlie and Grace Mathews, in 1931 bought, what was then, an old log cabin, added to on three sides, situated between the White Gates in Lower Camp, from a Mr. Black in Red Deer. The Blacks and members of their family owned lots 9, 10, 11 and 12. I believe lot 10 was the Smiths' and 12 was the Sinclairs'. Dr. Parsons is related somehow to this extended Red Deer family, perhaps through his wife.

There were two almost identical log cabins on lots 9 and 10. One was called "Nirvana" and the other "Napaneat". The central cabins were about 12′ by 16′, but Napaneat was embellished with a small bay window on the side nearest Nirvana. It used to be fun to sit in it to play games or read. Some time in the 1920's, both cabins were added to on three sides. The lumber used was rough and very water-worn — a great place for slivers! Screening with awning canvas-like curtains on the outside kept out some of the rain. One nice feature about Nirvana was that it had a fireplace made, for the most part, from stones off the beach. It drew well and was a major asset until the cabin was torn down and rebuilt as a Cedar Log house

in 1970. Napaneat was replaced by a Mr. Bill James in 1949.

As a child, I remember enjoying summers at Nirvana, mostly with my mother. My father would come up from Calgary on Friday evening after the store closed. This was "Mathews' Music House" in Calgary. The road was very dusty. Sometimes my brothers, Don and Dick, would come, but they preferred to spend summertime at the family farm, Highland Stock Farms, near Calgary.

The cottagers in Lower Camp enjoyed many fun times. Bonfires were for everyone and families who returned every summer like the Alex Rosses, Ernie Munsons, Marsh Porters, Bert Caniffs and ourselves used to enjoy piling into motor boats and going across the lake for picnics. I remember one such occasion when Alex Ross insisted on diving into the water fully clothed much to Florence Ross's consternation, especially as he had lost $10 from his coat pocket, a sizeable amount in the early 30's.

Porters used to have property behind their cottage and, every year, brought two or three horses up from Calgary. One year, about 1933, my dad rode one of our cow ponies up from Calgary, leading two others. We had them in a small clearing behind our cottage between the I.O.D.E. Camp and ourselves. It took him three days to get here.

From my mother's point of view, it was great when Calgary Power brought electricity to Sylvan Lake. We hung on to the kerosene lamps just the same! We cottagers had 1500 watts and a cut-off, so every summer we would have to figure out what appliances could be on at the same time. The screening was replaced by windows the same summer as the power came. The windows were a real work of art because, although they looked alike, they were all different sizes. When new curtains were needed, a whole bolt of cotton print was required. Unlike our neighbors, when more power was available, we stayed on the 1500-watt cut-off until we rebuilt in 1970.

We were told that the old cabins were built as hunters' cabins in 1902, and were the only buildings between there and Main Street at that time. I understand the white gates at either end of the road were put up in the 1920's to keep out traffic short-cutting to Bentley. The gates were open in winter and closed in summer.

When we bought Nirvana, my father spent a lot of time that first summer chinking the logs with cement. That worked well until 1949 when my husband, Dr. Gerald Hankins, took out the logs on the lakeside, jacked up the front of the cottage a little, and made cement from beach sand and put siding on that side. My brothers' families and mine shared the cottage during the 1940's and 1950's, but it became my property in 1956 when they built another cottage in Jarvis Bay.

Some of the joys of being at the lake each summer included building tree-houses, or sand castles, playing run-sheep-run, kick-the-can, rummy, monopoly, fishing or making jig-saw puzzles on rainy days. There were always other children and, for the older teenagers, Penley's Dance Hall to brighten a weekend. The local movie theatre was especially welcome during long rainy spells. One rainy night about twenty years ago, about 15 children and two or three mothers decided to take in a movie. One of the boys took along a recently-found garter snake to annoy the girls. The theatre was quite full that night. Then the boy noticed the snake was no longer in his pocket! Fortunately he did not call out but went to inform the manager. Nobody saw the snake again.

My own children have also had many happy times here. As they were growing up, the cottage was finally deteriorating — we shared it with bats, mice, the rain, and occasional family of skunks — yet it was the place they have always been glad to come back to when they have been far away. Our son, Paul, lived there all year the winter of 1974-75 when my husband, our youngest daughter and I went to Nepal to work with the United Nations.

One memory of about 1961 or 1962 was of one lovely morning three or four of we mothers were having coffee and it seemed rather quiet so we went to the beach to investigate. There were 17 youngsters, aged two to 17 years old, building a sand town. It was quite an achievement with no squabbling being the reason it was so quiet.

With regards to water, when we were first there, a shallow well at the front of the cottage provided water for about four cottages. Later, the town put in a deep well at the corner to supply both blocks. All the washing was done by hand. Maybe that is why we wore bathing suits most of the time.

The cottage gets used year round now and we have had some fine Christmases in it since Ray Reynolds built the new one in 1970.

The Jack May Family
by Doris Turner

Jack and Letitia May and their daughter, Thelma, came to Sylvan Lake from Elk Point, Alberta in 1942. They lived on 46 Street before buying "Minton Lodge" which became their home on 50 A Avenue, west of Main Street. They bought the butcher shop in the Cobb Block from Orton Dodds. Jack looked every inch the butcher. He was a big robust man and the big white apron fit him well. He walked with a

slight limp on a three-inch platform-soled boot, specially made for him by Frank Kovac Sr. (Kovac's Shoe Clinic). His large face with extra chin, ready smile and twinkling eye, revealed his sense of humor while it belied his no-nonsense approach to the job at hand. Still, he liked nothing more than to exchange stories with friends and strangers and work notwithstanding — always could make time for visiting.

Tish and Jack were both actively involved in community life. Their first loyalty was to their church — Memorial Presbyterian — where Jack was an Elder and Tish a faithful member of the Senior Choir and Ladies' Aid. They are fondly remembered for the many times they hosted the choir at their cottage, "Cheerio".

Jack came to Sylvan Lake as a K40 and became an original member of the Sylvan Lake Service Club and member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Curling Club, the Fish and Game, holding office in many of these.

The Mays enjoyed people. Their home was boarding place for many young bank clerks who began their careers working at the Imperial Bank here. Charlie and Jim Turner, brothers of Tish, stayed with them after their discharges in 1946 from the armed services. Charlie joined Jack as apprentice butcher. In 1949, Jack and Charlie bought the Rosse Store and, in partnership, they operated "May & Turner, Meats and Groceries" until Jack retired in 1961. The business was sold to Cobb's Ltd. and Charlie went there also, to work as butcher until his retirement in 1983. The May & Turner building was demolished in 1978 and a Red Rooster Store was built on the site. After his retirement, Jack, with the assistance of Tish, operated the Chamber of Commerce Information Booth on the lakefront during the summer months for several years. Jack died in 1965. His contributions to the community of Sylvan Lake were sufficient to move Town Council to name a portion of the lakeshore, "Jack May Park". This was eventually replaced by the present landfill park. It had been a deserved honor, now lapsed into memories. Such a tribute is as well deserved by many others who have worked for the betterment of this community in the past, and who do so now, and shall in future.

Tish treasured each day. She was diabetic and her life was threatened several times. She also had been temporarily blinded by cataracts. She never complained but was very thankful for the blessing of their one child. She enjoyed her work and garden and, for several years, she and Jack won prizes for their gladioli in the St. Mary's Anglican Church Flower Shows. Tish died in the Eckville Hospital in May, 1970.

Thelma attended school at Sylvan Lake, then

Jack Innes, Jack May, Frank Bloom, Tom Gibson.

took Registered Nurse's training at Calgary General Hospital. She went to Peace River to nurse, then to Juneau, Alaska. There, she married Edward Mizer. They lived at Elfin Cove, then at Pelican. Ed is a commercial fisherman and Thelma worked with him, living on their boat throughout the fishing season, and working in the cannery in off-season. Thelma is occasionally recalled to her nursing profession when emergencies arise. Thelma and Ed had no children but have an adopted family so are happily surrounded by grandchildren.

Thelma's parents enjoyed two trips to Alaska to visit. For them, these trips were among their happiest experiences and they relived them by telling of the vastly different lifestyle, so casual and relaxed.

Tish and Jack now rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery — along with many of their friends. A thriving Mayday tree blooms there each spring, in remembrance.

Teddy May Family

Teddy May arrived in Canada from Poland in 1913. He came west to Edmonton, finally settling in the Blackfalds area. Here he worked for Mike Madden helping to build the railroad and farming.

In 1928 he met and married Marion (Ginty) McInnes.

Ginty came to Canada with her family from the Highlands of Scotland arriving in Red Deer in 1924. She worked as a nurse at the Ponoka Mental Hospital for four years.

Teddy and Ginty continued farming in the Blackfalds area raising cattle and sheep. At one time, Teddy ran 1000 head of sheep at a time.

They had three children: Don born in 1929, Marion born in 1930 and Patricia born in 1943.

They sold their farm and moved to Blackfalds in 1942, where they purchased the J. A. Martin General

Store. This store sold everything from soup to coal oil.

During the war years everything was rationed and customers had to produce coupons to purchase sugar, butter, meat, tea, coffee, etc. which created many problems for storekeepers at times.

For years Teddy and Ginty and family would spend two to three weeks holiday at Sylvan Lake. Enjoying Sylvan Lake so much they decided to sell the General Store in Blackfalds and go into a new business in Sylvan Lake. Here they purchased the Antler Lodge from Clara Wilkinson in 1946. Teddy and Ginty spent hours of hard work keeping Antler Lodge and the cabins ready for the summer tourists. Also, the telephone exchange was leased in the building and this office was open day and night. At first this employed three to four girls as operators. When AGT made a change there would have been 10 to 12 operators. Also, Calgary Power had an office and Mah Chew had a restaurant in the same building. Later, this floor space from both occupants was renovated and then was occupied by C. R. Ritz Drugs.

Teddy was caretaker for years for the open-air skating rink which was located where the local R.C.M.P. Building is now.

Teddy and Ginty sold the Antler Lodge and property to Clifford Long in 1969 and retired.

All three of their children finished high school in Sylvan Lake.

Don, their eldest, spent one year at St. Patrick's College in Ottawa. In 1952 he married Jean Parkinson. They now have a retail store in Sylvan Lake. They have four children: Dan, married and living in Calgary; Barbara (Wilson), married and living in Sylvan Lake; Kelly and Jacqueline at home.

Marion taught dancing in Sylvan Lake for years. In 1955 she married Lyn Lebbert. They have four children: Lynn, Jeff, Rod and Polly all living in Calgary.

Patricia became a teacher and married Joe Batty in 1964. They have three children, Glenna, Jill and Todd and all live in Edmonton. Pat still continues to teach piano and voice training.

In retirement, Teddy and Ginty continued living in Sylvan Lake. Teddy passed away in December, 1975. Ginty now resides in the Sylvan Lake Manor in good health, still drives her own car, still plays bridge, and still enjoys the young people!

The McCaskills

Archibald (Archie) McCaskill came West from Cape Breton Island in the early 1900's. After working in various lumber camps in B.C. and Alberta, he met and married Flora Fear in Red Deer in 1908. Miss Fear had recently arrived in the West with her family from London, England. Mr. and Mrs. McCaskill lived in Red Deer and Leslieville from 1908 to 1918, raising a family consisting of Hugh, Ruby, Patricia and Winnifred. In 1919 Mr. McCaskill accepted the positions of Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal District of Golden West, the Village of Sylvan Lake and Sylvan Lake School District. He was also appointed Justice of the Peace. He held these positions, with the exception of the School District post, until his death in 1936 at 67 years of age. Mrs. McCaskill died in 1945.

When the McCaskills moved from Leslieville to Sylvan Lake in 1919, they resided for some time in the then deserted three storey Alexandra Hotel, situated on the site of the present Golf Clubhouse. They resided there until their house was moved by the Loiselles from North Red Deer. This was no small undertaking in those days of "horse power". This house, with two rooms added in the 1920's, is still standing (1982) on West Crescent. The spruce trees surrounding the house were planted by Mr. McCaskill and his son Hugh in the early 1920's.

During their twenty odd years of their residence in Sylvan Lake the McCaskill family all took an active part in church and community affairs.

The Angus and Emily McClean Family

Six McClean brothers, Norman the eldest and Angus the youngest, moved with their parents from Ontario to Manitoba in 1889. The other brothers were Russell, Samuel, Richard and David. Their father was a cabinet maker and died in Manitoba in 1909 and their mother died in Michichi, Alberta in 1924. The brothers moved to various locations over the years.

Angus and Russell came from Vancouver to Calgary in 1908 and filed on homesteads in the Delia area. Emily was born in Ontario and came with her family to Calgary in 1906. She had a sister Bessie and a brother Melville. Her father also homesteaded in the Delia area and two years later, when a home had been built, her mother joined him. As there was no school there, Emily stayed with her sister Bessie in Calgary where she had most of her schooling. Moving to Delia, she had two years more of high school; then she worked in Kennedy's Drug Store.

It was in Delia that Angus and Emily met and married in 1919. They lived on the farm south of Delia. Two years of grasshopper plague left no crops or feed so they left the farm and moved to Drumheller. Son Russell was six months old. Brother Russell was already living there and in the barber business in which Angus joined him. Russell moved to Sylvan Lake in 1924 where he continued in the barber business.

While a new building was being erected in Drumheller, Angus went to Calgary and took a beauty course. He later had his own beauty parlor in the new building. One summer, Angus and family came to Sylvan for a visit and to relieve Russell so he, his wife Anna and son Bruce, could attend the Calgary Stampede. They fell in love with this lovely spot and Russell suggested they move here. A new building was erected in Sylvan Lake, housing a poolroom, barber shop and beauty parlor and Angus and Emily moved here in 1928 after living in Drumheller six years. They took up residence in the house now occupied by Mrs. Emma Holbrook, a block west of Main Street. Later, they purchased this home and the stone castle next door.

Russell and Angus both barbered, but Angus operated the beauty parlor. Many "marcels" (with a hot curling iron) were given the ladies. Now and then someone came in from the city and did perms after they came into vogue. Later on, other operators took over, some of them being local girls, and Angus stayed with the barbering. It was customary to see Russell and Angus cutting hair late on Saturday nights — not everyone could make it to the shop before six o'clock — and Saturday night was a time for country and local people to go down town, shop, socialize or take in the movies.

During this time Angus purchased property across from the school which he later sold to the Frank Driscoll family. It is now owned by Ray Driscoll. He then bought a sizeable property for a mink farm in the municipality on the south edge of town, which he operated for many years. Sometimes he trekked up the hill carrying large pots of hot food for the animals before going to the shop to begin a day's work. Mink farming was later exchanged for chicken raising. Part of the property was sold to Frank McClean, a nephew, who with his wife Sophie lived there in a small house. Sophie was a hairdresser and, at one time, operated the beauty parlor in the McClean building.

Russell lived further up the hill and operated a fox farm. He had bought the property from Bill Burr, a local grain elevator agent. Russell, wife Anna and son Bruce, lived there for many years. On Anna's death, father and son kept house together. When ill health overtook Russell, the poolroom property was sold and he moved to Edmonton.

Angus and Emily sold their home downtown and purchased Russell's property — a location Angus always loved. They had a large garden, fruit trees, berry bushes and a raspberry patch, the crops of which were generously shared with others. Sharing was extended to the car and Angus was often seen with passengers — a personal taxi service to any who wished a ride.

In time, the chicken business was disposed of and that property sold when Angus was no longer able to do the work. He was often in the garden on his crutch doing odd jobs here and there, or sitting in a chair picking fruit from a berry bush. Part of this large property was covered with a natural growth of trees, shrubs and tall grasses. Birds of all sorts were in abundance; as were squirrels and even skunks now and then. The birds would come to feed from Angus's hand. The wrens waited until the larger, greedier birds had taken what they wanted from the feeder, then would peck on the window pane to let Angus know they wanted their dinner. They did not like the cheeky squirrels and would corner them in a large feeder until they were ready to release them.

Angus and Emily McClean and Russell.

Son Russell had his schooling in Sylvan Lake. He joined the R.C.A.F. at the outbreak of war and remained in the service until he was retired. He then was employed in Federal Government work, from which he is now retired and living in Ottawa.

During World War I Angus joined the army. Due to a disability, his time was spent in a military hospital in Calgary and, after some months, he was discharged. He was an avid sports fan and delighted in the company of young people, who made sure he was at all their sporting events. Someone always provided a personal taxi for Angus to attend these events. Two plaques were given him by the Sylvan Lake Athletic Club. Each time, he was in hospital in Eckville, Emily took the first plaque to him when she paid him a visit. It reads, "Angus McClean for the best support

Angus and Russell McClean.

1965-1966." The second, given in centennial year, reads, "Mr. McClean Thanks for the good luck" and has a gold horseshoe below the inscription as well as the centennial emblem with 1867-1967 in each lower corner. Angus was as young in heart as the kids; he was their pride and joy.

Emily was a very busy and dedicated lady. She took part in most community ventures and never turned a deaf ear to anyone in need. She taught Sunday School for years; was, and still is, a member of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, serving as president for some years as well as a stint as treasurer. She has also been a member of the I.O.D.E. for many years, was Regent and was given a Life Membership in 1976. After the I.O.D.E. library was established in the late 1940's, she worked on "Library Day" which was held each week. She was later librarian for twenty years. She was also involved in Junior I.O.D.E. work.

The Red Cross workshop was in an old building across from the bank. Emily was usually to be found there with the work committee when the door was open one day a week.

Brother Norman made his home with Emily and Angus for some years and was the first caretaker of the Sylvan Lake Municipal Campground (now Rainbow Trailer Court). He had a great love for friends and people. He retired to Courtenay, B.C. to live with his son and family. He had lost his wife when the children — a son George and a daughter Mabel — were small. He came back to Sylvan to celebrate his birthday at 100 years with relatives and friends in the Presbyterian Church Hall. Emily helped him celebrate the next one at the west coast. Norman died in hospital one week before he would have reached 103 years and is buried in Dauphin, Manitoba.

An elderly aunt, Emily Roschi, also made her home with the McCleans before passing away in the Auxiliary Hospital, Red Deer. Auntie Roschi was an accomplished artist and painted many fine canvases as well as painting on china.

Angus passed away in the Eckville Hospital in 1974. Emily sold their home and moved to a suite downtown to be closer to friends and shops. She still busies herself with home, church and friends for whom the welcome mat is always out.

Norman McClean

Norman McClean was born in Simcoe County, Ontario, in July 1873. He migrated west in 1889 with his parents and five brothers. They settled on a homestead in Manitoba, which later became part of the Dauphin Municipality.

Norman worked at different occupations, such as cook, carpenter, and homesteading. He and a younger brother, Sam, ran a grocery store and bake shop in Dauphin, Norman being the baker. He also worked for Canadian National Railways, later farming in the Dauphin District. He married in 1902, had two children, George and Mabel. His wife passed away in 1920.

In 1928, he gave up farming and moved to Endiang, Alberta, where he went into the fur-farming business. About two years later, he moved to Sylvan Lake where two of his brothers operated a billiard hall, barber shop and beauty salon combined. Here, Norman continued his fur-farming and took the job as caretaker of the Municipal Campgrounds. He made many friends from near and far. He was familiarly known to all campers as "Mac".

In 1946, he decided to retire from the campground and from the fur business. He moved to Weyburn, Saskatchewan, to be with his son and family. In 1947 they moved to Unity, Saskatchewan. Here he kept busy and active. When his son retired in 1968, they all moved to Courtenay, B.C.

Norman returned many times to Manitoba to visit his daughter and her husband, always going by way of Sylvan Lake to visit his sister-in-law, Emily McClean, and to renew old acquaintances here.

Norman McClean.

Norman celebrated his 100th birthday in 1973. The celebration was held in the Sylvan Lake Presbyterian Church Hall where he was congratulated by many friends, dignitaries and relatives from five provinces.

Norman passed away in June, 1976, at the age of 103 years, at Courtenay, B.C. Interment was at Dauphin, Manitoba.

R. B. McClean Family

Russell B. McClean moved from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan to Sylvan Lake in 1924, accompanied by his wife, Anna, and infant son, Bruce.

Russell took over the old Duffield place at the south end of Main Street, running the Barber Shop and Pool Room. In 1928, a new building was completed just north of the Watkiss theatre which housed the barber shop, beauty parlor and pool room. This business was run by Russell and his brother, Angus, continually until it was sold in 1950. Russell ran a fox ranch up the hill for most of those years as well as the business down town.

Many will remember Russell and his love of dancing. Very seldom was there a dance at the Lake that he did not attend, nor did he miss being on the floor for each dance. On Sundays in the winter he could be seen pulling sleigh-loads of children up the hill behind his car.

Russell's son, Bruce, completed his schooling at Sylvan Lake and, until he was old enough to join the Armed Forces, worked at Keith's Hardware. After two and a half years in the Navy, serving on a Corvette, Bruce returned to the Lake, working at Cobb's Store for a short while. Bruce and his wife, Babe, then moved to Edmonton, entered a sales career and, for 24 years, was a member of the Provincial Government staff.

Russell was predeceased by his wife, Anna, in 1938, after a lengthy illness. Russell passed away at his son's home in Edmonton, January 8, 1953. He was survived by his son, Bruce, and his wife, Connie, living in Edmonton, his grandson, Bob, and wife Cathy, and great-grandson, Randy, all living in Drayton Valley.

Bruce McClean and his father Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McCrimmon

Farquhar D. McCrimmon was born in Glengarry County, Ontario in 1879. He spent his early years living and working on a farm in that area. Mrs. McCrimmon (Lillian C. Dingwall) was also born in Glengarry County in 1878. She taught school for a short time in the province of Ontario, then upgraded her certificate in Alberta and taught in this province for about two years.

Farquhar McCrimmon was married to Lillian Dingwall on June 22, 1910. They resided for some time in North Red Deer where Mr. McCrimmon worked for the Great West Lumber Mill. Their first son, Sandy, was born in Red Deer in 1913. Approximately two years later, they moved to Sylvan Lake and lived there in a house near the creek where the present golf course is located.

Mr. McCrimmon bought a farm adjacent to the Rocky Mountain House road, just beyond First Point. He continued to operate the farm for quite a

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McCrimmon.

few years. Their second son, Donald, was born in Red Deer in 1918.

Mr. McCrimmon began an early interest in the development and growth of Sylvan Lake. He served several terms on the council and was very active in the real estate business. In the early 1920's, he owned and ran the boathouse and, a few years later, an ice cream parlor located on the present site of the Sylvan Lake Hotel. About 1930, he purchased the land consisting of a half mile strip adjacent to the C.N.R. track and developed the McCrimmon Auto Camp, which they operated every summer until they sold it to Carl Cox in 1947.

McCrimmons' 50th wedding anniversary.

Mrs. McCrimmon was very active in the Ladies' Aid for the church and also in the Women's Institute. Some of the projects on which they worked were building the Presbyterian Church, the Women's Institute Hall and the Women's Institute pier which was officially opened by the Hon. R. B. Bennett in 1928. She also served several terms on the Sylvan Lake School Board.

In June, 1960, Mr. and Mrs. McCrimmon held open house to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. Many old friends attended the event. Ten years later, in 1970, they quietly celebrated their diamond anniversary in Ponoka. Both Mr. and Mrs. McCrimmon passed on in 1973 at the ages of 93 and 94. They are now resting in the cemetery in Ponoka.

David Franklin McCutcheon Family

by Doug and Dave McCutcheon

Our dad, David McCutcheon, was born in Brussels, Huron County, Ontario and our mother, Helen Sparks, was born in Bayfield, Huron County. Even though they lived 10 miles apart, they did not know each other.

Dad came west in 1900, at the age of 15, with his parents to homestead near Frobisher in southern Saskatchewan. Their house in Ontario was dismantled and shipped in sections to Saskatchewan.

Mother came out west to teach school at Frobisher in the spring of 1909. They were married in December, 1909. Dad farmed for a few more years and then he went into the lumber business, managing lumber yards in several towns in Saskatchewan and Alberta. In May, 1929 they came to Sylvan Lake from Three Hills with their two sons, Douglas and David, and daughter, Marjorie. The eldest son, Frank, remained in Three Hills where he was employed with the Bank of Montreal. Dad was manager of the Atlas Lumber Yard here until 1948.

Dad and mother were faithful members of the Presbyterian Church and both were members of the church board. Dad was on the Session and was clerk of Session at the time of his death. Mother was secretary-treasurer of the church board for a number of years. She also taught Sunday School and was a long-time member of the Ladies' Aid and the Women's Institute.

Dad was on the School Board and served as chairman. He was an ardent curler and the rocks he

D. F. McCutcheon family. L to R: Mr. McCutcheon, Frank, Mrs. McCutcheon, Doug, Marjorie and David.

used were a heavy pair that no one else seemed to use. He named them "Buck and Bright", after the team of oxen they used on the homestead. He was a staunch supporter of the Sylvan Lake hockey team for all the years his sons played and never missed a game. In his earlier years, he was goal keeper on a soccer team that won the championship for southern Saskatchewan.

In Jamiesons' Hardware Store one could always play a game of checkers and dad was an enthusiastic player. One year he won the championship for Sylvan Lake. After Jamiesons sold their store, the men had a room above Koots' Store where they played bridge and checkers. They called it, "The Bull Pen."

Dad and mother enjoyed their home and always had a garden and beautiful flowers. Dad died in December, 1950 and mother lived alone for over 26 years until her death in 1977.

Frank McCutcheon married Marion Calling of Vancouver. They have one daughter, Frances, and they make their home in Ladner, B.C.

Douglas married Jean Duffield of Sylvan Lake and they have three sons, Jack, Joel and Jim. Doug and Jean still reside in Sylvan Lake.

David married Penny Reed (Ditzler). They have one son, Rick. Penny had two sons, Michael and Peter, by a previous marriage. Dave still lives in Sylvan Lake.

Marjorie married Jack Smith of Vermilion, Alberta. They have two sons, David and Douglas. David is not married and lives in Calgary. Doug married Sandra Stagg of Regina and they have a daughter Jody and a son David. They live at Melfort, Saskatchewan. Marj and Jack make their home in Richmond, B.C.

David F. McCutcheon Family

David Frederick McCutcheon arrived in Sylvan Lake with his parents, David F. and Helen M. McCutcheon, and Douglas and Marjorie on May 1, 1929. After attending high school here, he took teacher's training at Camrose Normal School and taught at Glenfollock and Shady Nook Schools.

The Rick McCutcheons: Ellen, Barbara, Rick and Rosemary.

In August 1940, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and spent five and a half years as a Physical Training and Drill Instructor in Canada and in England.

Upon returning to Canada, David (Dave) opened a Real Estate and Insurance Office on Main Street in Sylvan Lake in 1946. While in this business, his real estate firm, along with Paul Guloien, developed Half Moon Bay on the west shore of Sylvan Lake and, together with Harry O. Nunnemaker, developed Spruce Cliff on the north shore.

In 1946, Dave and Penny Reed (Ditzler) were married. Their son Rick, his wife Barbara, and daughters Rosemary and Ellen, live in Sylvan Lake and Telegraph Creek, B.C. Penny's sons, Michael and Peter Reed, and their families, live in Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.

In 1982, Dave sold his insurance business to Wilson Pickering and retired. He still resides in his cozy home on 47 A Avenue in Sylvan Lake. He keeps busy with his hobby of more than 20 years, that of raising Arabian horses, which he keeps on an acreage at Half Moon Bay.

McCutcheon, Donald F. and Family — 1983

by Joyce McCutcheon

Don spent his early years on the family farm in the Clive, Alberta district, also a few years in the Vancouver area with his family and then back to the farm at Clive. When he finished school he started operating cats, stripping coal in the mines at Alix,

Don and Joyce McCutcheon dressed in Royal Purple and white Lodge regalia, November 1981.

Don and his mother Dyvekka and the McCutcheon sons, wives, and grandsons, August 1982.

Lake Wabamun and Nordegg. After doing this type of work for a few years, Don started his own trucking business.

In 1958 he married Joyce Goddar, who was born in Lacombe, Alberta and grew up on the family farm in the Chigwell District, eight miles east of Lacombe.

The next four years were spent moving around the province with construction work until December 1962, when we moved to Sylvan Lake to make it our permanent home.

We have three sons, all of whom received their schooling in Sylvan Lake at, what is now, H. J. Cody School.

The eldest son, Walter Donald, born March 15, 1959, is married and Wendy and he have two sons, Dallas and Dennis. They make their home in Rocky Mountain House.

Our second son, Gordon Charles, born January 1, 1963, is also married and he and his wife, Janice, have one son, Jason. They reside in Red Deer.

The youngest, Brian Howard, born November 8, 1966, is still at home.

Both Don and I were Cub and Scout Leaders when our sons were involved with those groups. Don is a member of the B.P.O. Elks Lodge, #404 of Benalto and I, Joyce, am a member of the Order of the Royal Purple Lodge, #233 of Benalto. We joined these lodges in 1965. Don is a Past Exalted Ruler and I am a Past Honored Royal Lady.

Don and son Gordon still carry on with the trucking business here in Sylvan Lake and I have been working at the Sylvan Lake Post Office since August, 1975.

Douglas McCutcheon Family
by Jean McCutcheon

Sylvan Lake has been my home since 1921 when I arrived here with my parents and my brother Cliff, at the age of two years. We lived above the office on Main Street until after my sister Irene was born in July, 1922, then in the "castle" and Tourist Inn. From there we moved to the "barn house" (as we called it) behind Falkners', where my sister Betty was born, January 1927. Our last move was to the house on East Crescent where the six-suite apartment building is now.

For many years we rented our house each summer to tourists. It was a way to make seemingly easy money. It meant work for my mother having to move to the old living-quarters above my dad's office. We children thought it was great fun — almost like going on a holiday.

We had a good life, as I remember it, with a mother and father to care for us. We hollered "Mom" as we came in the door after school and she was always there to welcome us. As I look back, these are some of the things that come to mind.

The happy carefree summers — going to the beach with my two sisters, every day the sun shone, to swim and lie on the pier by the boathouse. There were the regattas, the Wrigley Swims, the sand castle

contests and the occasional ride on the "Norell". The dollar we paid to go to the Chautauqua, which was held in a large tent and, if I remember correctly, it was for five consecutive days.

The rainy summers when all swimming events were rained out or cancelled and the roads were a sea of mud. Eventually, they gave up on the regattas because of the unpredictable weather. The silent movies that were shown in the Alexander Pavilion by Mr. Heinz until Mr. Watkiss opened his theatre on Main Street.

The tonsil clinic held at the school during the summer. Parents supplied the cots and we spent most of the day there. Then home with instructions to take castor oil. Even with the promise of a quarter, I would not take mine.

Going to school and enjoying every minute of it. Some of my teachers were: Miss Crawford, Miss Hunter, Miss McNichol, Mr. Evernden and Mr. McCullough. We had our Christmas concerts in the Alexander Pavilion and everyone was there. Such excitement! The annual School Fair was a big event. I only remember when they were held in the old curling rink.

We had such fun skating on the lake and, some winters, could skate right across. When snow came we had the skating rink. There was always a crowd there and we played pom pom pull-away and crack the whip. We had carnivals with prizes for costumes and races. Those rides down the main street hill on a bobsled, starting at the top of the hill and seeing how far we could coast. Walking on the drifts along the lakeshore road that were as high as the houses.

How we loved the concerts and minstrel shows — so much talent.

The lovely sound of the frogs singing in the sloughs by the C.N.R. tracks and it was spring — out came the skipping ropes and marbles. The fun we had sailing "boats" (pieces of wood, etc.) down the rushing water in the big ditch beside the main road. We started up by the creamery and followed them all the way down to the C.N.R. tracks.

Cleaning the glass chimneys for the coaloil lamps and then came the Aladdin lamp that gave so much light. Pumping water for wash day and carrying it all out afterwards and oh, the scuttles of dirty coal! Fishing the "clinkers" out of the heater every morning in the winter.

How frightening it was to watch that tornado cloud in the sky that touched down on the K. Staudinger farm, where Lakeview Heights is now.

As I got older there was C.G.I.T. We had such good times together — the mother and daughter banquets, with the girls all in uniform. We put on a concert one year at the Elks' Hall. The leaders I remember were: Marjorie May, Helen Dingwall and Mrs. Austinson.

Having my hair marcelled by Mr. Angus McClean when I was 14 and thinking I was beautiful. Being able to go to the summer dances — how we girls loved to dance and listen to that wonderful music played by the various bands that came each summer. One of my favorites was the "Silver Tone Seven". It was jitney dances in those days and we went back and forth between the halls.

Watching from our bedroom window, which was really just across the alley, when Cobb's Store burned down. It was a scary, spectacular sight!

Doug came to Sylvan Lake with his parents, his brother Dave and his sister Marjorie, in May 1929, when he was 15 years old. They came from the prairies so were impressed with all the trees and the beautiful lake.

Doug spent his summers swimming and playing horseshoes. He was an ardent tennis player and enjoyed "pool". He was on the senior hockey team until he was well up in his 30's.

In the 1930's jobs were scarce. Doug worked some for his dad at the lumber yard, hauled lumber and coal from railroad cars with Lambert Boles and went threshing every fall.

When war broke out in 1939 it made it possible for many couples to get married. Doug joined the Air Force in August, 1940 and was stationed in Toronto.

Mr. Penley, manager of the Varsity Dance Hall, had been contacted to send a representative for Alberta to one of the first beauty contests to be held in Toronto. I was fortunate to be chosen. It was a thrilling and scary experience for me. The best part was that I got to see Doug and that made it all worth while.

We were married in October, 1940 by Rev. John Hart. We lived in Calgary where Doug was posted until he was discharged because of ulcers. He worked in a lumber yard for a short time and then we came back to Sylvan Lake in the spring of 1941. Doug opened an egg-grading station as well as housing a thousand hens. Doug's mother and dad were good to us. We stayed with them until we had a two-roomed house moved onto a foundation and made livable.

Jack was born in November, 1941 and, in the spring of 1944, Doug, with the help of his dad, added two rooms to our house. Joel was born in January, 1946 and Jim in March, 1953.

We kept busy over the years. Doug always had a big garden and we canned vegetables in those "hard up" days. He spent endless hours grading eggs. He knew and enjoyed talking to the many farmers of the surrounding area, who brought their eggs to be graded. Doug supplied the stores and restaurants

with eggs and, for many years, shipped the surplus to Nordegg, Calgary and Red Deer.

Doug belonged to the Legion from 1946 until a few years ago, serving as secretary and then as treasurer. He loved the 30 years of "smear" games with his fellow members. Doug served two terms on town council and was on the Sylvan Lake Lodge Board for the six and a half years he was a councillor.

It was in 1952 when I joined the Legion Auxiliary and I enjoyed the many years working for that group. I belonged to the Ladies' Aid until Evening Guild was organized, worked for Home and School and Cub Scout Parent Association. There are 11 years between our eldest and youngest so it seemed to take a long time to get the three boys through school and scouts but they were the happy years.

The boys spent endless hours at the lake in the summer and, in the winter, it was the skating rink. They all played hockey and we had a good time going to the games and cheering for our "team". Our boys used to ask me not to cheer so loud but I told them they would just have to put up with me because I could not stop.

The boys each had jobs every summer after they were 15, so their lives were not as carefree and easy as ours had been. However, they had more opportunities than we did so it evened out.

In 1977 Doug decided to retire because son Joel was looking for a lot to build a house on, so he gave Joel the land his dad had given him. We were happy that one of our boys would be living in Sylvan Lake.

Memorial Presbyterian Church has been my church ever since I began Sunday School way back in the 1920's. Mrs. McCrimmon was one of my first teachers and I can still see the beautiful pictures on a big chart that she could flip over so that we had a different one each Sunday. I am the longest continuous member of that church. It has been Doug's church since 1929. I taught Sunday School while our boys were going and Doug and I still enjoy the fellowship there.

After two years at the University of Alberta, Jack took architectural technology at N.A.I.T. He is presently employed by the Edmonton Public School Board as Supervisor of Facilities Development. He married Brenda Miller of Edmonton, where she works as a pharmacist. Jack has two daughters, Andra and Dana, by a previous marriage.

Joel married Susan Anderson of Red Deer and they have two children, a daughter Joanne and a son Matthew. Joel has his history in the book.

Jim received his Bachelor of Commerce from the University of Alberta in Edmonton. He married Debra McKenzie of Red Deer and they have one son, Jeffrey. Jim is a Registered Industrial Accountant.

Doug and Jean McCutcheon.

Jack and Brenda McCutcheon.

Jim and Debra McCutcheon and Jeffrey.

Debra is a senior high school teacher. They are both employed in Edmonton.

We are not travellers — I have never liked going away from home, even as a child. Our "trips" are

around Alberta. We did go to Ontario in 1980 to visit my two sisters and it was great to visit with them but I told them I would not be back.

Life has been good to us and I am sure we will never leave Sylvan Lake. We cross-country ski in the winter, ride bicycles and play horseshoes in the summer, and we go for walks all year round. Gone are the days when we knew everyone as we walked down the street, but they tell me that's progress.

The Joel McCutcheon Family
by Joel McCutcheon

I was born in 1946, grew up in Sylvan Lake and have many memories of people and changing times during the 1950's and 1960's. Some of my earliest memories are of the building of the Curling Rink and the time a wall fell down during its construction, walking to my grandparents' house for visits (half a block away) and chasing chickens. The lake, of course, always played an important part of any child growing up here.

After I started school, my life seemed to be divided into the seasons with their different activities. Spring involved fishing in the creek at the east end of town and wading in the water by the railroad tracks. During the summer there were swimming lessons with Tracy Flammond, instructor, and many happy hours riding horses and shovelling manure at "Pap" Day's Riding Academy. The highlights of fall were playing football at the playground and skating on the lake. Winter was hockey and Cubs with Rev. John Yoos as leader and, later, Scouts with Mr. Neil Jarvin as leader.

As I got older, swimming and hockey still dominated my after-school time but more time was spent in the pool hall, Hoofdecker's Cafe and waterskiing.

School occupied a large portion of my years at Sylvan Lake and a few of the memorable teachers were Mrs. Rathwell, Grade Two, Mr. Cottreau, Grade Six and Mr. Cody, Grade Nine. After completing grade nine in Sylvan Lake, I went to Red Deer as high school was not taught here at that time.

I graduated from Lindsay Thurber Comprehensive High School in Red Deer in 1964 and the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in Chemistry in 1966. My first job was at the University of Alberta doing chemical research with Dr. W. A. Ayer on plant alkaloids and organic syntheses.

In 1969 I changed jobs to broaden my chemical background and was employed by the Alberta Research Council in Edmonton. During this period I worked with Dr. U. E. Diner on cattle supplements and pancreas stimulants. I have been employed by Red Deer College since 1970 and am currently teaching chemistry to a wide variety of students.

Four generations: great-grandmother Helen McCutcheon holding great-granddaughter Joanne, Doug and Joel.

Joel and Susan McCutcheon, Joanne and Matthew.

Susan (Anderson) and I met at the last dance in Varsity Hall for 1966. We were married in 1968 soon after she graduated from high school in Red Deer. During our time in Edmonton, she was employed by Building Products of Canada as a secretary. When we lived in Red Deer she was also employed at Red Deer College.

Joanne was born in 1972 and that summer we moved to Sylvan Lake. After a couple of years we decided to make Sylvan Lake our permanent home

and built a house on the site of my parents' old chicken house. The smell was gone before we finished the construction. Dad, Sue and I built the house from the basement up, not a small project for someone who had never built anything larger than a shed.

Matthew was born in 1978.

Our children are the fourth generation of McCutcheons to live in Sylvan Lake and we really enjoy the community and the surrounding district.

McIntosh

John W. McIntosh and his wife Henrietta, with their three children: Jack the oldest, Colin in the middle, and Valerie, moved to Sylvan Lake in October, 1935.

Farming in eastern Alberta had been dried out and they liking the look of Sylvan's green fields, took up residence first in the old municipal campground, and then by buying the 11 acres west of town currently owned by C. Turner. The family used the plot of ground to market a landscape garden — the lawn bowling green where the children's playground is, being one of their projects. During World War II they bought the house "Kwiet Corner" in the west end of town, and then the campground "Bluebird Cabins" formerly owned by Tuisku. Then they went to war — Mr. McIntosh and Jack in the R.C.A.F. and Colin in the army.

During their years at Sylvan Lake, John W. and Henrietta were active members of the community. Mrs. McIntosh was secretary-treasurer of Memorial Presbyterian Church for many years and Mr. McIntosh was an active and enthusiastic member of the Sylvan Lake Legion. Mr. McIntosh was also an ardent gardener and was always a prize winner at the annual Anglican flower show. Mrs. McIntosh was a talented writer and artist. Her painting of the old Presbyterian Church hangs in the new church hall and is a fitting memento of the McIntoshes' contribution to the life and work of that church.

After the war, Colin took over the campground and ran it a number of years before selling out and moving to the coast. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh both died at the coast. Jack moved to northern Alberta, where he works for the provincial government. Valerie moved to the U.S.A. and presently resides in Florida.

Nancy Tooley McKinlay

In all the years past and even now, as I near Poplar Ridge, the place of my birth, I am deeply moved by the beauty of the country-side. As I sight Sylvan, I am filled with a sense of well-being and peace; I am home.

The Tooley girls as Red Cross nurses: Jean, Verna, Nan and Georgina.

Looking back, I think of all the wonderful carefree years we had as children growing up in Sylvan Lake: Long summer days at the beach. Cold frosty winters, skating on the lake and bobsledding down the hill at great speed. Christmas concerts at the Alexander Pavilion, waiting excitedly for Santa to arrive with bags of candy. Shopping at Cobb's Store for mom where a cheerful young man (whom I later married) served and amused us by teasingly naming Jean and me, Mickey and Minnie Mouse. Our parades, high-light of the year, once dressed as Indians with horsehair braids and darkened skin and once as Red Cross nurses which earned us a ribbon.

During the summer of 1942, I worked in Neely's Drugstore and, that fall, I obtained a position in Cobb's Store working with Eston Holsworth, Jack Pell and Eleanor Smith. In August 1943, I moved to Red Deer where I worked in the Red Deer Creamery until my marriage to Marcus Elle on July 7, 1946.

I moved a number of times through the following years, to Grande Prairie, Grimshaw, Edmonton, Stettler and finally returning to Red Deer. I was employed by the government at Deerholme in 1958, working there for six years. By 1966, I had entered the Red Deer School of Beauty, received my certifi-

cate and opened a shop on Michener Hill. Encouraged by my sister Jean, to enter day care, I moved to Lethbridge in 1971, where I still reside and operate my own centre.

I have three children. Neil Elle lives in Seattle, Washington with his wife Donna and daughter Treona. Patricia resides in Brooks, Alberta with her husband, Bernard Bischaff, and baby, Jennifer. George works in Lethbridge and lives at home.

McLure

by Herb McLure

George H. McLure and his wife, the former Ada Archibald of the Poplar Ridge District, owned a farm two miles straight south of Sylvan Lake on the west side of the road. The land was purchased by them about 1914. Shortly after, George had a chance to trade his farm for 160 acres where the golf course is now and the property where, later on, McCrimmons' Auto Court was, but turned the offer down because, at that time, this land offered in trade was mostly slough.

I, Herbert, their first child, was born in Red Deer but the farm was my first home. My mother, Ada McLure, had fond memories of the kind acts and thoughtfulness of the Icelandic neighbors. (Mother was related to the Harvey Jamiesons as her mother — my grandmother — Sarah Archibald, was a first cousin of Harvey's wife, Margaret.)

We stayed on the farm south of Sylvan Lake until 1918 when my father sold out and the family moved to Ohaton, Alberta, where more land was purchased. Mother and dad operated this farm until 1940 when they moved to Vancouver where dad was employed in sheetmetal work. A son, Orville, still operates the farm at Ohaton.

Each year after we moved to Ohaton the family visited Red Deer and spent at least a day at Sylvan Lake. We would visit the Jamiesons and a few others such as Bertha Doeg, Myrtle Gehrke and Les and Fay Jarvis.

The Vere and Mary Miller Family

Vere was born in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1885. Mary Petro, his wife, was born in North Dakota in 1886. Both came to this area in 1906. Vere bought what was known as the Godden property in the west part of town. As well, he purchased forty lots in Lower Camp. His father had the first real estate business in Red Deer, constructing the building which his wife designed, on the site of the colorful grounds known as the Snell property, south of the bridge on the left of Gaetz Avenue.

Mary moved with her family to the Pine Hill district and delivered mail by horseback from there to Markerville.

Vere was a telephone inspector, working out of Edmonton for about four or five years. Then he became an electrician. During World War II he was chief electrician at Penhold Air Base.

Vere and Mary married about 1908. From Edmonton they moved to Sedgewick, then to Sylvan Lake where they remained till their deaths. The family home ultimately was south of the Canadian Pacific Railway on 49 street. There was a family of eight boys — all in the armed forces during World War II — and five girls, two of whom died in infancy. The surviving children attended school in Sylvan Lake. They are Eddie, Connie, Guy, Roy, Byron, Eileen, Willard, Robert, Herbert, Frank and Della.

Eddie, born in Edmonton, worked for Charlie Palmer in the creamery one summer. He later homesteaded at McBride, British Columbia, moved to Prince George and started a roofing business. He was killed in a hit-and-run car accident in 1956. He was married and had three children.

Connie, born in Edmonton, went to college in California. On her return here she married Joe Bain, who had his own orchestra, "The Red Aces" and played in Sylvan Lake during three summers. They moved to Banff where they purchased a home. Joe passed away about 1977. Connie still owns her home but lives in a nursing home in Calgary.

Guy, born in Sedgewick, is a motor mechanic. He joined the army and, on demobilization, worked for the City of Edmonton. He married and has eight children. He is now retired and the family lives in Edmonton.

Roy was born in Sylvan Lake in 1915 and attended school on the H. J. Cody School site. This building was later moved across the street to a site immediately north of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It later housed the Sylvan Lake Creamery.

At fourteen years of age, Roy joined his father drilling water wells. He worked for Joe Untinen in the Lakeview Garage and joined the army when war broke out. When he left the army, Roy operated his own water-well drilling rig for about three years. He then worked for an oil company for five or six years, part of the time in the Northwest Territories. The next employment was with Lacey-McKee Auto Body Shop in Red Deer for a number of years. From there, he went to Blooms' Limited from 1956 until 1962.

In 1939 Roy married Belle Purser. They have four girls: Linda, Iris, Della, and Holly.

Linda, an accountant, is married to Earl Blomgren, also an accountant and they live in Smithers, B.C.

Iris, a teacher attending the University of British

Columbia for her Doctorate, married Jim McNeal and they also live in Smithers where she teaches.

Della is married to Gerry Keeler. She and her husband worked at Michener Center in Red Deer. Later, they moved to Ponoka where Gerry is supervisor of psychiatric nurses at the Alberta Hospital. Della also works in the same institution.

Holly lives in Vancouver. She is a Practical Nurse and upgrading her education.

Byron was born in Sylvan Lake in 1917. After his stint in the army, he was a motor mechanic for the

Mrs. Mary Miller with son Byron.

City of Calgary. He is married with one daughter, now a nurse in the Navy. He is retired and lives in Calgary.

Eileen went to California, married and had three children. Her husband had a catskinner business and he and Eileen each operated a big cat. Eileen died five or six years ago. The family still resides there.

Willard is an electrician. He worked for Trail Smelters in British Columbia. He is married with two daughters and is now retired.

Herbert joined the Air Force and made it his life's work. He is now retired and living in Victoria, British Columbia. He is married with four daughters.

Robert is a pipe-fitter, married and living in Calgary.

Frank is married and lives in Arizona, U.S.A. He has two daughters. He is now retired from the United States Army.

Della married Ernie Munch. They live in Edmonton, and have a family of four sons and one daughter.

Mary Miller died in 1958 and Vere passed away in 1959 on the same day of the same month. Both are buried in the cemetery in Sylvan Lake.

Belle and her mother, Mrs. Purser, lived in the Hutt house on West Crescent. Her father was a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer for many years. Mrs. Purser moved to Calgary where she is buried. Her father passed away some years ago.

Roy and Belle live at 4435-50 Street, Sylvan Lake — their home for many years.

Howard Minchin Family

The Howard and Mary Minchin family came to Sylvan Lake in October, 1948 from Lacombe, Alberta with two of their three daughters, Carol and Gayle. Michele was born later in Sylvan Lake.

They all received their education here, finishing high school in Red Deer, university in Edmonton and moved on to their various careers. They are all married and have families of their own.

Carol married Robert Taylor and resides in the U.S.A. with their son, John Robert.

Gayle married Dennis Howard and lives at present in Vancouver, B.C. They have two daughters, Janet and Rebecca.

Michele married John Ellison. They make their home in Kamloops, B.C. with their two daughters, Carmen and Robin.

We still reside at 5035-48 Avenue and wish everyone well.

The Frank and Ethel Mossop Family
by Marjorie L. Hayes

I think the first time we came to Sylvan Lake was in 1928 or 1929. My mother, Mrs. Frank Mossop, had been ill for a long time. The doctors had ordered us to take her to the coast. We were all very worried. I remember I was washing the dishes in my kitchen in Okotoks when I got the idea, "Why not take mother to Sylvan Lake?" It seemed to be the answer. I phoned my dad in Crossfield and told him. He was delighted. Sylvan Lake is much lower than Crossfield and there is the beautiful lake.

Mother and dad rented Judge Mahaffy's cottage on Lakeshore Drive for six weeks. It was just before you turn when going to Red Deer. The cottage was badly equipped. Dad sent a mattress for mother by C.P.R. I stayed up there with mother the whole six weeks. My sister Elsie was about four years old and my son Frank was probably two years. It was a delightful summer. The men and my sister Esther came up on weekends, then spent their holidays there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mossop and Elsie.

We would take mother and the children down on the beach with their baskets and spades and return to the cottage to do the housework. We had to carry water for cooking. The local women would come around with their small carts drawn by a horse, selling vegetables grown in their own gardens. They also dressed chickens. I would carry potatoes, beans and other vegetables down to the lake so mother could help me prepare them. Mother improved every day. Dad was delighted. After that, mother and dad rented a cottage every summer and we all used it.

In 1939 they decided to buy. They purchased "Argyle Court", at the corner of Railway Avenue and 9th Street, and called the cottage, "Crossfield Lodge".

Ed and Marjorie Hayes with sons Frank and Ralph.

My husband, Ed Hayes (Riel Rebellion-Steel Scouts), and I and our two sons went up for the first time to stay with the family in August, 1939. We were there when the war broke out. Mother had been walking down to Goodey's Service Station several times a day to hear the news. When dad came up, he brought a radio.

The day we arrived at Crossfield Lodge the family were all sitting at the table in the porch having tea. Mrs. Telning from "Rogla" cottage was busy reading their tea cups. We were greeted with, "Come and sit down and have your teacup read." I was annoyed with them for the trip from Okotoks had tired me out and I wanted to lie down and rest. However, they all insisted. Mrs. Telning took my cup and said, "You are going to move." I considered that nonsense for we lived in our own house in Okotoks. Then she said, "There is another child for you." Everybody laughed because my younger son was nine years old. However, in one week war had been declared and Mr. Grace, the owner, had been ordered East. We decided to buy it and moved in for the rest of our holidays. The next part of the teacup reading took two years to come true. A friend in Okotoks had been left a widow with three children. She brought the youngest one to me to look after and we had her for four years until her mother married again.

Sylvan Lake is a beautiful place for a holiday. Our family spent the summers up there. My husband and I spent our holidays in our own cottage. We always rented it to help with expenses. We decided to keep it for family use only in 1965.

My dad, Frank Mossop, always expected us to go into the lake for swimming twice a day. The whole family would go in. When the children were small, we would go on long walks together and we enjoyed seeing the names of the cottages. We would wonder what part of the world the name came from. On the weekends, we would have picnics.

Dad owned Crossfield Lodge until 1945 when he sold it to a service club who raffled it. A girl from Red Deer bought one ticket and won it. She, in turn, sold it to the Andersons of Drumheller. Dad also owned "Endiang", "Boys Oh Boys" and "Denoveke". Upon the death of my dad in 1952 and my mother in 1955, my sister, Esther Devins, inherited "Boys Oh Boys" and my other sister, Elsie Sirockman of Grande Prairie, inherited "Denoveke". I still have "Somerset".

Mrs. Earl Devins later bought "Sunny Boy" and "Tiny Boys" cottages. She passed away in June, 1977. Mrs. Paul Sirockman sold "Denoveke" in 1966.

I still go up to the Lake and spend as much time as I can. My son Ralph takes care of everything and hopes to retire to Sylvan Lake in 1985.

Harry Muckle Family
by Amanda Muckle

I was born Amanda Sontag and married Harry Muckel in 1928. Our name was first spelled Muckel but was later changed to Muckle. We were married in Leduc where I had lived from 1917. My husband came from the Rhineland in Germany in 1927.

Harry and I came to Sylvan Lake in 1930 with our small son, Norman, who was about two years old. The house we bought was a wood frame, heated with coal and wood stoves, lighted by coal oil lamps (before electricity came), and the water supply was an outside pump.

Next to our house was Johnston's Tin Shop. Mr. Johnston made an angel-food cake pan for me which I still have today and in which I have baked hundreds of angel food cakes. On the other side of our property was the Untinen home, which was adjacent to the Imperial Bank.

When we came to Sylvan Lake, there was no blacksmith shop (although there had been one some time before) so my husband opened his blacksmith shop and was an agent for selling farm machinery as well.

My brother, Dan Sontag, and his wife Martha came to live at Sylvan Lake about two years after we did and opened a barber shop. (My sister-in-law, Martha, still lives in Sylvan Lake.)

One of my best friends was Alice Rosse, whose husband owned the general store. We belonged to Our Lady of Assumption Roman Catholic Church. I recall we had church teas at Mrs. Rosse's home and in her tea room which was beside their store. These were fund-raising teas. One church supper, which we had in Mrs. Rosse's tea room, was quite a success and had a very unusual menu: Elephant soup (pea soup with elephant crackers); Cannibal stew (chicken stew with carrots, etc.); Dessert was Tropical Dream (calla lilies with whipped cream, which I made).

Muckle's Blacksmith Shop and Popcorn Stand.

Mrs. Amanda Muckle and friend.

My first son, Norman, started school at six years in Sylvan Lake School up on the hill, and continued until he was 15 years old. My second son, Markus, was born in Sylvan Lake in 1936. He attended the school that used to be Rosse's summer store north of Dingwall's hotel.

About 1931 or 32 my husband decided to build a popcorn stand to sell popcorn during the summer at the beach. The first stands we had were the cart type, that could be moved. The last one we had was a small stationary building at the beach. This business proved to be a little gold mine for us.

After we moved to Vancouver in 1944, we bought a summer cottage at the Lake and came back for about five more summers to run the popcorn business. Then, we sold it.

I remember the Sunday of December 7, 1941 when, just after we had come back from church, we heard the news on the radio about the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

In 1942, the blacksmith business was dying and my husband went to Vancouver to work in the shipyards. In 1944, the family moved there. My husband died in 1959. My two sons, myself and my

daughter (born in Vancouver) and their families all still live in the Vancouver area. (Vancouver, Burnaby, and Surrey.)

I am now 76 years old (born March 31, 1906) and therefore I was in my twenties and thirties when I lived in Sylvan Lake. I have been back to visit many times and have many memories from the years I lived there.

I was last visiting my sister-in-law Martha a year ago, August 1981, and, when I think back, my, how things have changed!

Charles Murphy Family
by Lila (Murphy) Ribson

My father Charles Bryan Murphy, was born in Keystone Nebraska in 1895. He was fifth-born of eight children consisting of Edgar, Marshall, Jim, Orpha, Charles, Dean, Charlotte and Clara. Marshall died in infancy.

The parents of my father were American-born and of Scottish and Irish lineage. Grandfather, Merritt Murphy, was born in 1857. He and our grandmother, Leona (Hankins) Murphy, had heard of the golden opportunities in Canada and set out with their family in 1911. Journey's end was reached that year at Purple Springs, Alberta.

Dad worked at various jobs in Southern Alberta until 1915. Then he travelled to Castor to work for a short while in the coal mine, then moving buildings and eventually as a desk clerk at the Castor Hotel. It was here he met our mother, Gertrude Spinks, already in the hotel's employ in dining room service. Mother had migrated with her homesteading family in 1910 and sought immediate employment. She was born in Havelock, Ontario in 1897, one of six children.

Mother and dad were married in 1915, worked for a while longer in the hotel and then hired out as a cook and farm helper until one month before the birth of Harold. They returned to Castor where dad went into the dray business, contracting work with several local stores and suppliers.

Four children were born to our parents: Harold Wilbur in November of 1917; Lila Evelyn on June 15, 1919; Harvey Charles on February 27, 1922; and Kenneth Virgil on August 20, 1924.

The dray business met with opposition and so dad decided to learn the grain business. His first posting was to a siding called Veldt, five miles northwest of Castor, in 1925. The family remained there until late spring, 1928, when our father received his transfer from the Alberta Pacific Grain Company. We kids were aged eleven, nine, six, three, respectfully, when we moved to Sylvan Lake where dad was to manage the elevator.

Charles Murphy family: Harvey, Gertrude, Harold, Charles, Lila, Kenneth.

Harvey, Lila, and Harold Murphy.

We drove into Sylvan Lake, tired but goggle-eyed. Everything was spectacular as we travelled the water front thoroughfare. The wide white sandy shores (Yes, they were wide and white then) were thickly tree-lined to protect the hoards of picnickers from the dazzling sun. We crawled at snail's pace to avoid dodging cottagers who were headed for the lake amid the heavy traffic.

Stationed at the intersection of Main Street and Beach Road and sweating profusely was an edgy police officer. Barefooted funseekers were totally oblivious of the hazards as they ignored his directives and headed for the lake. Jaywalking tickets were unheard of in those days.

Just before the market crash, Sylvan Lake had become a boom town with its tourist trade. This continued, as air travel was minimal, and it was "in" to own or rent a cottage. So, vacationers thronged from Edmonton, Calgary, Red Deer and other sur-

rounding communities. We learned that summer population reached thousands, dwindling to approximately 350 townfolk in the winter.

Our family was directed to the company house (our home to be) which was called "Casaloma Lodge". It was located west of Main Street — a good three country blocks in alignment with Cobb's Store. Our neighbor, the bank manager, Fred Appleton, occupied the third house from the corner. The corner house had several different summer tenants. Eventually it housed our Uncle Jacob and his family. It was not long before we were to see, cleared and laid out diagonally from our house, the camp grounds. Many a night, we lay abed listening to holiday merrymakers.

Eventually, we would enjoy the benefits of electricity. In the meantime however coal oil lamps, gas lamps and lanterns were used. We were accustomed to this but we did miss our phone. We always hauled our water from McCaskill's pump and, of course, had no indoor plumbing.

Town activities were many, but our parents made sure we did things together. Berry-picking sprees, country drives and gardening were high on the list, with mother putting down 100 quarts of saskatoons and 75 of raspberries one year, while dad sold binder twine for the Massey Harris Company on evening tours of the area. We became acquainted in this fashion with many farming families who were extremely kind at Christmas with gifts of turkey and geese which were so plentiful we were able to share the wealth. Hazel nuts were picked and hung to dry in gunny sacks. Cranberries and chokecherries abounded for jelly making. In the fall, the family spent a night taking turns on the cabbage cutter for sauerkraut. Mother and dad made the headcheese — none of us could be pressed into service.

Dad's expenses were heavy with Harold's periodical recurrence of leg trouble and surgery. He was a diligent worker in the community, on his job and around the house, yard and garden and in the area of home improvements. He converted a little-used barn into quarters for storage and divided a spacious garage to provide for a workshop. Still he found time to calcimine and paint business establishments, when asked to do so.

Mother also had a propensity for work that knew no bounds. She often said, "My home is my castle". Though the saying is trite, she did her utmost to make a castle of her home. Mother enjoyed cooking, entertaining, music, most of the sewing crafts, whist parties and Ladies' Aid. She considered the one week a year she spent in Bentley hooking rugs with a relative, Sophie Castleman, a "real vacation". Our parents' closest friends were Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon.

Our mother finally caught tourist fever. She felt we should invest in some property and build a cottage which could one day be a home. And so it was that we rented our own home (the company house) and lived in a well-decorated garage, with a pitched tent in the backyard (floored) for the boys. We certainly did not suffer. I think our father's pride did to some extent but the land was acquired with just a few summers of "camping out". Mother had the houses on the property demolished, salvaged whatever could be recycled and erected two cottages. She became the proud owner of "Laff 'n Loaf Inn" and "The Midget", situated one block from the corner of Beach Road, directly next to Mr. Cobb's home.

Dad was a good shot when it came to wild fowl. He bagged a moose on one hunting trip with "the boys" that was to be his last. Mother canned the meat, but we soon discovered it was inedible. Dad had no expertise when it came to skinning the beast and we lost our appetites quickly.

We looked forward to the *Journal* and, of course, the local paper edited by Mr. Dunford. Mother and dad read turn-a-bout chapter for chapter aloud, and we all heard the light novels of the day — Zane Grey series, East Lynne and others. We also got the *Saturday Evening Post, Macleans* and various paperback short story magazines.

A brother and sister of our father lived for lengthy periods at Sylvan Lake, as did a niece. His brother, Jim Murphy, with wife Bernice and children, Gladys and Patrick, lived there from 1932 to 1937 before moving to Red Deer. Uncle Jim's home proved a haven to many of the Murphy children when we fell upon bad times. Uncle Jim worked at the Alpha Condensery. But, as a young man — to use his terminology — he had "gentled horses". "Gentle" best describes him. We often recall the unlimited kindnesses extended to us in times of need. Before his death, he and his wife were guests of the Stampede Board during the 1972 Calgary Stampede. This honor was bestowed upon our uncle because he had been a rodeo rider in the first stampede of 1912.

The second family member was Charlotte (Murphy) Bulmer. She lived in Markerville before coming to Sylvan Lake to live with her husband and children, Marguerite and Brian. Though no longer in good health Aunt Charlotte still resides there, as do her granddaughter, Sherry Ramsey and her husband.

Dad's sister Orpha has been deceased for many, many years. Her youngest daughter, Leona Barry (my cousin), often vacationed with us in Sylvan Lake. In the 1960's she became a resident with her family for a few years.

When our grandmother, Evalina Spinks, had her first stroke, mother moved her parents to her smallest

cottage, "The Midget". Grandmother remained there until her death in 1937. Mother's brother, Uncle Jacob, also a resident of Sylvan Lake, died the next year. I had married in 1936 and my husband played in the Pavilion with his orchestra in the summer of 1937.

We spent much of our time in and about the Sylvan Lake area and the sequence of tragedies that occurred were many and more difficult than some of us could completely recover from without scars.

The cherished memories of our parents are many. Mother's health was poor, yet she and dad participated in curling events, throwing their hearts into every game. With mother on the ladies' team, dad on the men's and both participating in mixed bonspiels, there was always an abundance of trophies displayed on our buffet. Lovely pieces of silver, in addition to cups, were awarded in those days. It was heartwarming to listen to my parents replay the games, rock by rock, far into the night.

Mother suffered from a bad siege of what was thought to be bronchitis. It was soon disclosed, however, that her heart was enlarged and she had an incurable kidney condition known as Bright's disease. Mom spent a lot of time in the hospital in Edmonton during the next year, or more. Father left the family about this time and none of us knew of his whereabouts.

The remainder of our family moved to mother's larger cottage. Family problems were compounded when Harold encountered the worst and most lengthy recurrence of his leg trouble. Following surgery, extensive home treatment with a day nurse who lived in the area, Mrs. Jarvis departed, as we tended his wound with doctor's supervision until it was healed and he was able, once again, to work on fringe farms.

In 1939, our mother passed away at the age of 42. My mother, her brother Jacob and their mother are all interred in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Though Harold had completed his grade twelve in Red Deer, his leg condition hindered further study or full-time work. Harvey and Kenneth continued attending school in the area. Harvey took his grade eleven in Red Deer. Kenneth spent some time with Uncle Jim in Red Deer also, but worked as a life guard in 1941 at Sylvan Lake. Eventually, both boys joined the service in World War II.

At present, Harvey Murphy resides with his wife Sadie in Fort Saskatchewan. Harold Murphy, deceased since February of 1974, lived in Calgary and his widow, Mary Murphy, still resides there. Kenneth Murphy and his wife Daisy still live in Calgary, where Kenneth moved after leaving Sylvan Lake. My husband Harold Ribson and I, Lila (Murphy) Ribson, have retired in Calgary since 1972.

Andy Murray
by A. P. Murray

I was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, December 11, 1910. My folks, James and Ann Murray, moved from Scotland to Harwick, Vermont and then to Medicine Hat in 1912. My mother was left a widow with three young boys, James, William and myself, when my father was killed while riding on a bicycle in 1918. She then married Dan Mount and we moved to the Happy Hill area south of Eckville in March, 1921. We had our schooling at the Happy Hill School and, when I finished grade eight, I had to stay home to work, farming and clearing land. I also worked for Steve Reighley from 1927 to the end of 1930 during spring, summer and fall periods.

On June 30, 1938, I married Selma Pykalainen of Alhambra. We were married in the new house I built on the E½ 3-39-5-W5. In 1945, we sold our farm and bought a small cafe at Condor. I built a larger one and Selma operated it very well while I farmed in the Diamond Valley area south of Eckville. We sold the cafe to Garnett and Lillian Gardiner and moved to Sylvan Lake, May 1947.

We bought an old house owned by Len Rowan through Innes Realty. I rebuilt it and had a well drilled, plumbing installed with a field which we used until sewer lines were installed by the town. Besides farming the land we owned south of Eckville, I did carpenter work in town.

We had three children born on the farm at Alhambra, Gayle, Danny and Glen. Philip was born at Condor and the three youngest, Sharon, Bonnie and Shauna were born at Sylvan Lake. We had a loving

Danny Murray.

Uncle Jim Murray with Andy and Selma Murray and their children and grandchildren.

family and the credit for this goes to Selma who was always so capable, kind and considerate.

I joined the Kinsmen Club when it began in Sylvan Lake and was a member until it dissolved. I also joined the Sylvan Lake Service Club and enjoyed working with the group: Jack May, Frank Bloom, Jack Innes, George Armeneau, Jack Pell, Norman Fisher, Robert German, Jack Sunell, Joe Untinen, Jack Tooley, Bob Speedie, Adie Kanten and others. We planted trees around town, some have been removed but there are others still in town.

We organized a Lions' Club which did a great amount of good work as a service club. It still continues to function in town. When the curling building first began there was a tremendous amount of voluntary labor put into it. I was one of the 20 members who signed a note as security. We went through a difficult period with no money coming in and the Imperial Bank intended to foreclose and take over the building, but thanks to Mr. Bloom, he paid the bank and carried the note until enough funds to pay him off were available.

For a number of years I was a trustee of the Sylvan Lake School. On the school board were: Dan Sontag, Ada Hagerman, Cliff Duffield, Andy Nyman and myself. During this period, the first buses to Red Deer's River Glen School were organized.

In 1954, the town councillors asked me to be the Town Supervisor and I accepted. The sewer was being installed in the town by an engineering firm in Edmonton. It was a total mess in 1954 and 1955 for those were rainy years and the streets were excavated. Bob Schaer and Mike Podgurski were my reliable help and when I think back how hard we worked with such inadequate equipment, I marvel at how much we achieved. We had an old half-ton, an old three-ton, an old grader and a small Ford tractor on Bombardier tracks. The town had such a small budget to work with and yet expected so much from us. I was on 24-hour call but Bob and Mike were always ready to assist me. We worked many hours overtime but were never paid for it. About 15 years later, they began to pay overtime. We also worked five and a half days a week.

During the summer we hired students, boys and girls to cut grass and paint buildings. At that time, we had the Centennial Park, all of the beach, cemetery and town boulevards to cut. They wore out many push mowers over the years. They were a great bunch of youngsters and are worthwhile citizens. There were many swim events and regattas held at the beach over the years. Our crews helped with bleachers, signs and floats and, as usual, cleaning the beach. In the winter, there were car racing and skidoo sports, also a skating marathon, all of which required cleaning and flooding of the ice.

The town could not afford an engineer so with

permission from the Alberta Government I was able to install sewer lines and pave some of the streets.

During my 23 years with the Town of Sylvan Lake, I worked under nine mayors and 35 councillors. There were many good people among this group, ladies and men. I believe the one most willing to sacrifice his own time to help with public works, parks and beach and other committees, was Ken Wilkinson, whether as mayor or a councillor.

When I began work with the town, Bob Pugh was secretary. He was followed by John Meyers, Roy White and Doug Balfour. Doug passed away and his wife Wilma carried on the work as secretary. Later, Jean Palmer was hired to assist Wilma. They were always ready to help me in the problems that we had.

In 1976, I retired from the town and went into the construction business with my boys, Glen and Philip, building houses in Olds and Sylvan Lake. In 1981 I retired completely and am enjoying life at home with Selma, as our family are married and have their own homes and children.

Bonnie Murray
by Mrs. Dave Thompson

I loved the fall best, growing up in Sylvan Lake. As if by magic, the hectic rush of the tourist season would disappear immediately after Labour Day. A kind of tranquility would settle over the town and, once again, it took on the feel of a rural community. On Indian Summer days, as the trees turned golden along the lakeshore, the lake itself seemed to have solitude. The beaches and pier were deserted; they were ours once again! Then we could take our bikes after school and ride along the edge of the water, trying to stay just enough in the waves to hear the splish of our tires, but not in deep enough to be splashed. Then we could ride wherever we wanted on the empty piers.

Like the rest of the town, those piers were busy in summer. They were the meeting place of the town kids and the most popular sport was to be thrown off them into the lake by your friends. Swimming lessons were held on the pier; despite taking beginners for several years and juniors for another few, I never learned to swim very well, but I had a good time on the pier!

From the time we were small to teenagers, summer gave us an opportunity to make extra money. As little girls, our enterprising brothers, who were always full of schemes, had us selling newspapers for them on Main Street and the beach. My sister Sharon and I, dressed in pretty little "skort" sets with bouncing ringlets faithfully brushed in every day by our Mom, did pretty well! In my teenage years, I

David Thompson family: Kara, David, Bonnie and Sonya.

worked at Hannigan's Drive Inn, once again for my brother, Phil. As many of my friends also worked there, or at other summer jobs, it was often as much fun as work, although on hot days when the beaches were full and the lake looked so inviting, we worked hard.

Sonya and friend in Nigeria.

Although we never had a TV until I was 15, I seldom remember being bored. We played everywhere and with all the neighborhood kids; we were all over town and into the countryside for hikes, picnics and bike rides. As little kids, our favorite hike was out to the half-mile spring along the railroad tracks. Out there, as well, when I was a pre-schooler, I remember being taken for horse rides by Gayle and Danny, as there were horses there for rent. Catching tadpoles and trying to raft on the little slough by the railroad by the skating rink on Main Street was another favorite pastime as a little kid. So were bike rides out to the sandhills to catch garter snakes, as we got older.

Although a misfortune, a fire in town caused a lot of excitement. In a way, it was like a come-as-you-are party as everyone dropped what they were doing and rushed to the fire. As kids, without realizing the responsibility of the firemen, we thought it was funny to see them appear at breakneck speed with shaving cream still on their faces or their suspenders down. However, the fire I remember most vividly was the Prom Hall. I must have been fairly small as I remember being wrapped up and taken to see the smouldering ruins and I was impressed by the solemnity of the occasion.

In winter, school and sports were the focus of our attention. Outside of school, the skating rink was the meeting place, although another attraction, by junior high, was going for pop after school or after a game. This really meant hanging out in the cafes on Main Street, one or other being the most popular, depending on the welcome by the owner.

Growing up in a big family in a small community there was always something to do, from picking peas on a hot summer day to family sing-songs or from homework to helping organize a school function.

I've shared my life since 1969 with Dave Thompson, my high school sweetheart, and my two daughters, Kara and Sonya, who arrived in the next two years. We've lived in Edmonton and Lethbridge where we both worked and attended university. We settled in Edson for five years where Dave taught in a Junior High School and I worked in regional community development for Alberta Recreation and the Alberta West Central Health Unit. We then moved to Nigeria, Africa, where Dave and I both taught at a Teacher's Training College in the bush in Northern Nigeria. This gave us an opportunity to travel throughout West Africa and a leisurely trip home through Europe.

Presently, I'm living in Toronto with my daughters, studying film production, while Dave is living in our home in Sylvan Lake and working as a settlement counsellor for Central Alberta Refugee Effort (C.A.R.E.). As we keep returning to visit our parents and staying at times, Sylvan Lake seems to be our permanent home. We have our own place in Sylvan called, "Glengarry"; it was used in the early days of Sylvan Lake as a maternity home and, of personal history to me, was previously owned at different times by two of my favorite teachers, Mr. Cody and Mrs. Elmer Peterson.

Gayle Murray
by Mrs. Steinar Haugen

Do you remember when the Saturday evening entertainment at Sylvan Lake was sitting in the car on Lakeshore Drive to watch the people stroll by? The fun we had at a wiener roast across the lake or a midnight swim are all fond memories of growing up in Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Kinna was my first teacher in Sylvan Lake in grade two at the Legion Hall in 1947 when I came to stay with my grandparents, John and Serafina Pykalainen, until my parents Andy and Selma Murray, moved from Condor, Alberta. School was great in Sylvan Lake; up on the hill I went to grade nine; for the high school grades we were bussed to Red Deer. Who could forget a teacher like Mr. Cody, a man who was respected because we knew he meant what he said, as well as for being a good teacher?

Because Sylvan Lake is a resort town, every teenager had a summer job. I began baby-sitting for tourists when I was 12 and graduated to a real job clerking at Cec. Ritz's drugstore. After work, we always went for fish and homemade chips or a hamburger on the lakeshore at Leedham's.

I was the oldest in the Murray family. My brothers were Danny, Glen and Philip and my sisters were Sharon, Bonnie and Shauna. We had many wonderful neighbors and friends. Our close neighbors put up with many antics, such as the "runaway knock" game. In the days of private pumps, I remember announcing from the upstairs window the birth of my long-awaited sister (after three brothers) to "Stub" Cairns one June morning, just after dawn, when he came to get water from our pump for his horses. He used to haul coal and freight on his dray.

Can you imagine having neighbors like Abel and Lydia Jarvin who had a real live coyote pup which could be seen racing off with our dinner, swallowing sausages as fast as he could! He slipped in through a loose corner of the screen door just as my mother set down her shopping bag. Scamps that we were, we were occasionally caught "rubbering" on George Armeneau's telephone calls on our party line, but he didn't let us get away with anything and was known to tease us unmercifully.

Our home was open to everybody and often extra

plates were added at mealtime. Mrs. Nielsen, who lived across the back lane to the south, helped Mom by hanging clothes outside, especially in the cold weather. She expected, and got, good behavior from us, or else! To this day, I can remember the tasty treats she brought us in little round "Ebelskievers".

As a family, Mom and Dad did lots of fun things with us. Things were not always easy or convenient, such as camping for ten days with five children with out modern camping equipment, while on a trip to Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, U.S.A. Picnics on the beach when we rented surf boards, or berry-picking trips west and fishing for trout in the streams, were happy summer-time events.

Our yard was often like a barnyard or zoo as we begged to go horsesback riding like the tourists, or when the boys brought home wild "critters". Even the house wasn't off limits to our magpie, which once caused a flurry of excitement by landing on our neighbor's head (Mrs. Altic). Our house became the home of a pair of amusing and entertaining chipmunks housed in a roomy cage with wheels inside, which my dad had made and, of course, our cat and the dog, Rumpus. Money-making schemes when we showed home movies and charged admittance were a source of some revenue as was the collecting of empty bottles and picking up dropped change by crawling under the pier by the boathouse.

Mom loved to have us sing and, for a while, we entertained as the "Murray Gang" at town variety concerts and for some organizations. What a time she had getting my brothers to co-operate with their piano duet as they sometimes ran out of keys! They quite enjoyed the juggling act with baby sister Shauna. Dressed alike, Sharon and Bonnie were real hits singing, "I don't want to play in your yard". We had wonderful, patient, piano teachers, Mrs. Penny McCutcheon and Mrs. Grutter.

I attended the Gospel Chapel and have wonderful memories of warm and caring people who encouraged us as young teenagers (myself, Audrey and Pat Flick, Ann Balfour, Joyce Barker, Shirley Freeman and others). As well as awareness of spiritual needs, they helped us take responsibility and made us feel needed. The faithful pastors and their wives, the Pedersons, Tylers and Johnsons, did much in helping me form values.

Because my Mom and grandparents, John and Serafina Pykalainen, were Finnish, we had many friends from the Marianne District and the Apostolic Lutheran Church who influenced our lives very positively. Many visiting ministers stayed at our house. My grandparents had come from Finland and loved their sauna so it was common to go visiting Saturday night and enjoy a steam bath with your friends.

Some sad memories: of stormy evenings when the lake was dragged for drowning victims; funerals of friends and of my brother, Danny, who was killed in a car accident at 17 years. These were softened by the caring community.

After I finished high school in Red Deer, I decided to go into nurse's training at the Calgary General Hospital. The $300.00 bursary I was awarded by

Gayle Murray's graduation.

The Steinar Haugen family: Paul, David, Steinar, Gayle and Cathy.

the Red Deer Nurses' Association was a great help. Following the footsteps of Helen Fisher, our neighborhood nurse, I graduated in 1960. Helen was the authority we all went to see with our health problems or accidents. I worked at Ponoka for three months and then enjoyed being closer to home, nursing at Eckville until I was married to Steinar Haugen of Camrose.

We lived in Calgary two years where Steinar taught Industrial Arts. In 1963, we moved to Outlook, Saskatchewan, Steinar's home town, where Steinar taught at the Lutheran Collegiate Bible School for six years. Living in a boys' dorm in a private school gives one many tales to tell. David, Kathy and Paul were all born in Outlook. In 1968 we

moved to Cumberland House, Sask., where Steinar taught in an Indian village — the oldest inland trading post in Western Canada! I nursed part-time at the outpost hospital and we enjoyed learning to live off the land as Steinar hunted and fished.

Wonderful opportunities to travel were ours as we moved to Lahr, Germany, where Steinar taught children of the Canadian Forces personnel. We travelled all over Europe, the Middle East, Russia, Cameroons and Nigeria in our holidays. We were excited to see relatives in Scotland, Finland and Norway as well as getting to know wonderful German people in our village where we lived.

Putting down roots, we are living on our quarter section in a little old farmhouse west of Olds. Country living with lots of animals has been wonderful for the children. We are also pleased to be near our relatives in Alberta.

When I see how Sylvan Lake has grown, it is hard to believe the fairy-like half-mile spring ever existed. I wonder, for me, what are the important things in life? Faith to trust in God, parents who loved and enjoyed us, wonderful grandparents, the Mounts and Pykalainens, an Uncle Jim whom we loved so much we fought to sit by him, neighbors and friends who encouraged us, work and play — and a community which helped us grow in every way — thanks, Sylvan Lake!

Glen Murray
by Selma Murray

Glen attended school here in Sylvan Lake and in Red Deer after which he apprenticed with Tony Dietrich of Sylvan Lake in a bricklaying course at the Northern Institute of Technology (N.A.I.T.). His summer jobs from the age of 15 were cooking at Hannigan's Drive-In, clerking in Cobb's Ltd. and Bloom's Hardware, working out west in construction on the new David Thompson Highway.

Previous to these years, he tilled gardens and cut grass for spending money and, throughout the years, he helped his father on the farm in the busy seasons.

Glen secured employment in Calgary as a bricklayer. He married Charlotte Davidson, daughter of Sam and Molly Davidson of Sylvan Lake, in Calgary. He was a bricklayer for many years, then went into building houses with his brother and his dad.

Charlotte has been a teacher of Laboratory Technology at the Southern Institute of Technology (S.A.I.T.) for many years. They have two daughters, Michelle 15 and Barbara 13.

In 1981, Glen and his family went to Nigeria to visit his sister Bonnie and family and then travelled through Europe and Great Britain.

Glen and Charlotte Murray, Barbara and Michelle.

Philip Murray
by Philip Murray

Growing up in Sylvan Lake in the 1950's was a great life. I have fond memories of tagging along with my older brothers, Glen and Danny, and their friends to the half-mile spring and to the forts we built in the golf course woods. Many times they were reluctant to have little brother along, but their friends sometimes talked them into letting me go along with them. I recall Mike and Peter Reid as being especially good that way.

Learning to swim at Sylvan Lake was also easy when you had older brothers for coaches. When they decided I was old enough to learn, they just kept throwing me in, then jumping in and pulling me out until I learned to dog paddle. I also remember diving from the bleachers on the old pier into three or four feet of water; the tourists were always amazed and I sometimes made a little extra money with shallow dives. Swimming lessons were a must and I took them with everybody else. When I was about 10 or 12 years old, Bob Stewart came to town from Australia and took over the swim and lifeguard programs. He

Philip Murray at age three.

formed the Sylvan Lake Life Saving Society and many of us "Lakers" joined. We all had to earn our bronze medal and take special lifesaving courses. Bob taught us how to make special surf boards similar to those used in the ocean in Australia, which we built in the old B.A. garage across from Varsity Hall. We also built a reel with a long rope and a special lifesaving harness and wore small beanies while we were on lifesaving patrol. The town allowed us to convert an old washroom on the beach to a clubhouse and we had a great time.

We also played lots of sports. The coaching and play was not always up to Olympic standards, although at the time we often thought our play was. Over the 12 years I played hockey with a great group of fellows. We always had the same nucleus of players, from year to year, and established rivalries with Benalto, Eckville, Bentley and Rimbey. The group included myself, Bob Pell, Sven Larsen, Ron and Randy Weir, Barry Dorin, Joe McCutcheon, Larry Stanfield, Gerry Smith and Charles Lindsay. I also remember the steam baths after hockey games until 1:00 a.m. with Bob Pell, Sven Larsen and Larry Stanfield and the snowball fights that ensued.

We all played football and baseball and, after grade eight and the new school gymnasium was built, we played basketball, too. Many thanks to my dad and the other fathers who always thanklessly drove for us and cleaned the rink. I now can understand how much time they gave to us that we didn't appreciate fully.

I enjoyed my school days in Sylvan. I was lucky to have had excellent teachers, among whom Mrs. Woima, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Rozier, Mr. Blick, Mr. Davidson and, most of all, Mr. Cody, stand out in my memory.

In grade six, the rural kids started going to school in Sylvan. Harvey Staudinger, Glen and Roger Hilman became very good friends. The addition of the rural kids to our school made us "town" kids wiser (and we found out we weren't so tough).

For grades 11 and 12, I went to Red Deer and enjoyed taking high school there at Lindsay Thurber Composite High School.

From my early days on, I was always interested in earning my own money. I started selling papers at six and had my own route by eight. I sold papers until I was twelve, then also mowed lawns and rototilled gardens. At 15, I started working at Hannigan's and continued working there for the next summers. I worked there with a lot of the Sylvan Lake kids; we worked hard, but also had some fun times. The last five years I was also manager and paid my way through university by working there.

Farming also played a role from my earliest days in Sylvan Lake. My brothers and I worked on dad's and Uncle Jim's farms south of Eckville, especially at harvest time. Many of our school holidays I stayed at Hilman's and Staudinger's and helped (hindered) with all their chores. My heart was not in it, though, so I never became a good farmer.

After completing high school in Red Deer, I went to the University of Alberta to take engineering. I enjoyed university immensely, my marks weren't great but I sure had a good time. I made many new friends and also met my future wife, Carol McKay, from Leduc, Alberta, there. Carol is the daughter of Louise McKay and the late O. K. McKay, who was a longtime postmaster of Leduc.

Bob Pell played hockey for the same team as Carol's brother Ray and introduced us at a Frosh dance. Carol and I were married in 1968 shortly after she completed nursing school at the University Hospital in Edmonton; then she worked to put me through my final year of university.

I interrupted my university education one year to travel in Europe with my university friend, Bob Boyd, now Dr. Bob Boyd on the emergency staff of Red Deer Regional Hospital. We travelled in most of the European countries, from Spain to Finland. I felt

fortunate to be able to explore my Scottish and Finnish roots and to meet my relatives, some of them great aunts and uncles. Also, the numerous historic sites were of great interest. We travelled by car in which we slept at times. We left in November and returned in the spring.

After I graduated as a Civil Engineer I worked for Northwestern Utilities in Edmonton while Carol continued working at the University Hospital as an R.N.

In my spare time, I built a house in St. Albert with a friend of mine and when we sold it we were able to purchase our first home in Edmonton.

Phil and Carol Murray and children, Greg, Sheri and Debbie.

We have three children: Greg born in 1971; Sheri, born in 1973, both in Edmonton; and Debbie, born in 1976 in Calgary.

In 1974 we moved to Calgary where I worked with the Energy Resources Conservation Board as a pipe line engineer. In early 1976, I joined my father and brother Glen in a construction company and also worked in land development with Cega Properties in Calgary.

In 1980 we moved to Kamloops, B.C. where I worked on my own in land development and apartment renovations. In July, 1982 I joined Inland Natural Gas in Kamloops as an engineering supervisor and presently work there.

Our family try to get back to Sylvan Lake whenever we can. We like to visit our parents and the town still seems like home to me. It's grown a lot and changed a little, but it's still "good old Sylvan."

Selma Murray
by Mrs. A. P. Murray

I get to say the last word as Andy and most of the children have recorded their stories. Sylvan Lake has been home to us for 36 years, a longer time than I have lived anywhere else. Previously, I had lived at Alhambra (dear to me because it was my childhood home), Leslieville, Eckville and Red Deer (at which places I attended high school), Camrose (where I trained for my first class teacher's certificate, 1930-31), Happy Hill District (south of Eckville) and Medicine Valley District (north of Eckville), at which latter places I taught school for five years before my marriage, then settling on the farm at Alhambra for seven years.

Two years of operating a restaurant at Condor, Alberta, without modern conveniences and four small children, proved too much for my health; we sold the business and moved May 24, 1947 to Sylvan Lake to live on 48 Avenue West.

I fondly remember all the kind and helpful neighbors many of whom, by now, have passed away. Mrs. Dan Armeneau befriended and often baby-sat the little ones, while Mr. Armeneau gave me rides to Red Deer when Andy was busy. Ellen Armeneau also helped with the little ones, once caring for Bonnie as a baby when we were on a trip to British Columbia. George, her husband, was the jovial fishing partner for Andy, along with Jack Pell and others. Mrs. Dagmar Nielsen, who hung out our large washes to save my hands the resulting aches caused by freezing temperatures, also helping me in other ways. Dickie Ferguson often baby-sat Bonnie and Sharon when I went shopping.

All these kind deeds were done without thought of remuneration. Mrs. Ruth Altic spent much time at our house and often turned out a tasty batch of cookies while there. Though not living close by, Mrs. Elsie Peterson often stopped by and, finding clothes ironing in progress, would finish a large heap of ironing (no permanent press clothes then). How much such (and many more) deeds of kindness eased my often weary body, especially as I had health problems, so that I am most thankful to all of them. We often had sing-songs and happy times with all the neighbors; there was more time for visiting as television had not invaded homes to a large extent. The Cairns, Jack Wuoris, Andy Jarvins, Dick and Heather Swainson and Hainsworths were all kind neighbors.

There was much work raising a large family without the conveniences we have now, but we had a great many happy times — evenings when the whole family gathered with Gayle on the piano, Danny on the accordion, Andy playing the violin, the rest join-

ing in song. Whenever we were driving anywhere, we all sang choruses, hymns and songs or played games, big and small participating. Sometimes Mrs. Grutter stayed after music lessons were done to play and sing, also. She had her music pupils' recitals a few times at our house. The children each brought their friends to play in the yard or house, so there were often extra plates on the table and extra children overnight. Even in Gayle's time in nurses' training, she brought several girls at a time for weekend visits and Phil would arrive with a group of university pals and utilize whatever sleeping room could be found in the playroom downstairs. Our yard was generally full of children at play.

I must remember to mention how often, when Andy saw my weariness, he would take the mop from my hands and do the task himself or he would busy himself with the sinkful of dishes or change the baby when necessary. I am also thankful to him for his assistance with my father when Grandpa Pykalainen shared our home for the last six years of his life. Otherwise, he would have been a nursing home patient.

It is a most practical thing to have a daughter such as Gayle, the oldest in the family. How good she was with all the other children from a very young age and, though she busied herself with a great many extra organizations, church and jobs to earn money, she still was a great help to me. Generous, too, she was with her brothers and sisters, sharing money and buying them gifts. However, I must say, also, the others were generous too and many were the times their banks were emptied to surprise me, or some member of the family, with a gift.

A great sorrow befell us October 31, 1958, when Danny was injured in a car accident near Leduc and passed away the next day, at age 17, in the University Hospital. He had just been laid off from work driving packer on the runways just being built for the new International Edmonton Airport and was out driving with Galen Heth and Gerald Hilman, both of whom survived. Danny had his elementary schooling here and had taken most of his high school in Red Deer. He had good musical ability and played the piano accordion and piano. He was fond of fishing, game bird hunting and hockey. God poured out His love and comfort through the love and caring deeds showered upon us by friends and neighbors.

Our children attended the Pentecostal Sunday School in earlier years but, when the church building was obtained in the Marianne District, they attended church and Sunday School with the Apostolic Lutheran congregation.

Andy and I belonged to the usual parent organizations — the Home and School of which I was president and secretary, Scout and Cub Parents, etc. and Knitterbugs was a time of relaxation for me.

We have looked far and wide in the World but Alberta and Sylvan Lake always seems a beautiful place to which to return. We have felt fortunate to travel to many lands in the Orient as far as India and Nepal, to experience all the varieties of land from desert to tropic in Australia, to see beautiful New Zealand, Fiji, American Samoa and Hawaii. We visited our daughter Gayle and family twice in Germany where her husband taught for four years. We have, on these and other journeys, seen most of the European countries except for the Iron Curtain ones, partly due to both of us having a desire to visit relatives in Scotland and Finland, so have been to other countries enroute. Because Bonnie and Dave were in Nigeria, we visited there and, at the same time, toured Israel, Egypt and Greece. We waited till we were older to travel, but all our children have been to many foreign countries. We also have seen much of the United States.

In conclusion, we thank God for this land which still is blessed with a good measure of freedom, abundance and beauty. We give thanks for a healthy and caring family and grandchildren. We pray that, as their names are recorded in this book, may they also all be one day recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life, as spoken of in the Holy Scriptures.

Sharon Murray
by Mrs. Bob Johnson

Thinking back about Sylvan Lake, many memories come to mind. Hazy childhood memories of huge bonfires on the lakeshore, skating on the lake with my brothers and sisters before I could really skate well. Wiener roasts, going to the roller skating rink with adults, parades where anyone who wanted to could participate. We decorated our tricycles and rode along with everyone else.

My memories are clearer from the time I started school. In the spring there was lots of water in the ravine by the railway tracks and there always seemed to be a raft just waiting to be used.

Walking along the old wooden pier was a favorite pastime also and, as we became teenagers, it was often a meeting place. I remember selling newspapers on the beach with my little sister Bonnie, in the summer when I was eight or nine years old and making more in tips than my brothers. As teenagers, the beach and pier were great social spots in the summer. There were always hordes of tourists and other people around. However, when summer was over and all the tourists left, the town once again seemed to belong to those of us who lived there.

Pyjama parties were great fun and I often think of

Bonnie and Sharon Murray modelling dresses made by Gayle.

the many my girl friends had. We rarely got much sleep and I'm sure our parents didn't either. Other events I remember clearly were town fires. In retrospect, I realize that town fires were a kind of social event. When the fire alarm went off, everyone dropped what they were doing and rushed off to the fire.

School was the centre of our social lives. In both junior and senior high school there were many things to become involved in, basketball, curling, sport leagues, student council, newspaper and year book. I was involved in all these events. When I was in junior and senior high school, Sylvan Lake had an excellent basketball team and we actually went to provincials several times.

Some of my teachers were, Mrs. Kinna, Mrs. Rathwell, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Rozier, Mrs. Woima, Mrs. Jarvin, Mr. Bowles, Mrs. Rheaume, Miss Scharff, Mr. Kumalo, Mr. Green, Mr. Cody and Mr. Blick.

As a teenager I worked at Hannigan's take-out restaurant on Lakeshore Drive for four summers. At that time, it was a very busy place and, as well as making some spending money, most of us who worked there became friends and enjoyed many good times.

I am presently living in Calgary with my husband, Bob Johnson, and our two little girls, Megan aged five and Amy three. At this time, I am not working outside the home but when the children are older I plan to return to work, probably in social work which is what I did for four years before I had the children.

Bob and Sharon Johnson with children, Megan and Amy.

My husband is the son of the late Frank Johnson and Evelyn Johnson of Lethbridge. Bob's grandparents came from Arizona at the turn of the century to settle with their family in the Lethbridge area.

Although I have not lived in Sylvan Lake for many years, I often remember my home, childhood and adolescence and think fondly of that time and of the many good memories I have.

Shauna Murray
by Mrs. Dick Kovach

Memories of a busy and happy home, of smiling neighbors and of a spirit-filled school come to mind when I think back to those years of living in Sylvan Lake.

Being the youngest of seven children gave me an opportunity to watch older brothers' and sisters' comings and goings. How I waited for visits from Grandma and Grandpa Pykalainen, Grandma Mount and Uncle Jim! But to be allowed to visit Grandma Mount's farm! Watching beavers, jumping in the hayloft, wandering through the trees, picking wild

Dick and Shauna Kovach.

Lee and Nina Kovach.

flowers, drinking tea and eating Grandma's cookies and scones was special. The biggest honor of all was to brush Grandma Mount's beautiful long hair.

Mrs. Dan Armeneau's home was filled with love. Here, she served cookies with milk and even purchased toys so that I could join the children who were on "Romper Room". Even as I grew older, I enjoyed visiting her, accompanied by one of my nieces and nephews.

For every errand I ran for Mom to Mrs. Dagmar Nielsen's, a sucker was waiting at her house.

A big year for me was 1961. I was to be flower girl for my eldest sister, Gayle's wedding. What a thrill to be only six years of age and to walk down the aisle, wearing a blue flowing dress for someone as admired as she. Because we moved up the hill into a new house, I had a bedroom all of my own. To top it all, I actually was to start school! How I had longed to go to school! Miss Reid, Mrs. Marsden, Mrs. Raivio, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Woima, Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Davidson taught me in elementary classes. To this day, hearing "Puff the Magic Dragon" makes me remember Mrs. Marsden and her love for the song. What a delight to receive licorice allsorts from Mrs. Woima for correct math and spelling. To this day, I wonder what Mr. Davidson had in the room beneath the stairs.

Sylvan Lake was club orientated. In "J. A. "'s (Junior Auxiliary), sponsored by the Anglican Church, Jane Peabody and I walked up and down the streets selling trays full of flowers for their flower show. The club even sent us to Camp Kananaskis free for one week. "Explorers", sponsored by the Presbyterian Church, and Girl Guides were fun. Pedal Pushers taught me better handling of my bicycle while the Lifeguard Club gave us an opportunity to improve our swimming skills and to assist the lifeguard by helping when necessary. We even assisted in instructing beginners. The town offered us a Red Cross Safety Course in Red Deer so that we would be better qualified.

Those birthday parties! In January, we all waited anxiously hoping to be invited to Janice Leedham's pyjama party. In May, my birthday was followed by Rhonda Cody's and Jane Peabody's. To this day, I can't help but marvel at how Mom and Dad allowed me, one year, to invite 18 friends to stay overnight. Hotdogs, pizzas, popcorn, homemade popsicles, koolade and birthday cake were devoured. A sauna and then hours telling ghost stories and having fun followed. To fall asleep before 5:00 a.m. was something not to be done.

Those poor teachers! How they survived us some days, I'll never know. Mrs. Jarvin, Mr. Chelliah, Mr. Bland, Miss Ballantyne, Mrs. Martin, Mr. Kaul, Miss Christiansen and Mr. Cody taught Junior High, while Mr. Dixon, Mr. Grewal, Mr. Foster, Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Pizarro taught Senior High. Matchmaking Mr. Bland and Miss Ballantyne kept us busy. Mr. Kaul enjoyed teaching German and how Mr. Cody enjoyed explaining math problems to a struggling student! How pleased Mr. Grewal would become when a science experiment was completed minus spills and breakage! Mr. Foster was always presenting new games to illustrate social studies. How we enjoyed those five minute breaks! Mr. Pizarro and Shakespeare! Nothing was "stupid" to him. Ann Rowberry taught physical education and coached our

teams. Mr. Blick, our principal, loved to tease. Mrs. Rozier, our librarian, and Mrs. Nielsen, the secretary, were always ready to lend a helping hand.

The highlights of those days were the volleyball, basketball games, curling and skiing. I made the basketball team in grade nine and became a cheerleader in grade ten. What school spirit! Sylvan Lake was known far and wide for our excellent teams and great spirit. We cheered our girls' basketball teams to provincials in Redwater and our boys to Drumheller. The boys' beds were baby-powdered with corn flakes for texture while they were at a banquet in Drumheller. We cheerleaders remained behind doing this plus more. "Lou" Jacobs obtained the keys to Jake's car in which we had locked our suitcases. This all happened even before the boys discovered what had taken place.

Girls' Provincials were held in Sylvan Lake in Grade 11. We won the cheerleading competition and our team did well.

By grade 12, our school enrollment increased. We became a "B" school. For being so new in the league, our girls won many games. Mr. Leavitt, our art teacher, assisted us in making a Tasmanian Devil as a school mascot. Hot dogs, candy, magazines and ticket sales helped raise money for the year book, student council and cheerleaders.

Neil Jarvin, our faithful bus driver, drove us from school to school. Songs from Ann Rowberry's university years, were sung from the top of our lungs, two and three groups at a time. The hours Mr. Jarvin spent at tournaments, the patience and pleasure he portrayed when we won, is a real credit to him.

Living in Sylvan Lake was a child's dream. A lake to enjoy, a school with spirit and activities, friends and neighbors. Rhonda Cody and Jane Peabody were friends from when I was little. Doreen Mahoney, Karen Hansen, Brenda Bergstrom, Janice Leedham and Marilyn McNeil were only a few of the school friends I made. And their parents! To be greeted after school with fresh bread and buns at Peabody's, the numerous A and W root beers and burgers purchased by Mr. Cody, and the hospitality extended by all parents when visiting or sleeping overnight will always be remembered.

Following graduation in 1973, I worked as a playground supervisor teaching children how to make marionettes, candles and crafts. Sunny days were spent at the beach. Not only was it open to the town children but also those from the Parkland School for the mentally retarded. All children became friends.

Under the capable hands of Mabel Wilson, the matron, I joined the staff of the Senior Citizens' Lodge. Bessie Hainsworth, Daisy Halvorson, Mrs. Gunderson and Esther Larsen made working fun and the residents' smiles made working enjoyable.

During the years Grandpa Pykalainen lived with us, with twinkling eyes and grins, he kept my life interesting. In 1970, I was fortunate to meet his two sisters still living in Finland. A trio, comprised of Mom, Grandpa and me, 15 years old, flew to Oslo, Norway. The time spent looking for Grandpa in the Stockholm train station, where he got lost were some of the most anxious hours I have spent. Finally, we arrived in Turku, Finland. How he and his sisters cried and rejoiced upon seeing each other after a 60 year absence! The history learned, places seen and relatives met, added much to my life.

To my delight, in 1974, I accompanied Mom and Dad on their travels to Scotland, England, France and Germany. The highlights of Scotland were: meeting my relatives, especially my great aunt and uncle; visiting the spot in Aberdeen where Dad was born; and visiting Blair Athol Castle, the seat of the Murray clan. In England, besides the innumerable historic sites and buildings, I felt fortunate, as a library technician, to see the original manuscripts of famous documents and papyrus scrolls from ancient times at the library of the Oxford Museum and, in London, the British National Museum. We were even fortunate to see Queen Elizabeth and other royalty at the Braemar Highland Games in Scotland. To top off everything, it was a real joy to visit my oldest sister Gayle and her family in the quaint village of Dorlinbach in the beautiful Lahr area of Germany, as I had not seen them for three years.

In 1975, I received my diploma from S.A.I.T. Following this, I worked as a Library Technician at the Army Barracks' Archives, C.F.B., Calgary and, one year, at the Beiseker School.

In the spring of 1976, I married Dick Kovach, an electronic technologist. He was raised in Calgary, until age 14, when his parents, Elna (nee Staudinger) and Charles Kovach, and family moved to Spruce View to operate the family farm. He completed high school in Red Deer and received his diploma in electronics from S.A.I.T.

I worked for Imperial Oil while Dick was employed by the University of Calgary's Electrical Department and then by the Medical Research Services Department operating a repair shop.

After Lea Challis Tanya, our first daughter, was born in 1978, we longed to return to country life, where we still reside. Presently, we are farming with Dick's father in the Craig District, four miles north of Spruce View. Nina Danielle Lindsey arrived in 1981.

I often return to visit Mom and Dad. The old pier, boathouse and Varsity Hall have disappeared. The town has grown, new faces and ideas have appeared.

V. M. Neely

I grew up in Killam, Alberta, and finished high school there. I started my apprenticeship in pharmacy in Calgary in 1925.

I graduated in pharmacy at the University of Alberta in 1931. For the next six years I worked in different places and managed a drug store in Delia for two years.

While I was working in Liggett's Drug Store in Edmonton, I married Lucille Harrison from Stettler.

In 1937, I opened a store in Sylvan Lake in a building owned by Frank Bloom. In 1939, after the Cobb Grocery block burned, I moved to a new store on the site where Charles Weston formerly had a drug store.

In 1945, we adopted a baby boy, Don Allan David Neely, who is now a heavy duty mechanic working for Purvis Richie in Edmonton.

I was very active in curling, and won the Grand Challenge in Red Deer three times.

In 1948, our drug store was sold to Howard Gilchrist and we moved to Calgary where I managed a drug store for nearly two years.

In 1950, we moved to Jasper and opened a drug store. Two years later, I opened a second store. We lived there until 1960, then moved to Victoria where we are now living.

Ottley, Albert and Rachel (Baldry)

Albert was born at Swan Lake, Manitoba, in 1922. The family moved to southern Saskatchewan about 1924, then Albert moved to Sylvan Lake in 1941. Rachel and Albert were married in 1942. They have one son, Cameron, and one daughter Cherry.

Rachel and Albert worked in various areas throughout Alberta, returning to Sylvan Lake in 1960. Albert worked at the Untinen garage for over ten years, then at the golf course for a number of years. He has since been employed with seismic in winter months and water well drilling in summers. The family bought a farm in the Butte, Alberta area in 1979 and reside there. Rachel worked as waitress and later as cook at the cafes and the hotel in Sylvan Lake, with the exception of one year, when she worked at Michener Center in Red Deer.

Cameron married Diane Sym of the Eckville area. They have two children, Teri Lynn, and Cameron Trevor. They were divorced and Cameron has since married Jan Parke. Cameron is a qualified butter maker and has a Chef's certificate. He is now employed as a heavy duty operator. They live at Butte, Alberta.

Cherry married Clayton Reynolds, son of Art and Lillian Reynolds of Sylvan Lake, in 1967. They had

Cameron, Cherry, Rachel and Albert Baldry.

one daughter, Pamela Gayle in 1969. Clayton passed away in November 1969 with luekemia. Cherry has since married Ronald D. Peterson, son of Laura and the late Ernest Peterson of Sylvan Lake. Cherry and Ron have two girls, Mysti Rene and Jamie June. Ron has a water well and a seismic outfit. They live at Butte, Alberta. Cherry is a hairdresser and beautician. Pamela is in grade eight at the David Thompson school and Mysti is in grade four at the Condor school. Jamie was born in February, 1981.

The House of Palmer

4621-50th Street, Sylvan Lake

by Jean Palmer

Charles was born in Ayrshire, Scotland and came to Canada in 1912. I was born in the Calgary district. My parents were among the earliest Alberta pi-

Palmer girls: Jean, Shirley and Barbara.

oneers. My mother was nursemaid to Colonel Macleod's children and my father was cook on a C.P.R. construction gang. Father homesteaded in the Calgary district where the family later settled. My brother and his son now live on the farm. Father fought in the Northwest Rebellion and his service medal is in the Glenbow Museum.

Charlie and I met in 1919, married in 1921 and spent some time in Salmon Arm, B.C., then Lacombe before we came here. Jean was born in Salmon Arm, Barbara and Shirley after we came to Sylvan Lake. Shirley died at 14 and is buried on the hillside here.

Palmer house and Creamery, 1940.

Charlie Palmer and butter awards.

We came to Sylvan Lake in April 1926, where Charlie was to manage the creamery for Central Creameries of Calgary who had recently purchased the plant. Some years later we purchased it and then, in 1947, sold it to Mr. and Mrs. William Crockett. Charlie served in France in World War I and, on demobilization, learned his butter-making trade at Central Creameries, Calgary, later known as United Dairies and now a part of Silverwood Dairies of Canada. Central Creameries owned several plants in Central Alberta.

In those days there was great competition in the buttermaking industry at exhibitions all over Canada. At the Dairy Convention in Calgary in 1931 Charlie competed in the "All Canada" butter competition and won the gold watch.

The creamery was a rural school complete with belfry which the company's painter always called the "Schorsh" (church) till he removed the belfry. It had been moved into town and converted to the butter-making business by a Mr. Brodie, who sold it to Central Creameries.

The creamery was powered with a steam boiler, which had been converted from a threshing machine engine, with wheels removed. At night we had to use coal oil lamps as the only electric power in town was a small plant owned and operated by Harvey and Dave Jamieson and just served a few customers in the business area. When a new boiler was needed we purchased one from Koots Bros. in Eckville and it was Wally Koots who drove the steam engine to the creamery site, where it served temporarily outside the plant until it could be properly installed inside. (This involved cutting out part of the wall and then replacing it.)

The outside doors of the churnroom were left open at night in the hot weather. Someone fancied the whistle on the boiler and purloined it. It has since made itself known. On Hallowe'en the kids, with great glee, rolled the big engine wheels down the hill but it was not as funny when they had to roll them back again. One of the culprits could not run as fast as necessary and was caught. Mr. Speedie acted as Town Police Officer at that time and suggested a truck bring the wheels back, but my husband thought it would be more fun to have them returned in the same manner in which they left.

Our refrigeration was a large storage room filled with big blocks of ice cut from the frozen lake in mid-winter. The butter storage room was cooled by opening a trap-door to the icehouse at floor level as required. Needless to say, the ice was gone by mid-summer — a far cry from present day refrigeration. Our exhibition boxes were wrapped with newspaper, put in cardboard boxes, wrapped again and put in

larger boxes to be transported to the various exhibitions by rail express. In those plants that had modern refrigeration the butter was sharp-frozen, then shipped. We had excellent patrons and the cream supply usually graded special. The best of the cream was chosen for its flavor quality and was a credit to the many butter prizes won by the creamery. In 1932 the cups donated by the Alberta Department of Agriculture and DeLaval were won.

We frequently worked by lamplight in the summer, sometimes from necessity and often because of the coolness. Most of our butter was sold to the print trade. Bulk butter in 56 pound boxes was picked up by first, Bergstrom Bros. then Andy Bigam, who used a dray and team of horses to take it to the C.P.R. Express on its way to Red Deer on Monday morning. During the depression the wholesale price of prints was 14 cents. Special cream was 12 cents a pound of butterfat and the farmers said it was not worth the time to pump water to keep it sweet.

In later years, after Calgary Power came to serve us, we used electric power for light and to run the machinery. Steam was still needed for pasteurizing and for cleaning. The boiler was stoked with coal and, in 1935, we went into the coal business as there was a demand for the product. We handled soft coal from Drumheller and a hotter-type coal from Alexo. We sold the coal business to Ray Ferguson. Coal was cheaper fuel than gas but the supply was unreliable in winter, partly due to strikes. Domestic coal sold for as little as $6.25 per ton off the car and we received 25¢ a ton if no one defaulted. The demand slackened when natural gas came to town.

At various times in the summer the engine ran all day Sunday, pumping a supply of water for the town. A water tank like the threshing machines used, with driver Jake Spinks and a team of horses sprinkled the dusty streets. For this we received 50¢ a tank and only once was the street out front sprinkled!

Visitors came up the hill, turned at the creamery and went back. There were few buildings south of the tracks so nothing to see except the school, which consisted of two rooms with a third one added later — now the Town Office.

For excitement in the summer we used to go to the CPR Depot when the train brought summer visitors on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. There was no bus service at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Graham were the proprietors of the Sylvan Lake Hotel and Miss Thelma Graham met the train and transported guests to the hotel. There were gracious hosts living in the hotel in those days and many lovely banquets were enjoyed in the dining room. Some of our New Year's Eve balls were held there. Dressing rooms were provided and we danced in the dining room. A sumptuous supper was provided by various individuals and to my knowledge no one was ever paid. I do not remember about the music. The rotunda was furnished with comfortable chesterfields and easy chairs, as well as cabinets with personal ornaments and fine china. The room boasted a wood-burning fireplace and frequently a cheerful fire. Often guests were invited to the family table in the dining room. I recall Annie Leicht was one cook and in later years Amy Cull was the capable chef, who provided the best steaks in the country, as well as plenty of humor.

In our earliest days, snow plows were unheard of. Sylvan Lake Highway (Number 11) was not always usable so traffic used the Burnt Lake Trail, probably kept open by farm vehicles. Mostly the town was more or less snowed-in during winter and, in one instance, the CPR speeder was pressed into service for a quick trip to the hospital. Tobogganing was great sport, especially Sunday nights until midnight. The ambitious young people hauled the toboggans south to the top of the big hill, then rode down to the lakeshore and they were not very quiet about it. Lakeshore Drive was often snowbound so we used 50th Avenue (Railroad Avenue) which we dubbed "The Winter Road". It was low-lying and usually under water and boggy in the summer and unusable then. During spring run-off, streets were pretty soft and many a can of cream was carried a block or two to the creamery. Country roads, as well as our streets, were not conditioned in winter for cars. Farmers would stable their horses in our log barn while they attended to shopping and business matters. We went to dances at Evarts in a farm sleigh drawn by a team of horses. Frank Bardwell, our milkman, supplied conveyance for one such outing we had. Mr. Pell Sr. was the driver. When we returned home and he had delivered his passengers, team and sleigh, he returned here for breakfast, then it was time for everyone to go to work.

During the cyclone we were treated to one summer, a resident went into his cellar for potatoes. When he came back up the steps, the cabin was not there. The wind blew the paper off the wall in our house, also one window in and another out. The buttermilk tank at the rear of the creamery was lifted and soared through the air to the foot of the garden. Cream cans, lids and other articles were sent hither and yon, some of them never claimed.

Shortly afer we came here, the Knights of Pythias and the Sisters of Pythias formed lodges. Meetings were held in the hall above Koots' Store. Some years later, the lodges were dissolved. The Knights had some funds left and a visiting head lodge official assured my husband, who was custodian of the money, they did not wish to take possession. So, an

agreement was made with town officials, in 1934, that lots 1-8, Block 11, Plan 1549AJ, be purchased by the Knights of Pythias and the title be in the name of the Town of Sylvan Lake. The stipulation was that this parcel remain solely for recreation. The property contained a playground and a very good tennis court. At one time, the provincial tennis tournament was held here on Labour Day. The I.O.D.E. served refreshments from the tiny building then on the property (now the Information Booth on the lakefront). Mr. John Holsworth Sr. was first caretaker of the tennis courts.

Jean Palmer, Florence Tooley, Emily Speedie.

After we sold the creamery Charlie worked at various jobs, mostly as steam engineer at Penhold Air Base and at various oil rigs in winter. Following Charlie's death, I was employed at Blooms' Ltd. for five years and at the Sylvan Lake Town Office for seven years before I retired.

There was a period during my children's early teens when the Alexander Pavilion was hired in the winter for dances and the school children allowed to attend — a family affair, as I recall. I do not remember who organized the program, which I think was a weekly affair, but there was always a chaperone for the children. Whether it was a member of the school staff each time or others were involved, I do not remember. But I know Mr. Cody was there a number of times. And how the kids enjoyed it!

At another time, a program was organized for young people in the Presbyterian Hall, a building moved beside the church from the country. Mr. McSween offered to organize games, etc. Later, when the youths were in their mid-teens, there was no place for them to gather but the street corners so they came to our house, had coffee, crackers or whatever and a visit. Christmas night was their favorite. Don May played the piano for the singing which went on until the wee small hours. There were plenty of left-over dinner goodies for a midnight snack.

During the war years when the Royal Air Force was stationed at Penhold, Sylvan Lake was a favorite spot for the airmen. Many spent their weekends in town with their favorite families. One Christmas, the town was canvassing for invitations to the airmen for the Christmas season. I was the driver and Mr. Biss was the ambassador to the Commanding Officer with the invitations. The only drawback, at any time, was lack of transportation. Gas was rationed and extra car trips were taboo. Often it was a long walk back to base if the men did not get a lift on the highway, and the winters were cold during the war.

There were jitney dances (10¢ each) in the two dance halls in the summer. There was a railing around the dance area with gates here and there with, usually, a young man to collect tickets. On one side there were bleachers where the public could sit, watch and enjoy the scenes. The dancers trekked from hall to hall.

Over the years many bands played for the dances, usually for the entire season. I remember two: Sonny Fry's band and the Silver Tone Seven. Last March 17th it was my pleasure to hear Bruce Bristow of the latter band play during the dinner hour in the Highlander Hotel, Calgary. What I could have done with a paintbrush and canvas as I listened to those Irish melodies played with one hand on the organ and the other on the piano! A night to remember.

A few years ago the creamery was demolished and on the site now stands Sylvan Place — an 18-suite apartment.

In earlier days we could drop letters in a box in the C.P.R. baggage car returning to Red Deer. They were sorted by the attendant and sent on their way. One such I posted on a Monday morning was delivered in Calgary in the afternoon by Postie on his regular round — all for either a two-cent or a three-cent stamp. That was service with a smile and with efficiency.

Grandpa Ralph Palmer came to stay with us when we lived in Lacombe. He passed away, aged 82, in our house in the fall of 1932 and is buried beside Shirley. He helped at the creamery and tended the garden.

Charlie was a trumpeter in the army and obliged at numerous military functions. His "Last Post" and Reveille" sounded at many a serviceman's funeral, Armistice services or Decoration Day service. He joined the 12th Canadian Mounted Rifles and transferred to the 2nd C.N.R. He died in January, 1957. I was in the teaching profession and taught at various

centers. Our daughter, Jean, trained as a Medical Technologist and was the first Registered Laboratory Technician at the Red Deer General Hospital. She now lives in New Westminster, B.C. Barbara, the second daughter, took bank training and lives in Calgary. I am still holding down the fort in the house we came to in April, 1926. Home, sweet home.

Auni Parkkari

In 1921 Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Luomala purchased 13 lots in Sylvan Lake on 48 Street, north of the C.P.R. tracks. The daughters, Auni and Ina, were of school age at eight and six. The parsonage they lived in east of Eckville was three miles from the Saima School to which district it belonged. The plan was to build a dwelling on the lots so the girls would be closer to school. However, prior to school opening, we rented a cottage on Lakeshore Drive. Mother, younger brother Jack, and we girls moved in, in time for school, as well as the milk cow which was put in a small shed in the back yard. We were comfortable until the cold weather came and then it was impossible to live in the cottage. Mr. August Staudinger offered lodging with him during the cold winter months so mother and children moved there. Then the girls had only a short distance to school.

We attended Sunday School in the hotel down town. It was conducted by the Presbyterian congregation.

I remember a sad time when our school friend, Gunhilde Wold died. The school was dismissed for the funeral to which mother and us kids went. In later years, since moving to Sylvan Lake, I became acquainted with her brother Olaf and his lovely wife Irene, being picked up by them to attend services in Red Deer quite often.

We had normal days until the Easter holidays when we moved back to the parsonage. Then the girls were taken to school by dad and when the weather was good we walked home. In 1923 father purchased a farm about four miles to the north so we moved in the spring. A few years later, the parsonage was moved to Sylvan Lake to be the manse for the Presbyterian Church for many years. After the new church was built in 1976, to make room for a parking lot, the old manse was hauled away and burned. Rev. Stevens lived in the manse at one time and it was he who married Auni and Andrew Parkkari in 1933. Then, when Andrew Douglas was born in 1937, he was baptized in the same parsonage.

For our wedding present the folks gave us the 13 lots at Sylvan Lake. We paid taxes on them for a few years, then sold the first two lots to Mr. and Mrs. Forrester. He was a well driller. In 1945, we sold five lots at one time to Mrs. Lempi Junnila of Eckville at

Aune Parkkari and Ina and Jack Luomala.

$23.00 per 25′ lot. Soon after we sold the remaining lots for the same price.

In 1937 there was a small hospital at Sylvan Lake and Ina worked there for a short time. The matron was Miss M. Nelson and nurse Elva Yates assisted her. The doctor was Dr. Bloomis and the dentist was Dr. Fizzell.

Andrew Parkkari died suddenly October, 1961 of a heart attack. I continued farming and working out at many different jobs for eight years. In July, 1972 I sold the farm to Stin and Vivi Hansen and, in November, bought a house on 46 Street at Sylvan Lake from Fred and Pat Lyons but did not move there until May, 1973. The following year, son Douglas bought the adjoining lots also from Fred and Pat. Since there was a well there I was able to obtain a water supply for my house. Originally, this was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kanten Sr. and Adie.

I am thankful to my heavenly Father for the blessings of guidance and instruction in the many years I have lived alone but not lonely. I have been happy at Sylvan Lake. I find the people neighborly, friendly and helpful. I enjoy the company of the congenial ladies of the I.O.D.E. to which I belong. The Memorial Presbyterian Church is where I attend regularly under the capable ministry of Rev. John and Harla Yoos.

My son Douglas and his wife, Elisabeth, and family have been living in Red Deer since February, 1980 and the eldest children, Kay 20 and Keith 19, are on their own. The younger ones, Andrew 11 and Tina 9, are at home. Douglas is finance administrator at Michener Centre.

Daughter Nancy and children, Crystal and Steven, moved from Chatham, Ontario to live with me in February, 1976. Nancy worked at Michener Centre for over five years. In September, 1978 she moved to a house on 50 Avenue and, two years later, moved to Red Deer. On August 1, 1981, she married

John Petersen and they now live in Spruce Grove. Crystal, now 17, and Steven, 15, live with them also.

There has been much development in this area east and south of my place since I moved here in 1973. In place of the trees, there are homes as far as you can see. It is called the Palo Subdivision.

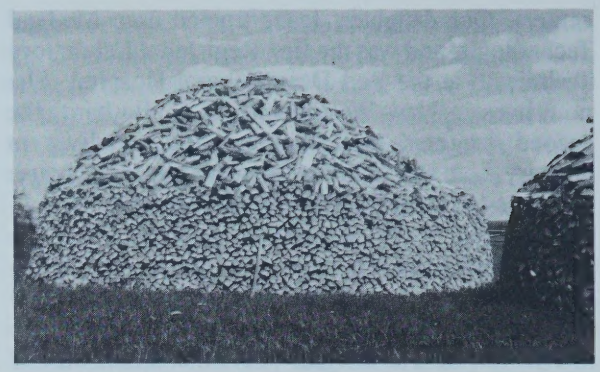
The Pastobak Family

Victor Pastobak left Seinajoki Waason Laanin, Finland, in 1888 for Hancock, Michigan, to work in the copper mines. Later, he came west to Winnipeg and worked on the C.P.R. grade. Here he was offered a team of oxen if he would file on a homestead, but he preferred to go back to work in the coppermines.

It was there in Michigan in 1890 that he met Hanna Peltonieme, who had, in May of that year, left Evijarvie, Finland for America. After an acquaintance of a few months, Victor and Hanna were married at Mastadon, Michigan, September 20, 1890. They lived for one year in Hancock and then moved to Rock Springs, Wyoming in 1891. A year later they moved to Belt, Montana where Victor worked in the coal mines for eight years.

In the spring of 1900, Mr. Pastobak with two friends, Mr. A. Pass and Mr. Matt Kaila, left Belt for the Northwest Territories in Canada to look for land to settle on. After having looked at land around Wetaskiwin, they came back to Red Deer and walked

Vic Pastobak Sr. and Uncle Wash Petro.



Woodpile on Pastobak farm.

to Snake (Sylvan) Lake. They were happier with the bush land in this area. Mr. Pastobak chose a homestead two miles west of the corner of Main Street where Don May's Paint Center is now. He returned to Belt and immediately brought his wife and four children, Ida, Edward, Victor Jr. and Vaino (Wayne), to Canada.

Travel was slow in those days and the lay-over when they had to change trains was long and tiresome. Arriving in Red Deer, a wagon and team was obtained to take them to their homestead. A previous flood had washed away the traffic bridge across the Red Deer River. The only way they could cross was to ford the team and wagon, load their goods on push cars and push them across the railroad bridge. Mrs. Pastobak and the children walked across the bridge.

There were no graded roads in those days, just trails winding through the trees and around the sloughs. The Pastobak family finally arrived at the home of the Wetelainens. Mr. Wetelainen had settled in, what is now, the Kuusamo District some years earlier and lived in a one-room log house near the Pastobak homestead. Here they stayed until the Pastobak one-room house was built. This house was made of logs with a sod roof. Everything in it was from the bush except the floor, stove, table and the two windows. It was built near an old Indian camp ground. Willow trees stuck in the ground and bent over, made frames which the Indians had covered with canvas and hides for sleeping places, were still there. Also, many prairie chicken snares were found.

There was a spring of clear, cold water on the hillside and it was used by the Pastobak family for many years before it went dry. An Indian battle ground may have been nearby for Ed Pastobak, over the years, found many fine arrowheads around the place. The first years the Pastobak family lived there, they saw great bands of Indians pass near their house using a trail to and from Snake Lake.

The old trail used by the early settlers going west,

crossed the southwest corner of the homestead. Many kinds of teams and rigs went by — horses, oxen, and sometimes a team made up of a cow and a horse would be pulling a wagon. The trees were dense around the house and Mrs. Pastobak often said that, if she wanted to see out, she had to look up at the sky.

One night in the early fall after the house was built, Mr. Pastobak wakened with a toothache. The next morning he set out to walk to Red Deer to have the tooth pulled. Soon after he left, it started to rain, turning to wet, heavy snow. The sod roof began to leak. Mrs. Pastobak had brought lovely sheets to the pioneer home. She draped them under the poles of the roof in a vain attempt to get the water to run down the walls. The only dry place the children could find was to huddle underneath the table that had oil cloth on top of it. When Mr. Pastobak returned from Red Deer he hauled boards and laid them over the sod. The roof never leaked again.

During the winter of 1900, Mr. Pastobak built a house for Arvi Leeti, a new settler. Later winters, he worked at the brickyard in Red Deer for 75¢ a day. He also worked in the coal mines in the Crow's Nest Pass.

Red Deer was the nearest post office. The settlers put a big box on a post three miles west of the Lake. Anyone going to Red Deer brought the mail for the whole district, put it in the box, and each family sorted their own.

The chief food was rabbits, fish, partridge and prairie chicken. There were plenty of blueberries and wild raspberries and enough vegetables were grown to last from one season to the next. Tobacco was bought in the long leaf and cut by hand.

The social life of the Finnish people was very nice. They visited each other often, putting the children in the wagon or sleigh box.

Victor Pastobak Sr. served as a trustee on the school board in Sylvan Lake for a number of years since their farm was within the boundaries of the Sylvan Lake S.D. #2595 and their youngsters attended the Sylvan Lake (Sylvan Dell) School. He passed away in 1938 at the age of 76, His wife, Hanna, died in 1954.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Pastobak raised eight children: Ida, Edward, Victor, Vaino (Wayne), Hilda, Elmer, Hilma and Ina.

Ida, Mrs. McIntyre, passed away in 1929 at Sedro Wooley, Washington.

Edward (Ed) moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge and later to the Red Deer Auxiliary Hospital. In his earlier years, Ed liked to go big game hunting each winter with Joe Untinen, George Daley and others. He is now 90 years old.

Hilda, Mrs. Houghton, lives in Kelowna, B.C. Her husband passed away in 1962. There were two children from this marriage, Robert and Gladys Houghton. Robert was married and had three sons and two daughters. He passed away February 7, 1979. His eldest son, Earle, was in the R.C.M.P. for a few years. He married Pat Teskey of Rocky Mountain House. They live in Rocky and have two daughters. Pat teaches school and Earle works for an oil company, Canterra. Robert Houghton Jr. is married and lives in Kelowna. He has two children, a son and a daughter. Larry Houghton lives in Kelowna and his two sisters, Gale and Sandra, live with their mother, Iona, in Kelowna. Gladys Houghton married Duane Umbach. They live on a farm west of Carstairs. They have three daughters and one son.

Hilma Pastobak passed away in Vancouver, B.C. in 1969.

In 1973, Victor, Elmer, Wayne and Ina retired and moved to Sylvan Lake. Victor served overseas in the First World War in the 21st Reserve Alberta Regiment. He is now one of only two surviving First War veterans living in Sylvan Lake. Vic has been a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Sylvan Lake Branch #212, for many, many years.

Elmer passed away after a short illness in 1977.

Ina and Wayne and Vic reside in their home on 47th Avenue West. Ina belongs to the Friendship Club and enjoys the social aspects of the Friendship Centre in downtown Sylvan Lake.

Ernest Pearson Family

by Annie Pearson

We only lived in Sylvan Lake for a short time during the war years from 1943-47, but to me they were very memorable years.

We were both from the Central Alberta area. Ernie was the only son of the Carl Pearsons of the Burnt Lake District. His mother was the former Annie Schill of Evarts, sister of the late Emil Schill of Sylvan Lake. My folks were the Jake Andersons of Markerville. Ernie had been in the army for a short time and was discharged for medical reasons, so he decided to start a general trucking business at the Lake.

We had a little girl by this time and lived on the hill near the A. P. Elevator and C.P.R. depot. Both have since been demolished.

We had such a good view of the lake from our kitchen window up there. One could always tell if a storm was coming just by looking at the lake. It was forever changing colors and I thought it was fascinating.

Later, we moved down town near the Pool eleva-

tor and rented a comfortable, winterized cottage from Mrs. Tooley for $15 a month and were very happy there.

Being wartime, so many everyday commodities were rationed. We were allowed only so many ration stamps for coffee, tea, sugar and butter. I found it quite a task to keep up with serving lunch to all the people Ernie brought home for coffee. Electrical appliances were hard to come by as well. We put in an order to Marks' Electric for a washer and it took months to get it.

We moved out to the farm at Burnt Lake in 1947, the same year our son was born.

Every Saturday night we looked forward to going to Sylvan. All the businesses were open late and everybody from far and near seemed to congregate at Sylvan Lake for shopping and visiting.

Ernie passed away as a result of a heart attack at the age of 45 and is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

After that, the children and I moved into Red Deer. Howard was only 15 and Phyllis already teaching her first school term at Innisfail. She married Eric Johanson of Burnt Lake and they have six children, all of whom attend the Sylvan Lake Schools.

Howard married Linda Winters of Red Deer. They have two children and live in Red Deer. Howard has a welding business called, Big Foot Welding Ltd.

As for myself, I worked at Michener Centre for many years and am now enjoying my retirement. I am an active member of the Red Deer Art Club and take part in all aspects of it and am finding it most enjoyable. Also, I am grateful to have good health and all my eight grandchildren nearby.

The Pell Family
by Mary Pell

John Henry Pell (better known as Jack) was born and raised in Scotland. In 1908 he married Mabel Edwards in England. Jack Pell emigrated to Western Canada the same year. His wife Mabel came a year later.

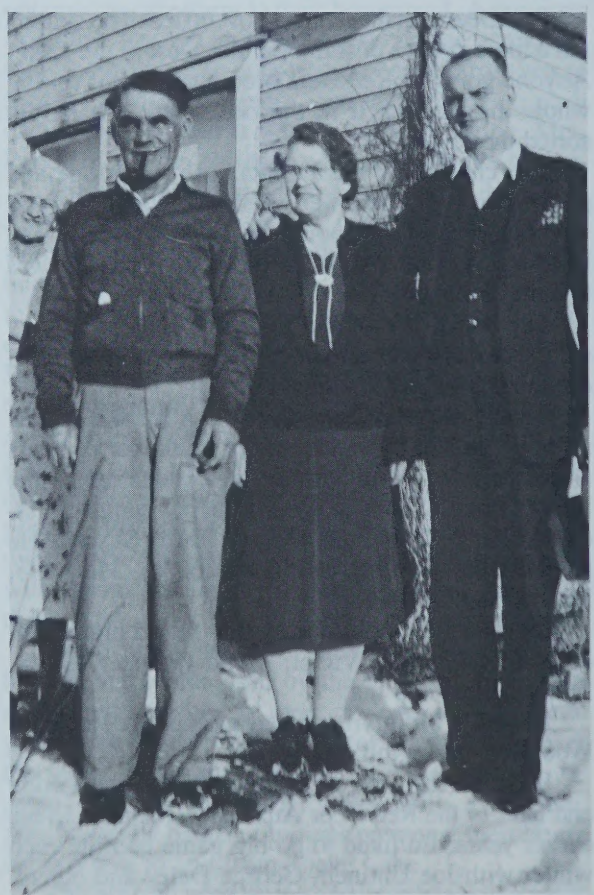
They worked at various jobs before they decided to settle on a homestead at Alhambra. They had two children, a son Jack and a daughter Margaret.

In 1922, Mr. Pell obtained work with the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the section. Mrs. Pell looked after the farm and Jack Jr. and Margaret went to school in Alhambra.

In 1926, Mr. Pell was transferred to Sylvan Lake as section foreman. He remained with that job until his retirement in the mid 1950's.

Their first home in Sylvan Lake was a section house alongside the railroad, across from the Alberta Pacific Grain Company elevator in the south end of

Jack Pell Sr.



Mrs. Innis, Jack Pell, Mabel Pell and Art Innis.

Margaret Pell Austinson with Marit and Neal.

town. They bought 10 lots on 49 Street with the intention of building a new house.

Mrs. Pell took a trip back to England in 1928 to visit her family. When she returned, her mother, Mrs. Edwards, came back with her. She lived with her daughter and son-in-law until she passed away in 1938.

The Pells always had a big garden and canning season was a busy time. A fridge or deep freeze was unheard of in those days. Fruit, vegetables, jams and jellies had to be preserved and canned when in season.

Mrs. Pell was especially fond of plants and flowers. She was good at making sprays, wreaths and bouquets. Mr. Pell built a greenhouse on their property which enabled him to grow lettuce, tomatoes and various flowering plants out of season. He also built a cottage which his mother, Mrs. Innes, occupied until she moved to Calgary.

Mrs. Pell was excellent at handwork. Many long winter evenings were spent knitting, crocheting and hooking rugs. There was no electricity so the work was all done by lamplight. However, they had a battery radio, which was a great source of entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Pell and daughter Margaret were enthusiastic curlers. As soon as the weather turned cold enough to make ice at the curling rink, the ski pants, heavy sweaters, boots and brooms would be ready and waiting. Bonspiel time was always exciting. Besides curling, the ladies were busy baking pies, buns, preparing stews and serving at the rink. After the games, each end was played over again, verbally, at the supper table.

Margaret Pell married Klaire Austinson. They lived in California for some time. They had two children, a daughter Marit and a son Neal. Both are married and have families of their own.

In 1942, the Pells left the section house and moved into a house vacated by their son Jack and family on 49 Street. Mr. Pell did some renovating on the building. It was their first home in Sylvan Lake that had electricity.

After Mr. Pell retired from the railroad he was able to devote more time to his garden and fruit trees. He served on the town council for one term.

Mrs. Pell belonged to the senior choir in the Presbyterian Church for a number of years. She passed away suddenly in September, 1959.

Mr. Pell moved to Edmonton and lived with his son, Jack, until his death in 1971. Both he and Mrs. Pell are buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Jack Pell Jr. Family
by Mary Pell

Jack Pell Jr. was born in Red Deer, Alberta in 1911. He came to Sylvan Lake with his parents in the late 1920's. He left home at an early age to look for employment. He did some farming, mining, truck driving or whatever was available. In 1932, he got a job as farm manager in Barkfield, Manitoba. This is where he met Mary Doerksen. They were married in Winnipeg in the spring of 1936 and moved to Sylvan Lake shortly after the wedding.

They built a small cabin on 49 Street and lived there until 1942. They had two sons: David, born in 1937 and Robert (Bob) in 1948.

Jack worked for Mr. Frank Bloom for several seasons from April to October. In 1939 he obtained steady work with Cobb's Limited, a general store.

Jack took a keen interest in community affairs and was an active member in Kinsmen, Service Club, Fish and Game and Chamber of Commerce. He served seven years on the town council. He was fond of outdoor sports, fishing and hunting. Many Sundays and holidays were spent trout fishing in the Raven and Clearwater streams southwest of Sylvan Lake. The Fish and Game picnic at Sundre was an annual event not to be missed.

In the early 1950's, Jack left Sylvan Lake. He remarried and settled in Edmonton. After working for the city for a number of years, he and his wife, Ellen, moved to Kelowna, British Columbia for their

Jack Pell, Frank Bloom and Jack May.

retirement. Jack was able to pursue his favorite hobby, gardening. He had quite an excellent rose garden and various other flowers and shrubs. Jack passed away suddenly in September, 1979.

In 1953, Mary joined the staff of the Imperial Bank of Canada in Sylvan Lake. She stayed with the bank until she retired in 1972.

Bob and David Pell.

David attended school in Sylvan Lake and one year in Red Deer. After he quit school he got a job type-setting for the *Sylvan Lake News*. He also worked at the Old Dutch Bakery. When the oil boom was on, he worked with Geophysical Seismic Incorp. The oil outfits were on the move a lot and David became well acquainted with the northern country from Alberta to the Arctic Circle. David married in 1970 and had two children, Kristine and John.

Bob Pell has some fond memories of Sylvan Lake. Helping Mr. Day with his horses during the summer was one of the highlights. Every dime he could save was spent on riding horseback. Then there was fishing and swimming. During the winter seasons he enjoyed skating and, as soon as he was old enough, he joined the PeeWee hockey team. Bob attended school in Sylvan Lake. After he finished grade nine he went to Edmonton to Jasper Place High School. He joined the school hockey team, the Jasper Place Mohawks. They won the Provincial Juvenile (A) Championship two years in succession. They travelled through the western states and played in some of the major cities between Seattle and Los Angeles. After Bob finished grade 12, he took two years at N.A.I.T. While in Edmonton, Bob met Lynda De Cruyenaere and they were married in 1969. They have two children, Dayna and Sean, and their home is in Wainwright.

Mary Pell has been an active member of Memorial Presbyterian Church where she has sung in the choir for over 40 years. She still resides, with her son David, in her own home where she is enjoying her retirement.

Peters Family

by Gerry Peters

We purchased our house at Sylvan Lake, situated at Borden Avenue and 3rd Street East, in the spring of 1945 from Belfontaines and rented it out for two years. The house was built by a Mr. Lockie in the year 1908. We moved to Sylvan Lake from Elspeth Siding on May 2, 1947 when dad, at 62 years of age, was forced into early retirement because of a heart attack. On May 25, 1947, dad passed away while enroute to Eckville Hospital for a check up.

With a family of six and no money, Mom had it pretty rough for a few years. She took in washing, ironing, sewing, cleaned cabins and the doctor's office to make ends meet. Somehow, we always had food on the table and clothes to wear. I am forever grateful for the fact she always managed to supply me with hockey and baseball equipment so I could participate in these sports. Also, my younger sisters always had lovely matching dresses and coats made by Mom. Mom's talents as a seamstress were widely known and very much in demand throughout the years. Many a lady had a dress, suit or gown made by Alma Peters.

Dad was born Derwood Belmont Peters (also known as Dave) in Kingston, Ontario, October 21, 1885. Dad came west and worked as a ranch foreman and at other jobs before spending 18 years as section foreman at Elspeth, six miles west of Sylvan. Mom was born Alma Esther Koskie, May 16, 1909 in Coleman, Alberta. She moved to the west shore of Sylvan Lake in 1911 where my grandparents, Sanfred and Maria Koskie, homesteaded. She married dad on February 6, 1932.

Richard Lawrence (Larry), the oldest son, was born in Red Deer, December 10, 1933. At school, Kuusamo and Sylvan Lake, Larry was a brilliant student who skipped two grades. When dad died in 1947 Larry, at age 13, took an after-school job at Balmoral Service Station to help out with family expenses. Later, he worked for May & Turner's Butcher Shop in the summer and on weekends for about two years. At age 17, Larry married Leona Esther Elliott of the Pine Hill District. They had seven children: Shirley Esther, Sharin Ann, Mitchell Lawrence, the twins Darrell Lance and Dale Kevin, Duane Allan and Laurel Karen. During these years, Larry worked for Geophysical Service Incorporated, then as a truck driver for Central Alberta Dairy Pool in Red Deer and for other trucking companies after they moved to Calgary. Larry and Leona were eventually divorced. In September, 1974 Larry married Velma Strom of Shelby, Montana. They were both outdoor people who loved fishing and hunting. They lived at Sylvan Lake until Larry's death on February 23, 1979.

Gerald Allan was born at Sylvan Lake, July 26, 1936. He went to school at Kuusamo, Sylvan Lake and Red Deer and, like Larry, was a bright student. He worked on the oil rigs for several years, then married Betty Lou Latus of Champion, Alberta, who had two children, Roxanne Iola and Rex Allan, from a previous marriage. They moved to Welland, Ontario in 1963 where Gerry worked for James Drilling for two years, then for General Tire for five years. They had two more children, David Kerry and Gerald Bradley. On their return to Calgary in 1968, Gerry worked for Big Indian Drilling for three years and, for the past 12 years, has been employed by Western Asphalt. Betty has held several jobs in Calgary and currently works for Clayton Equities. They are both active in community affairs, particularly sports as their sons have been involved with hockey, baseball and soccer. Their daughter, Roxanne, married John Middleton of Champion and they have two children, Bucky and Jessica.

Stanley Wayne was born April 6, 1938 in Red Deer. Stan was the "quiet dependable" one of the family. He attended school at Kuusamo, Sylvan Lake and Red Deer and, after several years of working on the oil rigs, returned to school at the University of Alberta in Edmonton and obtained his degree in Electrical Engineering. On April 12, 1965, he married Betty Scharff, a school teacher. They lived at Grande Prairie for some time and then Stan worked in Ottawa for Ontario Hydro for about three years. On his return to Alberta, they bought a house in Wetaskiwin (Betty's home town) where they now reside. Betty gave up teaching to pursue her great interest, photography. Betty now has her own photography shop in Wetaskiwin and Stan commutes to Edmonton every day where he works for Edmonton Power. Stan is a member of the I.O.O.F. (Oddfellows) and is a Boy Scout leader. Although they have none of their own, they are both fond of children and occasionally "borrow" nieces and nephews from the rest of the family. They take them skiing, hiking, camping, etc. They have travelled quite a lot and have taken Mom on several trips, including a trip to Europe in 1977.

Patricia Bernice was born January 10, 1941 at Eckville. She went to school at Sylvan Lake and to high school in Red Deer where she took a business course. She then moved to Calgary where she was employed by the Imperial Bank of Canada for two years. After travelling around working at various jobs for a few years, she settled in Welland, Ontario and worked for a dry cleaners there for two years. When she returned to Alberta, she married Clarence Erickson of Cabre, Saskatchewan on December 30, 1967. They settled in Medicine Hat where he works for C.P. Rail. They had five children, Michael (Dondi), Richard, Dean, Tara and Shane. Unfortunately, they were later divorced. They all still reside in Medicine Hat.

Phyllis Gwendolyn was born at Eckville on February 13, 1942 and attended school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. Although Gwen's ambition was to become a nurse, she also took a business course in high school. At age 18 she joined her sister Pat in Calgary and worked for United Grain Growers there as a clerk-typist for two years. In 1962, she returned to Sylvan and, for the next eight years, commuted to Red Deer where she worked as a stenographer at the Bank of Nova Scotia. On April 10, 1970, Gwen married John Allan Goleski of Melita, Manitoba, who was working on the oil rigs at the time. Their only child, John Allan Jr. (Jiffy), was born in Calgary on June 6, 1971. For the past 12 years they have lived in Calgary where John is employed as a supervisor for C.P. Transport Ltd.

Dennis Clayton, born January 18, 1944 at Eckville, attended school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. During his teen years, he was a member of the Air Cadets at Penhold and also worked part time at the roller rink at Sylvan Lake. He was an expert skater. (He would have made it his life's work if the pay had been better!) Dennis later worked for Revelstoke Lumber at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer for several years. On August 9, 1976, Dennis married Rose Lariviere of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, who had two children, Carol and Dale, from a previous marriage. They live at Sylvan Lake where Dennis works as a carpenter and painter. He learned this

work from his uncle, Wilfred Koskie, and is very good at it. Rose works at P & F Offshore Grocery at Sylvan Lake.

Alma Peters still lives at her home at Sylvan Lake and, at age 73, is still very active. Her special hobby is making quilts, which are greatly treasured by those who receive them. She was lucky enough to make a trip to her parents' homeland, Finland, and other countries in 1977 with her son, Stan, and his wife. It was the thrill of a lifetime for her.

I might mention that Mom's brother, Wilfred Koskie (whose story appears elsewhere in this book), also lived with us from 1947 until his death in 1976.

As for her children, scattered around as we are, we make frequent visits to Sylvan Lake and will always think of it as "home".

Ole Peterson Family
by Elsie Peterson

Ole Peterson, at the age of 15 years, came to Canada working as a deck hand on a steamer. He stayed two months, then went back to his native Norway but came back, in 1912, to Vancouver. From there, he worked his way to Calgary and on to Donalda to his dad's farm in the Spruce Coulee District.

In 1917, Ole joined the army and spent 16 months overseas. While in England, he married Lilly Jackson of Bradford, Yorkshire, England in 1919. He returned to Stettler that same year and his wife followed shortly after.

Ole and Lillian Peterson.

In November 1920, their first son, Art, was born. A second son, Carl, was born in March 1923.

Ole and Lilly and family lived on various farms in the Stettler-Red Willow area. It was hard farming in those days — getting hailed out so often — but they were always fed well and entertainment was cheap because they made their own.

In 1937, their family was completed with the arrival of another son, Lawrence.

Ole gave up farming in 1945 and moved in to the village of Red Willow where he worked as a section man with the C.N.R. Lawrence started school in Red Willow.

In 1946, Ole was transferred to a little siding called "Briggs", between here and Red Deer so he and his family moved to Sylvan Lake. Lawrence took the rest of his schooling in Sylvan Lake.

Ole and Lilly bought a lot on 47 Avenue West and built a house on it in 1951. It was in 1955 that Ole retired from the railway but, being an active person all his life, he still worked doing odd jobs about town as well as being night janitor at the hotel when Carl Frank was the owner.

Lilly was a hardworking person. Besides doing lots of canning, she used to babysit and do housework for several people in town.

Their eldest son, Art, and his wife, Elsie, live in Sylvan Lake. They have three sons, Norman, David and Wesley and one grandson, Michael.

The second son, Carl, and his wife, Helen, live on an acreage near Red Deer. They have two sons, one daughter and one granddaughter.

Lawrence, the youngest son, and his wife, Marilyn, and two sons live in Edmonton.

Due to poor health, Lilly moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge. Later, she went to the Valley Park Manor, a nursing home in Red Deer. She passed away there in 1978 at the age of 79.

Ole lived for several years in the Red Deer Nursing Home. He passed away in 1981 at the age of 91.

Ole and Lilly are both laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Art and Elsie Peterson and Family
by Elsie Peterson

Art was born and raised in the Stettler and Red Willow District, taking all his schooling at various rural schools. After finishing his schooling, he worked for the farmers around Red Willow. He joined the army in 1941, training at Camrose, then serving in England and Europe, and finally returning to England in 1945.

In September 1945, Art and I were married in Manchester, England, where I lived. When the war was over, Art stayed in the army working at the

Canadian Hostel where the war brides stayed overnight before their journey to Canada. In September 1946, I received notice that I would be departing for Canada so, leaving Art behind, I set out to come to Sylvan Lake where Art's parents had made the move to, six months previously.

Art returned to Canada two weeks later and was as much a stranger to Sylvan Lake as I was, but it did not take long to make friends as this was a small, but friendly, little place.

It was not long before Art got a job with the C.N.R. working at a siding called "Briggs", which was nine miles east on Highway 11 and two miles north. There was only a bunkhouse to live in, but Art's dad worked there too, so the three of us lived in it — pretty crowded, but we managed. The following spring, Art and I moved to Sylvan Lake and rented a little cottage from Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh who, in the following years, were just like family to us. We will never forget them and all the help they gave us when we needed it. (This couple has since passed away.)

Art used to travel back and forth to Briggs on a bike every day, winter and summer. The highway was a gravelled road then, so 18 miles a day was no easy task.

In December 1947, our first son, Norman, was born in the Red Deer Hospital.

It was in 1949 that I found I had T.B. and had to spend a year in the Baker Sanitarium. I thought it was the end of the world having to leave my family for a year. It was eight months before I saw Norman again but, by that time, I was well on the way to getting well again. While I was in the sanitarium, Art's mother took very good care of Norman while Art was working.

It was in 1952 that we moved to Pinkham, Saskatchewan, still with the C.N.R., but we only stayed there a few months. From there we moved back to Alberta to a place called Phoenix which was about 30 miles west of Rocky Mountain House. There were no roads into the place — we went by train or speeder. There were logging camps around there. We had a section house to live in but no power and we just got to town every two weeks for groceries. We received the milk in cans, three times a week when the train went through. Same with the mail, but I enjoyed it very much. We saw lots of wild game and bears which made it interesting.

In July 1952, our second son, David, was born in the Red Deer Hospital. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh before he was born and they took care of Norman until I got home again.

We moved back to Sylvan Lake in 1953 so that Norman could go to school. We had bought a small house on 48th Avenue East and we still live there after renovating and adding to the house. Art still worked out west but just got home once or twice a week.

Art and Elsie Peterson and grandson Michael.

In June 1958, our family was completed with the arrival of our third son, Wesley.

Wesley, David and Norman Peterson.

Our three boys took their schooling up to grade 12 here at Sylvan Lake, in the old and new school.

Norman is married and living in Calgary where he works as a chartered accountant for Cooper and Lybrand. David is in Calgary and works as a Data Processing manager with Paramount Life. Wesley is married with one son, Michael. He works for Alpha Dairies in Calgary.

We are back where we started — alone — but, as we get older, we wonder where all the time went to. Art is working for Alpha Dairies in Red Deer and will

be retired in two years. I have worked for Long's Groceries since 1967, first for Fred and Cliff Long and now for Cliff Long himself. They have been enjoyable years.

Ernest and Laura Peterson Family

Ernest and Laura Peterson were both born at Ponoka as were their four children, namely: Connie Mae (Stretch) born January 20, 1938; Gary Ernest born January 14, 1940; Ronald Dale born October 19, 1946; Barry James born June 13, 1956. The Petersons farmed east of Ponoka on the Bashaw Highway in the Woodriver District. They both belonged to Zion United Church in Ponoka and were active in community affairs. The three oldest children attended Mecca Glen School and were in 4H work.

The Ernest and Laura Peterson family.

In 1956, the family moved to Sylvan Lake where Ernie was employed in the oil patch at Bentley. They sold the farm the next spring and, about that time, Connie was married after a year in nurse's training in Medicine Hat.

Ernie Peterson and son Barry.

From 1966 to 1967 they lived in Schefferville, Quebec, where Ernie worked in the open-pit iron mines. Barry attended the English-Protestant school and did well. It was a real experience living in Schefferville — enjoyable, but they were glad to get back to Sylvan Lake.

In 1969, Ernest bought his own drilling rig and drilled water wells. His business went under the name "Three Star Drilling." In 1977, the Petersons moved to their new home in the Palo Sub-division, Sylvan Lake. Ernest passed away suddenly November 21, 1978.

Connie, the oldest child, and her husband Arnold Stretch, farm east of Ponoka. They have three sons, Michael, Keith, Duane. Connie graduated from the Red Deer College School of Nursing in 1976 and has been employed in the Red Deer Hospital Emergency ever since. In 1980, the Stretch family had the honor of being named a farm family "Award Winner."

The eldest son, Gary, and his wife Linda run a farrow-to-finish hog farm at Swalwell, Alberta. They have one son Dean and two girls, Kristie and Leslie.

Ron and his wife Cherry (nee Ottley of Sylvan Lake) live in Alhambra and have three girls, Pam, Mysti and Jamie. Ron operates his own seismic and water well equipment.

The youngest child, Barry, and his wife Lorna have one son, Frazier. He joined his brother Gary in partnership in the hog farming business in 1981. Barry graduated from grade 12 at the Sylvan Lake High School.

Ron and Barry call Sylvan Lake their home town. Connie and Gary only lived here a short while. Ron and Barry both played hockey for teams in Sylvan Lake.

Laura was the "Avon Lady" in Sylvan Lake for a number of years. She still lives in her new home and is active in many of the functions staged at the Friendship Centre in Sylvan Lake and the Golden Circle in Red Deer.

George Petterson Family

by George Petterson

I am, actually, what you might call a "native son" of Sylvan Lake since I was born within the confines of the Sylvan Lake School District #2595 in 1912 and have resided here ever since.

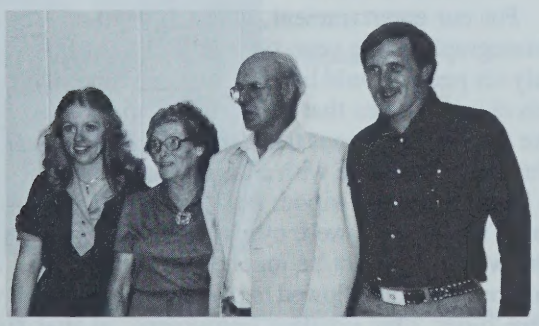
Both my father, Lars Petterson, and my mother were born in Sweden although it was not until some years later that they met in Red Deer where my mother, Anna Norberg, was employed. My dad had emigrated first to the United States and then came from there to Alberta to file on a homestead two miles straight south of Sylvan Lake (SE 20-38-1-W15) about 1903. In 1909, Lars and Anna were

married in Red Deer. They had a family of four living children: Elizabeth, George, Leonard and Alma.

My first school days were spent in Sylvan Lake School. This building later became the Sylvan Lake Creamery (about 1921). I saw this school being moved by horses across the road and over the C.P.R. tracks to where "Sylvan Place" apartments now stand. I was eight years old when I started school. I was not able to speak English but, with the help of two Swedish pupils to interpret for me, I soon learned the language. I was through grade eight at age fourteen. The last years in school were in the two-room building which is now the Town Office.

From the time I left school I helped on the farm and lived at home. Dad had a dairy and processed, bottled and delivered milk in town daily for a number of years at five cents per quart. He was well known around the village for his friendly greeting, "Howdy, howdy!" This dairy business was sold to the Tucker brothers. In later years, my dad built a house in town on Main Street (just across from the school) and, in 1946, he and mother took up residence there.

I stayed on and worked on the farm except for time I spent proving on homesteads, first in Peace River, then at Alder Flats, Alberta. Dad and I purchased a quarter of land (SE 29-38-1-W5) from the Harry Mann estate in 1937. In 1945 I bought dad's share and took over the land on my own. In 1949, I married Edith Drader, eldest daughter of Earl and Ethel Drader of the Edmonton district. We settled down on another quarter (SW 28-38-1-W5) directly across the road from the one dad and I had previously jointly owned. This home quarter was the original Jules Armeneau homestead.



George Petterson family: Myrna, Edith, George and Ernie.

Edith and I have two children, Ernie and Myrna. They both attended Sylvan Lake School.

Ernie took some welding and electrical training at Red Deer Vocational High School. He married a Manitoba girl, Myrna Jesterje, in 1980 and they are farming in the Innisfail district. They have two children, Pamela and Aaron.

Lars Petterson family: George, Lars, Leonard, Elizabeth, Mrs. Petterson, Alma.

Myrna graduated from Sylvan Lake High School and continued her education at Red Deer College where she graduated as a Registered Nurse. She married Bob Dipert in June, 1975. They have a daughter, Jeran, and a son, Joshua, and all live in St. Albert.

Through the years, we have been engaged in mixed and dairy farming. We shipped milk first to the local creamery and later to the Alpha Condensery in Red Deer. For fifteen years, we rented and farmed the James' quarter.

In 1964, I had the misfortune to lose my right arm in a baler accident. My son, Ernie, saved my life by his presence of mind and quick action in shutting off the machine. No words can express the trauma, suffering and adjustments involved with this tragic event, not the least of which was to learn to do everything with one hand and the left one at that. At first, the livestock had to be disposed of and the pasture land sold. The dairy herd was reduced to a bare minimum and built up again some years later.

A year ago, the lights on an oil derrick in our barn yard could be clearly seen by residents of the town and by passers-by on the road south. It turned out to be a producing well, but, like so many others, it was no big windfall as we do not own the mineral rights on our farm.

My wife and I are active members of the Friendship Club. Edith is presently treasurer. We have sup-

ported the Gospel Chapel since its inception and I have served on the Church Board for over 30 years.

We still live on the same farm site, are still involved in farming, though semi-retired, and both are enjoying good health. We derive a good deal of pleasure from visits with our family, the grandchildren being a real joy.

The Petro Family

by Cora Mustard

I am the only one left of the Petro family of twelve, who were all born in South Dakota. I was the eleventh child. Only seven lived to come to Alberta in 1900. The eldest lived to the age of 11; the second, a son Clarence, lived to 86; the next, a daughter, lived to age 16; the third daughter died at three and a son and a daughter died in infancy.

My uncle, Washington C. Petro, came to Alberta in 1899 and bought land in Sylvan Lake. He took up a homestead, along with his father, north of Markerville. They built two log cabins, one for uncle and grandfather, the other for us — his brother's family. My father had left us behind in Dakota and my dear, kind Uncle Wash came back and brought us to Alberta. (He became known to all as Uncle Wash; he did not want his second name told to anyone, but I think it is a name worth hearing — Washington Concannon Petro.)

We had not been in Canada long when grandfather became ill. He had been well when we arrived and had cooked a supper of partridge and potatoes, but later his health failed. We moved to their cabin so mother could look after him and, from that time on, we all lived in the same house. There was a bedroom downstairs where uncle and grandfather slept. The upstairs was divided into two rooms, one for the three boys and the other for mother and four daughters.

Mother had a woven carpet in her room; all the other rooms were bare board floors, scrubbed until white with soap and brush and lye made from ashes. Ashes had to be cleared of all charcoal, then water poured over them until they became clear lye, which was used also for bleaching clothing.

There was so much rain in those years that the trails were full of deep ruts grooved out by wagon wheels and many a person had to get an extra team to pull them out.

My grandfather died in 1902 and, as there was no possibility of getting to a cemetery, he had to be buried on the homestead. My uncle put a fence around the grave and planted a spruce tree at its head, with the hope that someday it could be moved to a proper burial ground. But, by the time he could afford to do so, the farmer who had bought the farm had taken down the fence and the tree and sowed wheat over the grave.

In 1906 we moved to Sylvan Lake where we had a frame house and two log buildings built from material from the Loiselle lumber mill. Mother and the girls slept in the upstairs of the frame house while uncle and the boys slept in one of the log houses. I remember our ride up to Sylvan Lake in a lumber wagon. Along the east side of the lake was quite a stretch of corduroy — necessary because of the rain and the overflow from the lake. We children sat on the floor of the wagon and enjoyed the bumpy road.

The Loiselle sawmill, located at the east end of the lake by the creek, was in use and the little place they lived in was there when Uncle Wash bought the land. The Loiselles had moved to Red Deer except for one son, Louis, who had land on the south end of the lake when we moved there.

At that time, 1906, the creek joined Sylvan Lake and Burnt Lake. This divided the land where the Loiselle shack was from Uncle Wash's land on the north of it. Fish were very plentiful in this creek and people took them out by the barrel, while camping overnight. They were caught with a snare on the end of a pole until the law said a hook and line should be used. It was much more fun to snare them. I remember times when they were so thick my brother threw one fish out with his hands. One year, the creek was very low and the fish were caught under the ice and the creek bed was covered with them.

Four of us attended the Finland School, later called Norma School. Our first teacher was Mr. Story, who became a doctor with a practice in Edmonton. Later, one of our teachers was a grade seven student from Red Deer.

For our entertainment, Uncle bought an Edison phonograph in the year 1903 or 1904. At this time only six people could listen to it at one time, with six sets of small tubes that fitted right into the ears, not like the first earphones that came with the first radio. Then he came home with a large black horn that had to be hung from a tripod; later came the little brass horn. The records were cylindrical and of very soft wax which must not be touched on the outside. We children were not allowed to play the records until we were older. Our greatest enjoyment, at that time though, was going in the lake in the summer and skating on it in the winter.

The first business I remember was an ice cream parlor owned by Mr. Rozé Ordeauns, with bedrooms above. People stopped there on their way through. My sister Mary worked for them at age 17 and was paid, what they called a large salary, $15.00 per month. She worked upstairs, washed dishes, waited on tables and carried mail from the Burnt Lake Post

Office, sometimes on horseback, sometimes with horse and buggy. While the mail she brought was being sorted, my sister told of serving drinks to those waiting for their mail. These drinks were made from fruit flavored syrups made to fizz with soda water.

The horse-drawn stage brought travellers as well as supplies from Red Deer. Those who stayed the night enjoyed an evening of dancing. The stage-driver supplied the music with his mouth organ. His mouth would be so sore from playing that he could scarcely talk or eat but he was always ready for the next time. People were good mixers in those days, so all had a wonderful time. I believe the stage came in once a week.

When Mr. Ordeauns' health failed, Mrs. Ordeauns moved in to Red Deer and ran a boarding house. She asked mother to go with her to help with the work and for company. Mother took me and my sister Rose with her and we attended school there. Mother and Rose only stayed one year but I took the rest of my schooling in Red Deer.

While attending school I could only go home at Christmas, Easter and summer holidays. A trip to Red Deer, fifteen miles distant, meant a whole day lost from farm work. So it was impossible to spend weekends at home. I shall never forget that homesick feeling for the first few days after going back. I was in different homes; first as a companion to a lone child, then I worked for my board until my last year

Marshall Petro.

when my brother Marshall paid a small fee for board to a widow who wanted company for the year.

When the railroad came to Sylvan I could go on it, but I remember only doing that once. Roads were much improved now, as men did work on them to pay their taxes. As roads improved, there was less fire hazard as the road could be used as a fire guard. Even then, sometimes, a burning tree would fall across the road. Many a haystack was burned. When smoke was seen in the distance, preparations were made to fight fire. At our home, there were always three barrels which were loaded on a stone boat, filled with water and taken to a point of vantage where the fire was fought with gunny sacks soaked in water.

Uncle Wash was so very kind and always ready to give help or money if needed. During the terrible 'flu epidemic that took many lives, he would go into homes and look after families and their animals. He was the veterinarian for the district, called out many a cold night to save the life of an animal, sometimes getting pay, sometimes none. It was the same when he had his well-drilling outfit. It was one of those run by a horse going round in a circle to raise and lower the drill. He gave so much and yet always seemed to have more to give, even though he struggled to make ends meet. As the Bible says, "Give and it shall be given unto you." Uncle Wash proved this.

Cottages and tents were now appearing at Sylvan Lake. Some were north of the Red Deer road, which we call "Lower Camp" and some were where the town is now, which was called "Upper Camp."

Many came to our farm for milk. We had some regular customers to whom we children took milk. A two-gallon pail was scalded, also the quart measure and, with a stick under the bail, we measured the milk out to each customer. The milk pail and quart measure were covered with well-boiled cloths. No bleach in those days.

Think of the changes in sanitation now and, not too many years later, when my brothers ran a dairy from the farm. They had such thick filters the milk would hardly run through.

These two brothers, Marshal and Elmer, had a restaurant after the village came into being, around 1912, when the railroad was built through here.

Look back on wearing apparel — when one must not show an ankle and the skirts dragged on the floor!

One summer we camped on the lake as Canadian Girls in Training (CGIT). One of the girls was a basketball player and she went to the village in her basketball uniform, which was a pair of bloomers with elastic at the knees and a middy top. She also wore long stockings and was well covered. The police told her not to come to the village in that garb again. Imagine his reaction if he could see present day dress around the lakes!

Also, compare stoves with those of today. We had a wrought iron stove with a warming oven. One could sit or stand on the oven door. Pots, or kettles as we called them, were of iron, made with rounded bottom with three little legs smaller than thimbles. The lid was removed from the stove and the kettle set right over the flame. This of course meant black bottoms. It was always a great relief to us children when washing dishes to find there was no potato kettle to be cleaned.

I suppose there are not too many of us today who

remember what a terrible pest the house fly was on the farm. They bred in barn yards and, the more children and adults there were to open the screen door, the thicker the flies were. We had tanglefoot hanging from ceilings and poison pads on the tables. I remember my father-in-law jokingly saying, "I wonder why people keep all those flies shut in with that screen door!"

Going back to Uncle Wash, who died so many years ago, I had written him asking why he did not sell and take life easy. I had no answer until ten days after his death. My brother found the letter in his shirt pocket and mailed it to me. He told me in this letter that he had willed the property to the seven nieces and nephews, that it should be sold for $50.00 per acre but, if one of the heirs wanted it, the price should be $25.00 per acre. I was the only one who knew there was a will. I lived in B.C. at the time, taking for granted the will would have been read to the rest of the family but, since it was not, those who were named to see to it, sold it themselves and included the mineral rights, with the exception of a very small percentage which they were not allowed to sell at the time. Anyway, Uncle Wash was laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

My sister Mary married Vere Miller and raised eleven children. They resided at Sylvan Lake so their history will be found elsewhere in this book.

Edith married Andrew Bigam and raised one son, Gordon, who married Ivy Duncan and recently retired from being classified supervisor for the Red Deer Advocate Publishing Company.

Elmer married Bertha Brown and they raised three children: Calvin is single, lives in Saskatoon where he is manager of the Yellowhead Motel; Velma is married to Len Pernitsky of Victoria, B.C. who is employed by the post office; Iola is married to Ross Riches of Victoria, a public relations man for Liquid Air. Elmer and Bert's children attended both the Norma School and the Sylvan Lake School. Elmer passed away June 2, 1964 after nearly sixty years of residence at Sylvan Lake. He was laid to rest beside Uncle Wash in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery. Bert still resides in Sylvan Lake where she is now married to Ian Grosert.

Cora, Edith, Mary and Rose Petro.

My sister Rose married Fred Carritt and raised five children: Arthur, Donald, Daniel, Beatrice and Helen.

I married William Mustard and have four children: a son, Vernon, and three daughters, Sylvia, Helen and Lois. My husband had a guide and outfitter's business in Mountain Park, then in Jasper Park. I now have 12 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. I live at Seba Beach and my youngest daughter, Lois Ross, the only one of my family who resides in Alberta, lives only 40 miles from me at Drayton Valley.

The Pijeau Family

by Mary Pijeau

I, Mary Heinrich, was born at Sylvan Lake in 1914 and have lived all my life in the Sylvan Lake district.

My father, Joseph Heinrich, immigrated to Canada from Germany in 1906, coming directly to Sylvan Lake. Since he had attended school in London, England and there became a cabinet maker, he could speak English fluently. His trade stood him in good stead upon coming to Sylvan Lake and he helped to build many of the first buildings in the settlement.

My mother, Mary Weiss, came to Sylvan Lake from Austria to marry Joseph Heinrich. She was accompanied to Sylvan Lake by Anna Marie Heinrich, who, later that year, married Joseph Huerliman. Another couple, married the same year, who remained life-long friends of my parents and of my aunt and uncle, were Charles and Martha Cuendet. These three couples shared anniversaries together for many years. Though my mother could not speak English when she arrived in Canada, she spoke French and was able to carry on a conversation with many of the early settlers. The Huerlimans became well known and had many friends in Sylvan Lake through the years. Later, my aunt (as a widow) lived her last years at the Sylvan Lake Lodge.

My parents settled on a homestead just west of Sylvan Lake and there my sister, Augusta, and I were born. We attended Sylvan Lake School and walked the mile and three quarters even though, sometimes, the thermometer dropped to 40° F below zero. We never thought that was reason enough to stay home from school.

When I quit school I worked on the farm with my father. Augusta continued with her education to become a school teacher. During the war years, Augusta was with the army intelligence corps stationed in Ottawa. After the war she continued her teaching career and taught at Tweedsmuir Senior High in Cloverdale, B.C. until retiring.

In 1939 I married O'Neil Pijeau, who was working as a mechanic. O'Neil was also a steam engineer. He worked for many years as an engineer at the Alpha Plant in Red Deer, going from there to continue his work as an engineer at Deerholme, which is now known as Michener Centre. He worked there until his retirement. However, he continued as relief engineer at many places until his death.

The Pijeaus have two daughters, Josephine and Marie, both of whom took their schooling in Sylvan Lake. Josephine married Ed McGrandle of Caroline. They have three children: Roxanne, who graduated from high school this year, Gregory and Pamela, who are still attending school. The McGrandles live at Fort Langley, B.C.

Marie lives on an acreage, a part of the original Huerliman homestead, two and a half miles west of Sylvan Lake.

O'Neil died as a result of a car accident in 1975 and is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

I continue to enjoy country life on the farm where I have always lived. I am an active member of Our Lady of the Assumption Church and of the C.W.L. I keep in touch with many long-time friends and enjoy visits and calls from all of them.

Toni and Mike Podgurski and Family

About mid-afternoon on a cool and cloudy day, January 1, 1954, the Podgurski family literally slid into Sylvan Lake — town, that is. It had rained over most of Alberta in late December and everything was coated with ice when we arrived in Edmonton, Alberta on December 31, 1953. Spending New Year's Eve with friends, we left early next morning for Sylvan Lake for a short stay that was to be, as it turned out, only 19 years, 10 months. (We moved to Red Deer October 31, 1973.)

Our family, at that time, consisted of Toni (Antonia Elizabeth Podgurski nee Brockhuis, a Dutch war-bride of Apeldoorn, Holland); Mike, a Manitoban, ex-farmer, ex-soldier, who met and married Toni in Apeldoorn, Holland, January 8, 1946; Betty (Gertrude Elizabeth), six years old; Marianne Louise, one year five months old. Bill, a genuine Sylvan Laker, or more correctly, a Central Albertan, arrived November 8, 1956 at the Red Deer Hospital.

Mike had been employed, since June 1947, by

The Podgurski family: Toni's mother and father (at left), Bill, Mike, Marianne and Toni.

Geophysical Services Inc., Dallas, Texas (now a subsidiary of Texas Instruments) as a seismograph shot hole driller and was now to work at High Prairie, Alberta. He got his family settled in Ruth and Otto Tettolowski's Sylvan Court Motel, Betty registered in the Sylvan Lake School, and rejoined his crew at High Prairie. However, because of a slump in the Canadian oil industry that year, Mike was laid off, April 1, 1954.

Work was obtained almost immediately with the Town of Sylvan Lake in the Public Works Department. The job was only seasonal so Mike took a job early in 1957 with a friend who had a mail run from Lacombe to Coronation. This lasted only a month, so Mike then worked until the fall of 1958 with Frank Murray's Rocky Transport hauling freight from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House and points between. In December 1958, Mike was hired by the Town of Sylvan Lake on a permanent basis until resigning in 1972 from his position of beach and sewer foreman with the Public Works Department.

Toni and Mike made friends easily and by 1958 had already taken part in community affairs. Mike was on the Parish Council of the Roman Catholic Church, joined the Red Deer Knights of Columbus in 1955 and, in 1983, is still a member. In 1963 Mike was appointed fire chief when Fire Chief A. P. Murray was forced to vacate that position due to ill health. Mike stayed on as fire chief until about 1968. During this time, the first annual Firemen's Ball was inaugurated by Joe de Roover, Mike Podgurski and Deputy Chief Gordon Hunter. Mike was a charter member of the Sylvan Lake Fish and Game Association and, for many years, treasurer and convenor for the (then) annual Fish and Game Bonspiel. He was a member of

the founding committee of the Sylvan Lake and District Credit Union. This union merged with the Red Deer Co-Op Credit Union and eventually became part of the present Parkland Savings and Credit Union. (Mike and Toni are now members of the Kelowna and District Credit Union, Rutland Branch.) Mike was also on the Sylvan Lake and District Recreation Board and is pleased to have been associated with the many volunteers who helped clear the land and build the present ice arena. He enjoyed curling and helping with the various bonspiels at the curling rink. Working at the Varsity Dance Hall, Mike spent 13 or 14 summers taking tickets at the door, while Toni helped Mrs. Leedham at the Home Grill. In his spare time, Mike also helped out as police constable during Art Jones' stay as Chief of Sylvan Lake Police. Incidentally, Art Jones also lives in Kelowna in the Rutland area and, often at coffee time at the local Sunday flea market, tales of bygone days at Sylvan Lake are rehashed.

Toni was also active in community work: the Catholic Women's League, the I.O.D.E., as well as helping with catering for all the annual events of the clubs to which Mike belonged. Later, she worked full time at the cafe in the Sylvan Lake Hotel and, from 1973 to 1979, at Murray's Summit Esso Coffee Shop on Red Deer's north hill, leaving in 1979 to move to Kelowna.

On retiring from the Town of Sylvan Lake in 1972, Mike worked part-time for the Alberta Government at Deerholme, Red Deer, in summer and back with Geophysical Seismic Inc. for part of the winter of 1973-74 at Inuvik, N.W.T. Then he worked steady at Deerholme until July, 1979 when he took early retirement and moved to Kelowna, B.C. Here they joined other former Sylvan Lakers: George and Dora Rozier, Ken and Elsie Bloxham, Bob and Celia Stout, Art Jones and, at nearby Winfield, Martin and Lina Anderson.

Betty was born at Brandon, Manitoba October 21, 1947 and took most of her schooling in Sylvan Lake but finished grades 10, 11, 12 in Red Deer schools. After graduating, she accepted work with Alberta Government Telephones in Red Deer for a while and then transferred to Bell Telephones in New Market, Ontario. She married Charles W. Campbell of Red Deer, September 10, 1966 and they made their home in New Market. A son, Glen, was born April 6, 1969. Betty passed away May 9, 1973 and Glen, our grandson, now lives at Richmond Hill, Ontario with his father and stepmother. Glen is now 13 and took top honors in his class, 1982.

Marianne Podgurski was born at Three Hills, Alberta May 22, 1952. She took all her schooling in Sylvan Lake, played basketball with the high school

Betty Podgurski.

girls' team and, after graduation in 1970, began work with Alberta Government Telephones in Red Deer. In May, 1972 Marianne went to Europe, stayed with her grandparents in Apeldoorn, Holland and, early in 1973 obtained work in Switzerland, where she received word of Betty's passing. She then returned home. She obtained work with AGT in Edmonton and then again went to Europe. On her return, she settled in Toronto where she works for the Federal Government Internal Revenue Department. She is married to David Ekubor, has two boys, Jeffrey three years and Christopher one year and a stepdaughter, Stacey, 10 years old. They make their home in the Scarborough-Toronto area.

Bill Podgurski took most of his schooling in Sylvan Lake. He is the athlete of the family, taking part in nearly all the sports that were available in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. In his last year at school at the Red Deer Composite High, in 1973, he took the most valuable player award as quarter-back with the school team. He played hockey with Sylvan Lake teams until about three years ago, when he was with the seniors. He was on a Red Deer soccer team for two or three years. After graduation, Bill worked at Deerholme, Red Deer for a couple of summers, then

took apprenticeship training as an electrician at Red Deer, transferring to Edmonton where he now resides, still single and luckily, at the moment, still working.

Since retiring to Kelowna, Toni and Mike have not taken any steady employment but do seasonal work for orchardists from tying and thinning grape vines in spring and summer, to picking cherries in July, apples in September and October and grapes, also in October. On the last day of apple picking in October, 1982, Mike fell off an eight-foot ladder and crushed a vertebra. He continued working at grape picking for several days, then an x-ray revealed the extent of the injury, which is now improving but could mean the end of his fruit-picking days.

Pogadl Family
by Glenda Pogadl

Ed and Glenda Pogadl were married in Bentley on October 28, 1961. This was the town in which they both grew up. Ed was born October 28, 1929 on the family farm, ten miles west and one mile north of Bentley. Glenda was born Glenda Pierson in Bentley, January 12, 1938 and lived all her single life on the family farm one mile east of Bentley. This farm is now owned by Ed and Glenda.

Ed's parents came from Germany in 1928 to Nordegg, the father first and then the mother and a brother and sister. They moved to the Lockhart District between 1928 and 1929. Ed's dad passed away in 1970. His mother is still on the farm.

Glenda's father, Don Pierson, came from Indiana in the early 1900's and took up residence in the Lockhart District. They were the first people in their community to have a radio. Dad used to tell us about how everyone in the district came over at night to listen to it. My mother, Allie Adams, was born in the Lincoln area west of Lacombe, moving to Rimbey as a girl and was married to Don Pierson in 1930 and lived on the farm east of Bentley until November, 1980. It was then she moved to Sylvan Lake with her second husband, Nick Morris. Mom passed away in February, 1982. Nick is still a resident of Sylvan Lake.

For the first three years of our married life we lived in Red Deer, Ed working in Bentley for the Alberta Wheat Pool and I, Glenda, at the Court House in Red Deer. On February 29, 1964 we moved to Tees where Ed managed the Alberta Wheat Pool Elevator for three years. I continued to work in Red Deer until the birth of our first baby girl, Marlis, September 24, 1965. It was December 17, 1964 we experienced the storm and wind chill of 100° (F) below. I still managed to get to work by staying in Red Deer.

Pogadl family: Marcine, Glenda, Marlis, Monica and Ed.

On March 8, 1967 we (Ed, Glenda and Marlis) arrived in Sylvan Lake from Tees. Ed took over the management of the Alberta Wheat Pool Elevator here. A year later, we had our second baby girl, Marcine, April 18, 1968.

That fall I started leading Brownies and stayed with it for 14 years. I loved working with the little girls, even though there were embarassing moments on the street when a little gal would shout, "Hi, Brown Owl." It was sometime in 1968 that I joined the Presbyterian Choir and have been with that group, either singing or as organist, except for a couple of years when we had our third little girl, Monica, June 12, 1972.

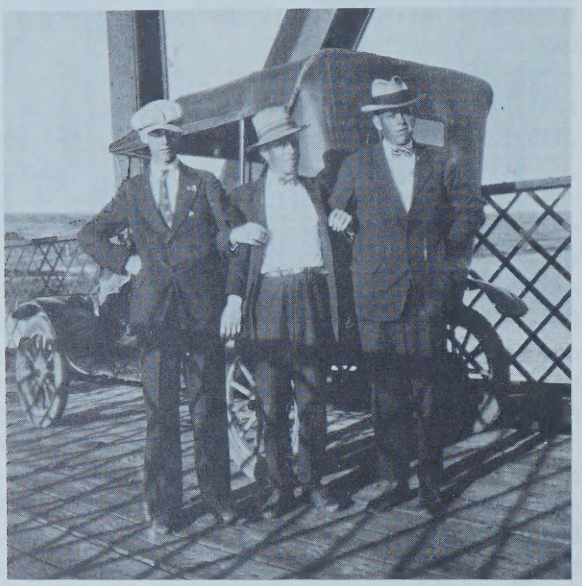
All three girls went to Brownies, Guides and figure skating as well as singing in the Presbyterian Junior Choir. Marcine and Monica were among the first pupils to attend the new C. P. Blakely School. The two older girls are active in school sports and have been honored with awards for their achievements. In the spring of 1982 Marlis was chosen from the Sylvan Lake High School to go to the Alberta Youth Forum in Edmonton. She spent a week at the University of Alberta studying government policies. Marlis was the only student between Edmonton and Calgary at the forum.

God has been good to us and our three girls. We have been so richly blessed in so many ways.

The Pontos

Fred Ponto was born in Romania July 27, 1902. When Fred was 11 years old his parents came to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, where he lived until he left home in 1918.

After working at different jobs in different places, he came to Sylvan Lake in 1919. Fred fished, trapped, worked in the Nordegg Coal Mines and for different farmers in the Sylvan Lake and Bentley areas. When not working, he often made his home at the Andrew Halvorson's where he was welcomed as one of the family.



Fred Ponto (on right), I. Soderburg and Mr. Miller.

Fred married a girl from Saskatchewan, Audrey Paterson. They farmed in the Evarts and Eckville areas until retiring to Sylvan Lake in 1971.

Fred and Audrey had a family of four boys and three girls: Ralph, Shirley, Mavis, Carol, Harold, Raymond and Dennis. Harold passed away in 1968, leaving a wife and two sons. Raymond farms in the Peace River country. Dennis now resides in Sylvan Lake with his wife, Ingrid, and their two children.

Fred Ponto passed away in March, 1978. Many from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House and from Sylvan Lake to Bentley will remember Fred as the kind and cheery person he was.

Audrey Ponto continues to keep her own home in Sylvan Lake. She is an active member of the Ladies' Aid of Memorial Presbyterian Church, the Lodge Auxiliary and the Fish and Game Association. She enjoys good health and, at age 71, took driver training and obtained her driver's license. In this way, Audrey gained more independence plus her friends and neighbors benefit from her generosity with rides to the stores, to meetings and to other functions.

Porttin, Helmi and Matt

by Miriam and Eino Porttin

Helmi and Matt Porttin retired to Sylvan Lake in 1949 from their farm in the Kuusamo District.

They built their house at 5035-47 Avenue, just below the former C. P. R. Station. There was only one other house on that side of the street at that time.

They immigrated from Finland in 1900 and were married in 1906. They had farmed in the Kuusamo District for 48 years prior to moving to Sylvan Lake.

Matt and Helmi Porttin.

Matt served on the board of directors for the Sylvan Lake Co-Operative Association and was a trustee of the Kuusamo School District for a number of years.

Helmi spent many hours sewing and doing handwork. She also enjoyed gardening. She passed away in 1958 after many years of illness.

Matt enjoyed walking and was reluctant to give up farming, so he spent many a day helping his sons on their farms. He passed away in 1977 at the age of 94 and enjoyed good health almost to the end.

There are three surviving children: Eino, who is living on his grandfather's homestead; Helvi Parker of High Prairie, Alberta; Edna Laitinen of Kamloops, B.C. Wilfred passed away in 1969 and Aro in 1927.

Elizabeth Pruitt and Family

by Kathleen (Bunce) Simmons

Mrs. Pruitt was a long-time resident of Sylvan Lake. She was born April 1884, (Elizabeth Bunce) and was raised in Ontario, in a family of six sisters and one brother.

Later, she went to the United States to work, where she met "Doc" Pruitt, who originally came from Texas with his parents. They had settled in Soap Lake, Washington. They were married and lived in Oregon and Washington for a time, then moved on to Alberta where they settled at Sylvan Lake. It was a long, hard trip in those days, with horses and their household goods, over the mountains and roads that now would be considered mere trails.

On a small holding, southwest of Sylvan Lake, they started a new life in Alberta. The year was either 1927 or 1928. Doc loved his horses and they were often entered in the races and events in the small rodeos and stampedes around the country, also in the Calgary Stampede and Parade. Because he also did some veterinary work for local farmers and ranchers, he was known as "Doc" Pruitt, not for being a physician or a surgeon.

Dave Bunce in his butcher shop.

Elizabeth Pruitt was always busy with something, trying to help make a home and a living as it was not easy for anyone. For a while, she ran a dance hall which was located on the west side of Main Street, facing Lakeshore Drive, with the Alexander Pavilion on the lake shore across the street. It later burned down and was never replaced.

In the fall of 1930, Dave Bunce, Mrs. Pruitt's brother, came West from Ontario with three of his children. His wife and the mother of their children had passed away in Ontario. They made their home with Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt who had no children of their own. There were: Dave Jr., 14 years; Frank, 19 years; and Kathleen, four and a half years old. An older brother, John, stayed in Ontario as he was working and did not care to leave.

Mrs. Pruitt had cafes at different times during the summer months on Main Street and Dave had butcher shops for several years in Sylvan Lake.

The old home place was purchased on the west side of town — one of the oldest houses in Sylvan Lake and is still being occupied.

Homemade clothes and remodelled clothes were the way of life then and nothing was wasted. Like nearly everyone else, it was hard work and a struggle just to make a living. Even with sickness, it was mostly home-care and nursing. Many times, I can remember, Mrs. Pruitt going to help neighbors and friends when there was illness in the home also when some neighbor ladies came to our house in time of need. Electric oil and mustard plasters were the old standbys, with the spring tonic of sulphur and molasses. That was enough to make anyone feel better, just so you would not have to swallow anymore of that.

Fun and enjoyment was had with little expense — swimming and school activities in the summer with lots of outdoor sports, thanks to good teachers and their efforts of doing what they could with very few facilities. Concerts and sports were enjoyed through all the extra efforts of so many good community workers with choir practice and concerts at the churches.

Then the war years came with more hardships. Many of the younger people left home to join the forces or to go to the cities to work. A lot of younger folks got married and moved to different locations, to return only on occasional visits, when time and money allowed. The same happened all over the country.

Mrs. Pruitt continued to live at Sylan Lake. Doc Pruitt passed away in 1949 after a lengthy illness. Many of the old neighbors and friends had also passed on, or moved to a warmer climate to live. Times were changing and the new generation was

Mrs. E. Pruitt and Kathleen Bunce.

coming along. Dave Bunce passed away at Innisfail, November 1962, at the age of 71 years. He had lived there for several years after leaving Eckville where he had been butcher for the Eckville Co-Op Store.

As the years went by there were many changes: the ten-cent pony rides and the Sunday band concerts in the little bandstand, once one of the big attractions on the lakeshore; the silver collections for a picture show on Sunday evening at one of the halls. These were gone along with our five-cent bags of popcorn or peanuts. No more popcorn stands or boathouse that was the delight of young and old. No more cruises around the lake on the old "Norell" that were a treat for everyone who came to visit at Sylvan Lake. There used to be our basketbball or volleyball on the beach — no charge, just pick up your equipment at the boathouse and return it when finished using it. The tennis court and the skating were all outdoors. There were ball games in summer when the House of David team came to play donkey baseball and three dance halls with good bands playing six nights a week.

But times change and now there are so many conveniences and improvements that many of the older generation were not able to enjoy. However, if they had not been made of strong pioneer strength and spirit, we would not be able to enjoy them now.

Mrs. Pruitt passed away in January 1976, at the age of 92 and now rests in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery. Close to her rests her nephew, Frank Bunce, who passed away November 4, 1980 after a long illness. There are many old friends and relatives there now who have been part of the history of Sylvan Lake.

Bob Pugh Family
by Bob Pugh

After five years with the Alberta Pacific Grain Company at Benalto, Alberta, I was transferred to Sylvan Lake June 1, 1944 and operated a grain elevator there until early 1949. The grain elevator was located at the Canadian Pacific Railway siding, a short distance west of the Sylvan Lake Creamery.

During the five years in the grain-buying business at Sylvan Lake we met many fine people: farmers, business people and the public as a whole. It is interesting to mention something worth-while remembering and that was, that at this time business at the elevator did not look very prosperous. However, one nice sunny afternoon, two people arrived (farmers) who came to relate to me the situation as to the prospects for the future. I had a long talk with these folks (George and Guy Fitch). In any case, the conversation turned out well and I said our policy would be good service. The future we talked about was good. We did quite a bit of business with Berquist Brothers, Nick Eliuk, Nick Ruptash, Walter Milne, John and Martin Wilhelm, Jack Zimmerman, Fitch Brothers and many others. During this time I became a member of the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce and also president of the Red Cross branch. All in all, it was a good five years.

Early in 1949, I was invited by some members of the Town Council and School Board to consider applying for the position of Town Secretary-Treasurer and school secretary-treasurer. I accepted their offer and immediately left the employ of the grain company and took over the two positions. The vacancy had occurred because of the passing of Mr. Leslie Walker. The work was most interesting and I enjoyed it very much. The Town Council was composed of Mayor Ken Wilkinson, Councillors Ted Watkiss, Bert Cody, Jack Pell, Jack Sunell, Robert German Sr. and A. Kanten. Building inspector was Jack Tooley and Town Foreman was Bob Schaer. School trustees were: Dan Sontag chairman, Mrs. Ada Hagerman, Charles Palmer, Cliff Duffield and Andy Nyman. All the foregoing persons were interested in their responsibilities and, I feel, did an excellent job.

In 1950, the Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce, which had 40 members at that time, in cooperation with the Town Council, arranged a meeting with Hon. Bruce McMillan, Minister of Highways, and M.L.A. David Ure to discuss and approve the upgrading and paving of Highway 11, Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House. The meeting was held in the Sylvan Lake Hotel and was attended by various delegations representing Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce from all parts of the area. The result was a guarantee the work would be done and, in the

early spring of 1951, equipment moved in and construction commenced. This was a big step forward in the progress of the entire community.

Between the years 1949-1954, there were many changes made. Some of the most important were: paving Main Street, cleaning of underbrush along Lakeshore Drive, construction of a cable fence to stop vehicles from driving to the immediate beach area. Street lighting was brought up to a better standard, which was a great improvement, especially on Main Street. An approach was made to the Federal Department to improve wharf facilities and this was accomplished.

The Chamber of Commerce took a keen interest in the Sunday night concerts in the summer. My committee members were: Miss Cuendet, Miss Mahaffy and Rev. Ian McSween. We were quite successful in obtaining professional talent at most of the concerts. The first year we turned over $1,200 to the Chamber of Commerce.

I would be most remiss if I did not especially mention the splendid co-operation of all concerned during my work in Sylvan Lake. Ken Wilkinson, mayor, Dan Sontag, school board chairman, Mr. L. Colpitts, Mr. Joe Untinen, Mr. H. N. Fisher and, of course, many others who gave many hours of their time in the interest of their community. It was a pleasure to have lived in Sylvan Lake and to have been able to contribute something to its progress.

Our elder daughter, Betty, was married to Mr. D. Thompson. They raised five children and are living in Okotoks, Alberta.

Our younger daughter, Helen, was married in 1951 to Mr. Earl Grimson. They raised four children and are living on their farm in the Burnt Lake District. Both were married in the Presbyterian Church in Sylvan Lake, Rev. McLeod performing the ceremonies.

In 1954, on New Year's Day, I went to a new position in Chicago, Illinois and, regretfully left Sylvan Lake. After that, for some years we lived in Evansburg, where we built a home. There we were instrumental in the building of the recreation complex called "Heritage House". My wife and I have now been retired for some time and are residing in Edmonton.

John and Serafina Pykalainen
by Selma Murray

My parents, John and Serafina Pykalainen (nee Tirkkonen), came from Kurkijoki and Sortavala respectively, districts of the province of Karjala, Finland which was ceded to Russia in the treaty following the 1939-1940 Finnish-Russian War. Finland was a Grand Duchy of Russia during my par-

John and Serafina Pykalainen with daughter Elma.

John and Serafina Pykalainen.

ents' residence there and became independent after the revolution in 1917.

My father had made an earlier trip to the United States but returned and married. But, as prospects for furthering his goals seemed better in the new world, he came to Minnesota in 1908, leaving his young wife with the hope of having her join him as soon as their first child (Albert) was born. However, the baby became ill and died at three months, after which my mother joined him at Biwabik, Minnesota, where he was employed in the iron mines. My sister, Alma, was born in December 1910, there.

In 1911, they joined a small group of Finnish settlers enthused about the free homesteads available in Alberta, among them the Oscar Hilman family of Sylvan Lake. They hired Jack Ropsfelt of the Kuusamo District to drive their wagonload of meagre household effects to what is now Alhambra. The railroad was just being built through Sylvan Lake. John filed on a heavy bush quarter, built a log cabin and barn, often seeking work at the mines in Nordegg, logging camps to the west, in construction of the railway bridge across the Saskatchewan River and the Chateau Lake Louise. In 1918, he bought the nearby Henry Heikkinen quarter along Highway 11, that family going to locate near Sylvan Lake. My parents farmed there until 1945, my mother sharing many of the heavy tasks, clearing land, haying (she could make a very good solid haystack, while my father unloaded), driving horses while plowing, disking or cutting grain, milking a large number of cows by hand and doing numerous chores, but never too busy to welcome a stranger or friend to a cup of coffee or a meal.

In 1946, they auctioned everything, travelled around in British Columbia and then bought the Falkner house on 46 Street in Sylvan Lake, across from Dingwall's Boarding House. A few years later, they sold this property to Ann (Blair) Simpson and purchased the Saxon Soderberg farm on the northeast end of Sylvan Lake (present home of June and Korny Hansen), as my father longed for a farm again.

About 1958 he traded this farm for Perry Rhine's house, two cabins and lots in Blackfalds, where my mother passed away in 1960 and was buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

In 1961, my father sold his Blackfalds property to Romansons, purchased a newly built house, 5032-52 Street in Sylvan Lake, now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Selstrom. For a time, he managed alone but was fortunate to find Mrs. Jakowitz of Happy Hill as housekeeper who looked after him for three years. After a few months' residence at Sylvan Lake Senior Citizens' Lodge soon after it opened, rather than go to a nursing home he came to live with Andy and myself and shared our home for six years.

The summer of 1970, I took him to Finland, taking our daughter Shauna, then 15, to help. He was overjoyed to meet his two sisters, Hilda and Mina, after an absence of more than 60 years.

My mother had only one great wish — to visit the land of her youth and relatives but never realized her dream. I had always hoped to accompany her but she passed away before I felt able to leave the children, all but one at home.

In 1973 my father spent his last few months in the Red Deer Nursing Home, passing away in September, 1973 at 91 years.

I feel much indebted and thankful to my parents for inculcating in us values of hard work, persistence and honesty; a faith in the Heavenly Father to sustain us through trials. How pleasant to remember joining my parents in the singing of old Finnish hymns and the lively discussions of the Scriptures with visitors. They never did field work or heavy labor on the Lord's Day and the Bible was a well-used book. Though they were often short of help, they encouraged us to go on to higher education, helping with what finances could be spared in addition to the help I provided by working for my room and board and getting a student loan for Normal School. Those were hard times.

Hans Quam Family
by Sandra Barstable

In the spring of 1930 a young Norwegian by the name of Hans Kvamma came to Canada. He found work on farms and various other jobs that carried him through the depression years.

On Christma Eve 1935, he and Victoria Lund were married and honeymooned in Edmonton. They settled in Innisfail for the next year and a half and, in the spring of 1937, moved to Sylvan Lake. They built a small two-room cabin owned by Victoria's sister and brother-in-law, Hulda and Henry Kanten.

At Sylvan Lake, Hans started his career in the building trade and Victoria worked in the dining-room of the Sylvan Lake Hotel and this was the beginning of their 17-year stay at Sylvan Lake. Some time before this, Hans had the spelling of his name legally changed to Quam, as this was easier for most people to pronounce.

The Quams were active in the Pentecostal Church and Sunnyside Camp. Victoria taught Sunday School and Hans was Sunday School superintendent and also served on the Board. Their contribution also involved their three children who attended regularly.

In 1954 the Quam family moved to Red Deer and Hans continued in the construction business. In 1958, Quam Construction had the contract for construction of a new pier at Sylvan Lake. This was

Hans and Victoria Quam.

Brooke, Sandra and Bradley Quam.

completed in April 1959, ready for the summer tourist season. He also built the Baptist Church at Benalto and it remains as a memorial of his fine workmanship.

In 1968 the Quams retired to Surrey, B.C., which remained their home until Victoria died in June 1979 and Hans followed in March, 1982.

Their oldest son, Bradley, is a Civil Engineer; Brooke, the second son, is a welder of heavy equipment and lives in Abbotsford, B.C. with his wife Bonnie and their three children, Reua age five, Raema three years and Olin, nine months.

Sandra, the Quam daughter, lives at Loreburn, Saskatchewan, where her husband, Blaine Barnstable, teaches. The Barnstables have two children, Kylie seven years and Ryan, three years.

The Raivio Family

by Helen Raivio

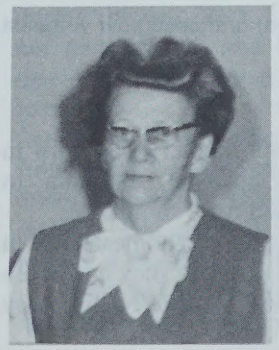
The Verner Raivios came to Sylvan Lake in 1952 and built a home on 50 Street.

Vern was born in Rocky Mountain House. He worked for the Canadian National Railway for forty-one years — twenty-six as a section foreman — before retiring in 1971.

Helen Raivio was born in Granum, Alberta. She taught school in the province for twenty-eight years, including sixteen in the County of Red Deer, eleven of which were in the Sylvan Lake Elementary School. She retired in 1971.

They have two children. Donald Verner was born in Calgary during the war while his father was stationed there. Lois Eileen was born in Rocky Mountain House. Both children attended the Sylvan Lake School and the Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Don later attended the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology and became an electronics technician. In 1964, he married Barbara Allen of Red Deer. They have two daughters, Susan and Elaine, who were born in Red Deer, and one son, Steven, born in Toronto. Don and Barbara moved to Toronto to live for ten years, before returning to Calgary in 1978



Helen Raivio.

where they now reside. Don is employed by the Motorola Corporation and travels for them as a technician and public relations agent. The children attend the Bowness Schools. Don and Barbara are involved with the Bowness Boy Scouts and other community activities.

Eileen Raivio is a graduate of Ewart Presbyterian Deaconess College in Toronto. In 1968, she married Terry Samuel, a high school music teacher who later became an ordained minister at Knox Presbyterian College, Toronto. In 1975, they went to Taiwan with the Presbyterian Missions to serve for three years. The family then returned to Toronto where Terry is the minister for Grace Presbyterian Church there. They have two children, Tara, seven years old, and Michael, six.

Each summer, Eileen brings the childen home to visit her parents in Sylvan Lake and her grandmother in Rocky Mountain House.

Mrs. Amanda Raivio with great-granddaughter Amanda Bulmer.

Mrs. Amanda Raivio

Amanda Raivio (Verner's mother) was born in Finland and came with her husband, Abraham, to Minnesota where they farmed for a short time.

In 1910, they came to Canada and homesteaded in the Rocky Mountain House district. They had seven children: Niilo, Verner, Elmer, Austrid, Nellie, Amy and Wayne.

After the death of her husband, Amanda moved to Sylvan Lake in 1952, where she bought a house on 48 Street. She lived there until 1962 when she went to live with her daughter, Amy.

When she was eighty years old, Mrs. Raivio entered the Westview Lodge in Rocky Mountain House where she resided for fifteen years. Now, at age 97, she lives in the Extended Care Auxiliary Hospital there.

Mrs. Raivio is in relatively good health and remembers all of her children, sixteen grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren and seventeen great, great grandchildren.

Her grandson, Lorne Yardborough, now lives in Sylvan Lake with his wife, Doris, and their three daughters, Michelle, Dawn and Debbie.

Christine Lees Rathwell

I married Art (Scotty) Lees in Calgary, July 1, 1930. After a short honeymoon in the Rockies, I returned to the summer school I was teaching and Art drove to his job north of Stettler at Red Willow.

On September first we met in Calgary and came to Sylvan Lake where he was the C.N.R. pumpman. We lived in the humble dwelling the railway company provided but, as it is not the house that makes the home, we were happy.

Art and Christine Lees.

Bob Lees family.

John and Christine Rathwell.

During the fine weather the weekly trip to pump at Leslieville was a picnic. When winter came and Art went by train and returned next day, I was afraid to stay alone. During the "hungry thirties" there were unemployed men walking the rails. A friend, who raised German Shepherds, gave us a pup, Duchess Beulah (Duchy for short); that solved the security problem when I was alone.

By the fall of '31 our son Bobbie had arrived. In the meantime, we had acquired a quarter section of land 13 miles west of Blackfalds and built a cabin in which we intended to make our home.

However, in 1932 the C.N.R. closed the tanks and we were moved to Mirror, then to Drumheller, Fenn and finally to Burbank. Here, in 1946, tragedy struck, Art died. I returned to teaching and Bob, now 15 years old, went to school in Red Deer and stayed in the dormitory at what is now the Lindsay Thurber Composite High School.

In 1951, I bought the "castle" on 50 A Avenue and we had a home. Then four years later, I joined the Sylvan Lake School staff and taught grade two until 1960.

By that time I had married John Rathwell and we bought the Bill Heikkinen home. John died in 1969 and I continued to live there until 1979 when I moved to the Manor.

My son, daughter-in-law and three grandchildren live in Delta, B.C. I usually spend the Christmas holidays with them.

Alex Reid Family
by Alex Reid

I, Alex Reid, son of William and Laura (Loiselle) Reid, was born in Sylvan Lake in 1919 at the home of my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Loiselle. In fact, I lived with them until I began school. My brother Louis and I started school together at Sunset School, west of Bentley.

During the early part of the war I married Vera Simmons of Sylvan Lake. We made Sylvan Lake our home off and on for 24 years. Our two oldest children, Laura and Wilfred, were born in Red Deer during the war. Vera, Laura and Wilfred lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, until I was discharged from the Air Force. We then moved to Fernie, B.C., where I worked in the Michel Mines for four and a half years. During our stay there, Pat, Ronnie and George were born. The mines were shut down temporarily, so we moved back to Sylvan Lake in 1950. Our son Allan was born shortly after our return, at the Bentley Hospital.

In 1951, I started to work for a seismic exploration company, Geophysical Services Incorporated

(G.S.I.) in Calgary. I worked 16 years away from home in B.C., Alberta and Saskatchewan. Our children, Barbara, Janine and Larry were born during those years. I was then transferred to the Calgary office and became a personnel manager for 14 years. After 30 years I retired from G.S.I.

I am presently working with my sons, Wilfred and Ronnie, for Sonics Exploration in Calgary.

Laura was born in Red Deer and lived in Sylvan Lake until she married Adrien Fleury of Brooks, Alberta. Laura was very active in sports. She taught swimming lessons and keep-fit classes as well as being lifeguard at the lake. Laura attended school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. She is now living in Edmonton with her husband Adrien, daughters Janice and Shelley and son Ricky.

Wilfred was also born in Red Deer and attended school in Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. He worked a number of years with G.S.I. Wilfred married Diane Chalmers of Calgary. They are now living in Red Deer with son Tony and daughter Christine. Wilfred spends his spare time at their acreage north of Sylvan Lake.

Pat was born in Fernie, B.C. and also attended school at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. After our move to Calgary in 1965, Pat started to work for G.S.I. The next year she was transferred to Saudi Arabia as a telex operator. We lost Pat there in a car accident in 1967. Pat is buried at Sylvan Lake.

Ronnie was born in Fernie, B.C. and attended school at Sylvan Lake, Calgary and the University of Alberta. He lives in Calgary with his wife, Valerie Forsyth of Calgary. They have three children, sons Kelly and Jason and daughter Holly.

George was born in Fernie, B.C. and attended school in Sylvan Lake and Calgary. He is married to Liz Vajta of Calgary. They now live in Edmonton with daughter Jessica and son Jared.

Allan was born in Bentley and attended school at Sylvan Lake and Calgary. He is married to Jean Mitchell of Red Deer. They now live in Calgary with daughter Shannon and son Cory. Allan and Jean spend most of their summers at their cottage in Sylvan Lake.

Barbara was born in Val Marie, Saskatchewan and attended school in Sylvan Lake and Calgary. She was such a good hockey player that she played with the Sylvan Lake boys' hockey team for a couple of winters. Barb enlisted in the Armed Forces and served for four years. She married Vic Rathwell of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. After leaving the Armed Forces, Barb and Vic began farming just west of Moose Jaw. They have a daughter, Jaylyn.

Janine was born in Red Deer and attended school at Sylvan Lake and Calgary. Janine married Jerry Wolton of Calgary. After a short stay in Edmonton, they now make Calgary their home with daughter Sarah and son Reid.

Five generations: Mrs. Laura Reid holding great-great-granddaughter, son Alex Reid, granddaughter Laura and great-granddaughter.

Larry was born in Eckville and had his school years in Calgary. He is presently living in Calgary.

Carrie, our youngest daughter, was born in Calgary and also began her school years at Calgary. She is presently living at home.

Vera and I enjoyed our years at Sylvan Lake and still look forward to our visits there.

Mrs. Laura (Loiselle) Reid

by Sheila Boomer

Laura Loiselle was born November 9, 1897 in Saginaw, Michigan and with her parents, Louis and Hattie Loiselle, brother Arthur and grandfather, Alexandre Loiselle, travelled by rail to Red Deer in November, 1899. With the family arrived cattle, horses, household furnishings and a dismantled

Mrs. Hattie Loiselle with daughter Laura Reid and grandson Ian.

sawmill, which the family planned to set up on the unsettled shores of Snake Lake, 15 miles west of Red Deer.

The weather was bitterly cold and, with horses and wagons laden with their belongings, the herd of cattle following behind, they set out over a seldom travelled trail to Snake Lake. Many times the wagons became hopelessly bogged down in the swampy lowlands, the horses belly down in the mud. Everything had to be unloaded, including the heavy sawmill, and reloaded again once the horses and wagons were freed — surely a test even for the most determined. However, soon after their arrival on the shores of Snake Lake, the sawmill was set up and put into operation on the lakeshore west of the turnoff to the present Sylvan Lake Golf Course. A log cabin, with sod roof, was built and the family settled into their new home for the winter.

Laura's father, Louis, staked out a homestead near Kasota Beach. Alexandre Loiselle Sr. staked the west side of the present 50th Street. Also, homesteads were taken for his four sons due to arrive soon with Mrs. Loiselle Sr. and their three daughters and work began on a much grander log cabin to be ready when they arrived in the spring. The next fall, another son was born to Louis and Hattie Loiselle — the first white child born in the area — for Laura, a brother Louis Jr.

The sawmill prospered and soon others arrived to work in the mill, then tragedy struck when the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Loiselle was killed in an accident in the mill. Before leaving Saginaw, Laura's mother, Hattie Loiselle, had experienced a vision which foretold of such a tragedy. Also, their priest had warned the family not to move west and, although they were a devout Roman Catholic family who set much store in foreboding, plans had been made and the family carried them out.

Hoping a change of scene would restore his wife's health, Alexandre Loiselle Sr. sold the sawmill to Mr. Boucquet and they moved to Red Deer taking granddaughter Laura, then five years old, with them. Laura started her schooling in Red Deer and lived there with her grandparents (who built and operated a boarding house which was later moved to Sylvan Lake and became Antler Lodge) until she was about eight years old.

In the meantime, settlers were moving into the Snake Lake area and, in 1905, Alexandre Loiselle Sr. built the first hotel (on the present site of the Turbo Service Station) as well as a post office-store and moved his wife and Laura back to manage the hotel, while Laura's parents, Louis and Hattie and two sons, proved up the homestead at Kasota Beach.

At this time, before the railway passed through, the area surrounding the lake was dense bush abounding with bears and wild game. The woods were carpeted with wild flowers of many kinds and the trees were full of singing birds — a beautiful area.

The hotel was prospering and Alexandre Loiselle was looking to expand, so sold the existing hotel and store and plans were made to build a larger hotel on the present site of the Sylvan Lake Golf Course. Two Belgian fellows were paid $2000.00 to clear the tamarack swamp with stump pullers and a new 40-room hotel and large livery barn were built. This was an exciting time for Sylvan Lake (the name had been changed as no one liked the name, Snake Lake) as there was now a thriving business section of town, a French colony of people, who had immigrated from France with their own teachers, doctors, musicians and, of course, their own customs. An Indian encampment was just west of the Alexander Hotel by the little stream. Horse trading was carried on with the Indians, that is, horses for furs and beautifully beaded moccasins. Indian families were often seen travelling through the settlement with children and dogs following behind. Until the Alexander Hotel

burned to the ground in 1924, bullet holes could be seen in the west side of the building — witness to a small uprising when the Indians, unable to obtain drinks at the hotel, had retaliated with guns.

Laura continued to live at the hotel helping her grandmother and learning to cook and wait tables. She also learned to make patchwork crazy quilts as many were needed in the hotel business. Business was brisk, with summer people staying over, travellers and settlers heading west, and supply freighters passing through to points west would stop at the livery barn to tend horses and the men would enjoy a meal. The Alexander Hotel soon became well known for serving a delicious concoction of fish eggs, onions and celery — simply known as "fish eggs". As word got around, people were coming from far and near for fish eggs and, of course, fresh fish, the bounty of the lake.

The coming of the Alberta Central Railway in 1912 saw many changes in the community. Rows of tents popped up on the beach to house the railway workers and a boardwalk was built from the work site down to the hotel as many of the crew slept and took their meals in the hotel. Many people stayed on after the railway passed through and the settlement continued to grow to be incorporated as a village in June, 1913.

In the early spring of that year, during a fishing expedition to the creek where a group of young girls were spearing fish, Laura fell in and, not bothering to go home to change, spent the day cold and wet. The next day she was flat in bed with rheumatic fever and she was bedridden for six months — then three months learning to walk with crutches. Dr. Collison and Dr. Parsons Sr. tended Laura and frequent visits were made by the family and friends, such as Mrs. Raymond Archambault, who would come by with little toys and treats. Charles Archambault, who built the stone "castle" on 50 A Avenue West, and his brother Raymond, who built on the corner west of the castle, were part of the French colony that would eventually return discouraged to Montreal or France.

By the time Sylvan Lake was becoming a summer attraction, the heavy bush was gradually cleared and homes and cottages built. The Alexander Hotel was the center of the social scene and plays, concerts and get-togethers were enjoyed as well as meetings of all sorts — all very exciting for a young girl. While serving in the hotel diningroom, Laura met William Reid, a young Scotsman who was working as timekeeper for the railway and, on September 14, 1915, they were married in Red Deer. Will was called to active service, October 2, 1915, with the 12th Mounted Rifles and Laura lived with her parents in the village.

When Will returned in January, 1919, the couple rented their first home on the Godin place and were there a year when their first son, Alex, arrived December 3, 1919. The following spring, the family moved six miles west of Bentley to farm for the next 25 years. The family grew as Louis arrived May 14, 1921, Arthur on September 26, 1924, Henry on November 24, 1926 and Ian on September 10, 1938.

Alex, the eldest son, lived with his grandparents, Louis and Hattie Loiselle, in Sylvan Lake and took his schooling here. During the 1930's when the farm could not provide a living, Laura and Will and family moved to Saskatoon, Sask., where Will had found work which was to last four and a half years. Then the family moved back to Bentley to the farm. Louis, Arthur and Henry attended school in Bentley and all joined the services during World War II. Alex, who had married Vera Simmons of Sylvan Lake, joined the Airforce. Arthur and Henry joined the army and Louis the paratroopers. Following the war, Louis took over the family farm while Will and Laura bought and moved to her father's homestead at Kasota Beach with youngest son Ian, who started school at Kuusamo. The family remained there for four years, then sold and moved to the Sutherland place just to the south, where they farmed for 12 years when poor health forced the move into town to the Sestrap place on Railway Avenue. Here Will and Laura operated a woodlot and market garden until Will's passing in 1968. Mrs. Reid then bought the property on 48 Avenue West and has resided there ever since. Earlier, this was where Hattie Loiselle's home (Laura's mother) had been for many years.

At the fine old age of 85, Mrs. Reid is as busy as ever gardening, canning and making patchwork crazy quilts by the dozens. Her memory is sharp and sense of humor keen. She enjoys reasonably good health and has always been interested and informed of local and world happenings.

Mrs. Reid's son Alex and his wife Vera raised 10 children and his work was seismograph. Louis and wife Margaret farmed until his passing in 1972 and raised eight children while Arthur and his wife, the former Ethel Koski of Eckville, had four children and Art was also in the seismograph business overseas. Henry married June Granger of Calgary and they had a family of three. Henry remained in the army. Ian, with his wife Anna, have one daughter and Ian also works in the seismograph business. Mrs. Laura Reid has 25 grandchildren, 42 great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild.

Pause a moment and reflect on the changes Mrs. Reid has seen since she arrived here to a wild and unsettled country at the age of two years. What a difference when now we come over the hill to Sylvan

William and Laura Reid.

Lake on a dark night and see the friendly, glittering lights welcoming us, then, so dark, so still, so empty. We are all aware of the change in our housing — then a primitive log cabin with sod roof, cold and damp — stoking the fire all night, nursing desperately ill children. Now we have beautiful homes taken for granted. When illness or accident struck, someone set out on horseback to find a doctor — often a day passed before help arrived. Now all it takes is a phone call and efficient transportation to hospital 15 miles in either direction day or night. Today, feeding ourselves is as simple as shopping in modern stores; then, a steady chore to hunt, butcher and preserve, clear land, tend gardens and cherish seed for next spring. From bush trails to highways, lamps to electricity, television to man on the moon, democrats to motorhomes — so many changes and only 85 years have passed. Yet those were good times and beautiful times, as Mrs. Reid would be the first to explain. Life was simple, friends and neighbors looked after one another and truly cared.

Thanks, Mrs. Reid, for remembering those times for us.

Reynolds Family

Arthur, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Reynolds, was born at Brwyunant, South Wales, October 6, 1906. After taking his schooling at Glandur, Wales, he took up carpentry as a trade. In 1929, he and his brother, Ben, came to Canada to Hussar, Alberta, then to the Burnt Lake District where another brother, Tom, was working.

Arthur met his future wife, Lillian Hansen, when he bought land adjoining that of her aunt and uncle, the Len Hackers. Lillian was born at Crystal Lake, Iowa, November 24, 1911 and came to Canada in 1929 to live with the Hackers.

Lillian and Arthur were married May 2, 1934 and lived in the Burnt Lake District until June, 1940. At that time they moved to Sylvan Lake and Art became a full-time carpenter. His excellent workmanship can still be seen in the buildings he crafted that are standing solid today.

The Reynolds had a family of nine children, three boys and six girls: Leonard, Raymond, Anna, Joyce, Gwen, Clayton, Myrna, Sherry and Gloria.

Arthur passed away suddenly October 31, 1975 at the age of 69. He is resting in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Lillian lives at the home place in Sylvan Lake, enjoying good health. Her interests include knitting, sewing and her family.

The Reynolds family: Art and Lillian (in front), Leonard, Joyce, Sherry, Myrna, Gloria, Gwen and Raymond.

Leonard Wayne

Len was born May 25, 1935, in the Stack house, a Nursing Home in Sylvan Lake. Len took all of his schooling in Sylvan Lake after the Art Reynolds' family moved to town from the farm.

On December 28, 1956, he married Charlotte Hayward. They had three children, Darrell Wayne, born January 19, 1958, is a plumber and lives in Sylvan Lake. Douglas Leonard, born May 5, 1962, works in the construction trade and lives in Red Deer. Debbie Kim, born November 20, 1963, works at Michener Centre and plans on going into the medical

field. On March 5, 1983, Debbie married Michel (Mike) Gagne and they live in Sylvan Lake.

Len and Charlotte were divorced and, on June 24, 1972, Len was married to Eileen Esther Frappier. Eileen has five children: Lorraine Susan, living in Greece; Robert James (Bob), living in Sylvan Lake; William Fredrick (Rick), living in Sylvan Lake; Michael David (Mike), living in Innisfail; Deborah (Debbie), living in Ontario.

The boys work in the oil patch. Len operates Len Reynolds Construction of Sylvan Lake.

Raymond George

Ray was born March 6, 1938, at the home of Mrs. Prevo, a mid-wife, living four miles east of Sylvan Lake. He lived in the Burnt Lake District until the age of two years, at which time the Reynolds family moved to Sylvan Lake. Ray took all his schooling at Sylvan Lake and worked with his dad after school and on weekends. When he was about six years old he picked up nails around the job site and progressed in the carpentry business as he got older. When he left school, he worked with his dad in the summer and on seismic rigs with G.S.I. and R. & J. Drilling in the winter. In 1965, Ray took over the carpentry business and Arthur gradually retired. Ray and his sons still carry on the business as "Ray Reynolds and Sons Contracting."

Ray married June Valli on November 16, 1957. They had two sons: Brian George, born September 29, 1961, and Allan Dale, born June 15, 1963. This marriage ended in divorce.

On April 6, 1968, Ray was married to Anne Lightbown Solberg. Anne was a widow with a daughter and three sons: Laurie Ann, born August 9, 1956; Daryl Steven, born June 16, 1961; Leonard James, born March 17, 1964; Trevor Alvin, born July 9, 1965.

All six of their children took their schooling in Sylvan Lake. The five boys are active in sports, especially hockey, and Laurie is talented in painting, stained glass, weaving and many other crafts.

Laurie married Dan Chilibeck in July, 1975 and they have a son, Craig Raymond, and a daughter, Shauna Maryanne. They live in Sylvan Lake and Dan is employed with Ray Reynolds and Sons Contracting.

Ray Reynolds family: Brian, Jim Campbell (foster son) and Allan (standing), Daryl, Anne and Ray (seated), Trevor and Len (in front).

Dan and Laurie Chilibeck with Shauna and Craig.

Brian married Gail Soley in July, 1981. They live in Sylvan Lake and have a son, Cody Brian. Brian works with his dad and also Richmond Drilling.

Allan and his wife, Shawna, Sylvan Lake, have a daughter, Rikki Rae. Allan works in the family business and on oil rigs.

Daryl, Len and Trevor live at home and all are working in Sylvan Lake and area.

Anna Doreen

Anna was born May 22, 1942 and passed away November 17, 1942 of bronchial pneumonia. She is buried at Sylvan Lake.

Joyce Evelyn

Joyce was born in Red Deer, May 31, 1944. She

took grades one to nine in Sylvan Lake and completed grade ten at River Glen School in Red Deer. She was united in marriage to Leroy William Robertson on May 11, 1963. They lived at Sylvan Lake for two years, during which time Joyce worked at George Reed's Grocery Store. Joyce and Roy moved to Red Deer in May, 1965 and lived many years in Oriole Park. They recently bought an acreage southwest of Red Deer.

They have three children: Laurie Dawn, born June 17, 1964; Duane Reece, born December 4, 1966; Rhonda Dianne, born January 16, 1972.

Gweneth Audrey

Gwen was born April 17, 1946 in Red Deer. She attended grades one to nine in Sylvan and grade ten at River Glen School. She married Boyd Leroy Molander on June 22, 1962 and they had three children: Shannon Boyd, born March 12, 1963; Sandra Michelle, born October 26, 1964 and passed away December 8, 1964; Tanis Danna, born May 24, 1966. This marriage ended in divorce.

Gwen took a hairdressing course and received her certificate in 1968.

In 1968, a common-law relationship was recognized between Gwen and Juergen E. H. Huebner and from this union are three children: Helga Danelle, born June 17, 1970; Carmen Bryanna Lillian, born November 24, 1974; Kurt Juergen Arthur, born January 6, 1977.

Gwen, Juergen and family reside in Red Deer.

Clayton Albert

Clayton was born in Red Deer, December 27, 1947. He took his schooling in Sylvan Lake. When he left school, he worked with his dad and brother Ray in the carpentry business and spent winters with R. & J. Drilling. He was united in marriage to Cherry June Ottley on July 29, 1967. They had a daughter, Pamela Gayle, born January 12, 1969.

Clayton passed away of leukemia, November 3, 1969, at the age of 21 years. He is resting in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Myrna June

Myrna was born June 24, 1949 in Red Deer. She spent her school years at Sylvan Lake, then completed a hairdressing course and bought a business in Red Deer which she called "Myrna's Mountview Beauty Salon." Myrna was married to Stanley Oliver Norem on April 4, 1970.

They were living in Sylvan Lake when Myrna passed away of an aneurism, January 18, 1973, at the age of 23 years. She is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Sherry Louise

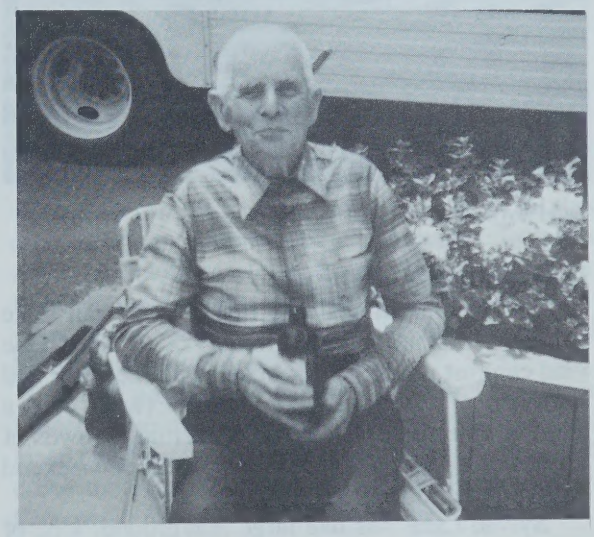
Sherry was born in Red Deer, June 25, 1951. She took her schooling in Sylvan Lake, then entered a commercial cooking course at Lethbridge. She married James Blackmore on March 8, 1969 and had two daughters: Tammy Michelle, born September 25, 1969 and Tearra Tyree, born June 24, 1973. This marriage ended in divorce.

Sherry was united in marriage to Frank Buschenel, September 25, 1976. They are now separated and Sherry and her girls live in the home place at Sylvan Lake.

Gloria Lynn

Gloria was born April 11, 1954 in Red Deer. After attending school in Sylvan Lake, she apprenticed for a hairdressing certificate under her sister, Myrna. She later bought Mountview Beauty Salon.

Gloria married Patrick Robert Crossland, April 5, 1980 and moved to Pat's home province of Saskatchewan. Their first born daughter, Shanna Marie, was born September 23, 1981 and passed away September 27, 1981. Their second daughter, Tricia Leigh, was born December 7, 1982.



Tom Reynolds.

Uncle Tom

Art Reynold's brother, Tom, became quite well known in Sylvan Lake when he retired and moved into town. He took up residence in a new home on 47 Avenue East in 1964. He lived there until 1981 when he became a resident of the Sylvan Lake Lodge. Later, because of failing health, he was transferred to the Red Deer Nursing Home where, at age 84, he still resides.

Jim Reynolds
by Cora Mustard

Jim Reynolds was one of the very early settlers to come to Sylvan Lake, owning property on the west

side of the village and joining the Louis Loiselle property.

He made very tasty johnny cake which he often served to visitors. Whenever going out, he would always leave the house door ajar, his theory being, "thieves would never enter an open door." He took a great deal of pride in a team of horses he owned, "Billy" and "Dolly".

The only known relative he had was a nephew, Gordon, who once spent some time visiting him.

Jim is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery next to Wash Petro, who was a very close friend of his.

Jim Reynolds.

Lila (Murphy) Ribson

The general climate and image of Sylvan Lake showed a marked change from 1928 to 1941. One vital contrast might be drawn between the color and pageantry of youthful cadets on parade (when I was a child of nine), as opposed to the teeming crowds of servicemen seeking a slice of happiness on weekend pass or leave in 1939 to 1941.

Sylvan Lake was one large playground. One of the finest golf courses in the province was cultivated there. The boardwalk and lakeshore developments provided the sightseer with a touch of Coney Island and the Riviera rolled into one: the wide, white sand of the beach had a carnival atmosphere and Mr. McCloskey's merry-go-round with musical accompaniment, Shetland pony rides and occasional visiting midway thrilled vacationers.

In addition to the multitude of sun lovers and bathers, one might view a "pitch and catch" session of the famed "House of David's" ball team, combining practice with a dip-and-dry approach. Our waterfront held a smorgasbord of goodies: there was Simpson's Boathouse and snack bar; the umbrellas over tables where our fortunes were read from tea leaves by Madam Golden in the Balmoral Tea Room; the soda bar and dining room of the Pavilion; vendors here and there, hawking popcorn and ice cream. Milling around were spilled carloads and canoe loads of Scouts, Cadets, C.G.I.T., all day visitors from camps on first and second points. Annual regattas stimulated a rally of competitors. Then, our town hosted the big Wrigley Swim, with swim champ Charlotte Acres as a featured performer. We boasted what was dubbed the Government Pier; two widespread and parallel docks were neatly bridged by another when they reached the depths. Planted firmly behind the bridged pier stood the viewers' grandstand.

When night fell, the fickle crowd was constantly on the move, shifting from hall to hall, enticed by the tantalizing aroma of chips and fried onions, hamburgers and hot dogs and, of course, by the mellow band sounds magnified by lakeside breezes. Names like Leo Smuntan, Silvertone Seven and Swing Sextet (my husband's smaller group) add to a collection of memories. Art Evans, an Edmonton journalist, paid a great tribute to my brother, Harold, writing a column about a heavy man who danced with ease and a variety of steps. Harold manned the jitney (10¢ a dance, three for a quarter) gates each year, sometimes at the Trianon and sometimes at the Pavilion.

Harold and I missed one year of school in 1927 before we moved to Sylvan Lake. We lived in the country and his leg problem was compounded with a break which refused to heal. Therefore, I began grade three in 1928 just after our move. I was born in Castor, Alberta, June 15, 1919.

Among my Sylvan Lake teachers were Miss Hunter, Mr. Mathieson, Mr. Evernden, Mr. McCullough, Miss McNicholl and Mr. Paul. Just two years ago I learned Ralph Evernden and his wife Marjorie (nee May) were living in Lethbridge. I also read that Glen Paul is the superintendent of Humboldt County, California.

Ralph Evernden and Glen Paul were dedicated teachers. My eventual career as a Director of Recreation was undoubtedly influenced by their special encouragement. Ralph Evernden encouraged me in the arts (drama, music, writing, drawing and painting). Glen Paul helped me in workouts for races, high jumping and, of course, coaching basketball. His help led to achievements for me in area competitions and school fairs.

In 1936, I married Gordon Will Scott, born in 1906 in Carnoustie, Scotland. Our family consisted of four girls: Avis Diane, born in 1938; Sharon Lynne, in 1940; Marsha Kay, in 1946; and Jo-Anne Leslie, in 1947. Joe-Anne was two months old when I became a widow in Hamilton where we lived.

In 1948, I became a student of Canada Business

College in Hamilton and then worked as a secretary until my remarriage to my present husband, Harold Ribson. He was the father of four children by a previous marriage. One child, Denise Coleen, was born to us in 1951.

In 1956, while working in the field of recreation, we began furthering our educations through the University of Western Ontario and obtained certificates in the field. Our subsequent work, for various municipalities involved implementing many programs relative to interests developed in Sylvan Lake, including municipal and music festivals, arts and crafts workshops, park, arena and playground sports activities.

I look back with fondness upon "My People's Playground" in Sylvan Lake and all those who nurtured my love for live theatre, music, literature and sports. The large accessible library in the home of the McCaskill family helped develop my interest in literature; the vacant lot that lay between our residences, attracting children from every segment of town for games, helped promote my interest in sports.

I recall our bobsled tied behind Shammy Jamois' large sleigh and team heading for thrilling rides down Hendrickson's Hill and the exchange parties in midwinter between Carritt School and Sylvan Lake when beckoning bonfires on a far shore tempted foolhardy youngsters to jump gaps in the cracking ice. There were fall masquerades, country dances at Alhambra and Poplar Ridge, music lessons from Mrs. Soderman and Lily Cuendet, recitals, amateur shows, silent movies, then talkies, first C.G.I.T. productions (leaders, Mrs. Austinson and Marjorie May), Young People's shows, choir practices and church services.

As kids, we revelled when they ripped up the boardwalk and we hit paydirt under the old boards. How our pockets jangled! We were not too proud to peddle pan after pan of fresh, crisp lettuce to the campers in the tenting ground, wash bottles for resale to hardware and general stores for kerosene, vinegar and whatnot. Those were the days of area rodeos and, as I got older, scrounging a ride from the amiable brother who piloted the sea plane. I took another free ride through the air and into the lake, thanks to the not so amiable brother who did not appreciate free loaders. The school became a clinic when I was 12 for a weekend of tonsilectomies and beds were packed wall to wall.

A travelling producer auditioned local talent to round out his variety show. We danced to "Fit as a Fiddle" and "Shuffle off to Buffalo", which appealed to all star-struck girls during the era of Broadway melodies.

A cyclone funnelled across the lake and stirred up the outskirts of the community. They declared a holiday until they had mended the school door and two windows.

Mr. Hicks undertook the direction of a play called, "Naughty Eloise". I had the lead and my teacher, Mr. Paul, was cast opposite me in a romantic role. The play never came to fruition and, I would like to think it was miscasting, not my acting, that was the cause.

That town (Sylvan Lake) held adventure, friends, excitement and color unequalled elsewhere. I will always remember my brother Harold singing a church solo called, "My Task", my brother Harvey's smooth dives off the diving board and my brother Kenneth as the handsome young lifeguard surrounded by girls.

My husband Harold and I have been retired and living in Calgary since 1972. Though brother Harold (who lived here) is deceased, Kenneth still lives in the city, as well as two of my daughters.

Sylvan Lake will always be, "My People's Playground".

John M. and Annie Rittenhouse

John M. Rittenhouse was born in South Cayuga, Ontario, December 2, 1873. He moved to Alberta in 1911 and lived in Red Deer and Lacombe. He then moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1914 and worked for various general stores until 1920. At this time, he bought a homestead at Dovercourt. John was a charter member of the Rocky Mountain House I.O.O.F. Lodge and acted as secretary for many years. On August 2, 1921 he married Annie Isabel McNaughton in Calgary.

Annie was born in Almont, Ontario, September 8, 1894. She moved to Alberta in 1891. She always loved horses and, during her younger years, rode and drove the best. She worked in a millinery shop in Lacombe for a time. John and Annie farmed in the

Elizabeth and Abe Rittenhouse; Annie and John Rittenhouse.

Mrs. Annie Rittenhouse.

Dovercourt area until 1947 when they sold the farm and retired to Sylvan Lake.

They had one son, Bill. Mr. Rittenhouse passed away July 9, 1958, at the ripe old age of 86 years. Annie lived in her home until 1976 when she moved to the Sylvan Lake Lodge. People in Sylvan Lake will always remember the slight little Mrs. Rittenhouse and her endearing personality. She loved animals and always had to get home to feed her stray cats. She walked with a little spring in her step and had more energy than most young people. She was everyone's friend and always had a smile on her face. She was devoted to her family and was dearly loved by her grandchildren. She spent a lot of time with her relatives, the Marshalls, in Innisfail. Mrs. Rittenhouse passed away in 1978 at the age of 85 years.

William and Leuella Rittenhouse

Bill Rittenhouse.

William Rittenhouse, son of John and Annie Rittenhouse, was born February 20, 1933 in Lacombe, Alberta. He attended school at Dovercourt, later moving to Sylvan Lake in 1947 with his parents. As a teenager, Bill worked at the creamery. In 1953 he went to Lethbridge, Alberta to apprentice for an Aircraft Maintenance Engineer. Bill was always fascinated by airplanes. In 1960 he married Leuella Jane Herder, daughter of Sarah and Lewis Herder. They lived in Sylvan Lake for three years, then moved to Calgary, Red Deer, Brandon, Dawson Creek, Fort Nelson, Winterburne and Camrose following the aircraft industry. In Camrose, they were partners in Camrose Aviation which they sold their interests in, in 1982. They have four children, Brinda, John, David and Jane, all of whom reside in Camrose. They also have one grandchild, Jeffrey.

Bill was always interested in photography and has taken many excellent photographs over the years. Leuella has always been interested in knitting and crochet and ceramics. She also took a cake-decorating course and has made a lot of fancy cakes for different occasions. As a child, Leuella attended the

Luella Rittenhouse with John, David and Brenda.

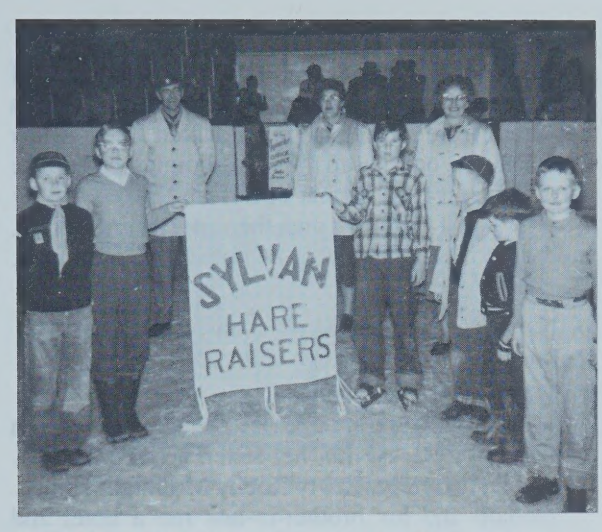
Balmoral School east of Red Deer and later Sylvan Lake School. At this time she resided with her parents, the Lewis Herders, on the family farm. She always loved horses and spent a lot of time helping her father and brothers on the farm.

The Ritz Family

by Ethel Ritz

Cec and I were married in Calgary, moved to Medicine Hat, then to Edmonton, and decided, finally, to settle in Sylvan Lake. That was in May, 1951. Cec had been with the drug firm of Ayers, McKenna and Harrison. I worked for the Royal Bank.

We bought our drug store from Mrs. Edith Gilchrist. It was, at the time, located in the Cobb Block. In July of the same year we moved across the



Ethel Ritz, Cub Leader, with some of her Chuckwagon Team.

Cub Team, "Hare Raisers", Chuckwagon Race 1959.

street into a new building which is now the Medical Clinic. We had an ice cream bar and made our own ice cream. Finding the building too large for us, we moved into the old Calgary Power office in Antler Lodge and from there, some years later, to our present location.

Michael was born in September, 1951 followed by Greg in November, 1952.

Cec soon became involved in community activities. He coached senior hockey, was on the Town Council, in Lions, and was one of the promoters of the Sylvan Lake Regattas. He was also an ardent curler and golfer until, for health reasons, he had to quit.

I taught Sunday School at St. Mary's Anglican Church and was a Cub leader for years.

Our life was not without a certain amount of unnecessary excitement. In August, 1954, our house was hit by lightning. The boys and I escaped injury by a matter of inches. It took six weeks to put the house back in living condition.

Six years later, Mike and Greg were in a helicopter — which was offering rides to promote the Regatta — when it struck a power line causing a blackout from here to Nordegg. The Calgary Power crew could not believe that anyone could walk away from that alive! But they did, and Greg is married to Lee (Fredeen) from Lacombe and living in Rocky Mountain House. Mike is at present living in Santa Barbara, California.

After more than 30 years in business in Sylvan Lake, Ritz Drugs has, for the past ten years, employed one full-time and one part-time pharmacist to assist Cec in the dispensary. By doing the books and helping out the odd time, in a small way, I stay involved.

Alex Robertson Family

Alex (Sandy) Robertson came to Red Deer from Scotland in 1910 and his wife and three daughters, Annie, Ethel and Georgie, followed him in 1911. Their passage had been booked on the ill-fated Titanic, but they got an earlier booking on the Empress of Ireland, which proved most fortunate for the family. Their youngest daughter, Isabel, was born in Red Deer.

Sandy was with the Red Deer City Police until joining the Alberta Provincial Police and moving to Nordegg in 1925. He was later transferred to Coronation and remained there until 1932, at which time the

Alex Robertson (1933).

Mrs. Alex Robertson with daughters Ethel, Georgina and Isobel.

Alberta Provincial Police amalgamated with the Northwest Mounted Police.

Upon his retirement from the Alberta Provincial Police, the family moved to Sylvan Lake and built the Balmoral Service Station, the Balmoral Tea Room and summer cottages. A service station is still being operated in the same location.

Sandy died at home of a heart attack on July 9, 1948 and the business was sold that same year to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell of Blackfalds. Mrs. Robertson then moved to Bentley to live with her daughter, Ethel, and her husband, Ian Martin, and remained there until her death in 1967.

Annie Robertson married Dr. Hollies and they lived in Pouce Coupe, B.C. for forty years. Dr. Hollies died in April, 1977 and Annie still lives at Pouce Coupe.

Ethel worked for the *Red Deer Advocate* until her marriage to Ian Martin. They moved to Bentley and operated the Bentley Motors for a number of years, until Ian passed away in 1949. Ethel still resides in Bentley where she and her husband, Doyle Clinton, are enjoying retirement.

Georgie married Bill Marks and they operated a lunch room, barber shop and pool room at Eckville. Bill enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and Georgie and son, Bill, moved back to Sylvan Lake. When Bill Sr. came home from the war, they built Marks' Electric Store on Lakeshore Drive (the present location of the Red Onion). In 1960, they sold the building on Lakeshore Drive and moved the business to Main Street. Bill passed away in 1979 and Georgie now lives in the Manor at Sylvan Lake. Her son, Bill, and his family live in Calgary.

Isobel married Ken Wilkinson of Sylvan Lake in 1934 and they operated numerous businesses there until her death in 1974. Ken continued to reside at Sylvan Lake until his passing in 1983. Their only son, Jay, and family live in Edmonton.

D. W. Robertson

In January, 1942 D. W. (Robby) Robertson of Red Deer purchased a cottage in Balmy Beach (Jarvis Bay area) from Harold Leppard of Red Deer. A few years later, he purchased the two adjoining lots on the north from Charlie Palmer of Sylvan Lake.

His wife, Harriett, and their daughter, Donna, and her family spend every summer at their cottage.

Donald and Nellie Blair and Margaret Robertson

by Mrs. John Robertson

Margaret Robertson arrived in Canada from Scotland in 1912. Nellie, her sister, arrived in 1913. Donald had come earlier to Rocky Mountain House.

Donald and his brother-in-law ran a hotel and restaurant in Rocky Mountain House for a while. Donald, being a good cook, had a chance to use his talent. He also cooked in a boarding house in Nordegg. Later on, Nellie and Donald moved to a farm in Ricinus for a few years and then to Evarts where some of their family members were. They lived on the farm.

Margaret (Maggie) lived with them and continued to do so when they moved to Sylvan Lake. For several years when they had lived on the farm they had been confronted with many hardships, not being used to farming and not knowing much about it. They milked a herd of cows, the hard way, by hand.

In 1947 they sold out and moved to Sylvan Lake to reside at 4405 — 50 Street. They lived there for 22 years until poor health forced them to leave. Nellie was the first one taken seriously ill. She spent some time in the Eckville Hospital, then passed away April 7, 1966, at age 84.

Maggie and Donald continued to live in Sylvan Lake for a while. When taken ill, they both spent time in the Eckville Hospital, then were taken to the West Park Nursing Home in Red Deer. Maggie was only in the nursing home for two weeks when she fell and broke her hip. She passed away soon after on January 24, 1969, at age 92.

Donald continued living at West Park Nursing Home until February 20, 1971, then passed away at the age of 94.

Joseph Rossé

Mr. Rossé arrived in the Sylvan Lake area from Switzerland in 1901. His brother, Edmond Rossé, had arrived a year or two before and had constructed a crude log dwelling of sorts. An individual could literally live off the land at that time as fish, game and birds were to be had for the taking. During the early years, Joe Rossé proved up on two homesteads, one

Joe Rossé, son Joe, daughter Jeannette.

being about a mile west of Sylvan Lake, the other about two miles east and a mile north. As opportunities were very limited, he was very fortunate in finding employment with a survey crew. With pack horses carrying the supplies, they conducted survey work and, until recent years, there was a creek in the south Okanagan of British Columbia still bearing his name. In 1909, the survey trip took them to Montana and, by December of the same year, they crossed the Clearwater River in the state of Idaho.

Mrs. Muckle and Mrs. Rossé.

In 1911, Mrs. Rossé arrived in Sylvan Lake and Mr. Rossé was in the process of setting himself up in a small store, which included the Post Office. It was not unusual to hear a knock on the door at two o'clock in the morning, or even later, perpetrated by a homesteader requesting his mail. Red Deer was the chief supply point at that time and people would make this trip with a team of horses and wagon, or sleigh, depending on the time of year.

In 1919, Mr. Rossé and his family, then consisting of his wife and two daughters, Marguerite and Jeannette, decided to return to Switzerland. However, after living there for three years, he found the changes in the country not to his liking and returned to Canada. While living in Switzerland, Mrs. Rossé had given birth to twin boys, Gaston and Joe Jr.

They returned to Sylvan Lake and, in the year 1927, erected a building on Main Street in which he opened a general store business. Business hours were from eight in the morning until eleven at night and, sometimes, later. There was no electrical power at that time, so lighting consisted of coal-oil lamps placed at various locations within the store. In the residence at the back of the store, Mrs. Rossé gave birth to the last of the children, a son, Henry. Then came the lean years of the 1930's, a time well remembered by all.

Mr. Rossé operated the store with Mrs. Rossé until the time of his death in 1947. The business was sold in 1949 and Mrs. Rossé passed away in 1960.

Rousseau Family
by Raymonde Rousseau

Napoleon and Eliza Rousseau and their son, Elphege, came to Sylvan Lake from Montreal in 1911. They figured they were coming to the wild west so had brought their furniture, scads of linens and even lots of groceries.

The Rousseau family lived for some time in Sylvan Lake. There was hardly anything there — a store, a livery barn and a few houses. They started to build a house but the wind came up one night and blew the second storey on to the next lot. So, two houses were built. One was later moved to a farm they bought three miles east of Sylvan Lake on the main road. Napoleon continued farming until his death in 1920. His wife, Eliza, died there in 1932.

Elphege and I (Raymonde Pivert) were married in 1927. We had four children: Lillian, Cecile, Jeanette and Henry. We lived on the farm until 1935 when Elphege, myself and the children moved into Sylvan Lake. Elphege worked at various jobs until 1953 when we left to live in Alexo, west of Rocky Mountain House, where Elphege was employed as an engineer in the coal mines there.

We stayed in Alexo for two years and then moved to Taber, Alberta where Elphege obtained an engineer's job in a canning factory. Elphege retired in 1967 and he and I moved to Lethbridge to live. He passed away there in 1971.

Elphege had two brothers. Dr. Thomas J. Rous-

Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau, baby Jeanette, twins Cecile and Lillian and Henry.

seau came from Montreal to Sylvan Lake in 1913 or 1914. He married the former Flora Bourgeois and they had two daughters, Cecile Marie and Seymond. While practising medicine in Sylvan Lake he was a member of the Village Council in 1915. Later, he and his family moved to Provost, Alberta.

Elphege's second brother, Henry, remained in Montreal where he died of the 'flu in 1918.

I still reside in Lethbridge where I enjoy visits from our children who are now all married and have families of their own.

The Rozier Family
by Dora Rozier

After having lived and farmed in the Norma district, George and his parents made their home in Sylvan Lake. George was employed in town about twenty-one years and retired in June, 1969.

Mr. and Mrs. Rozier, Sr. were retired and spent their time gardening. Mrs. Rozier passed away in 1962. Mr. Rozier continued planting and gardening until his death in 1969.

George married the former Dora Fitzsimmons of Red Deer. I taught in the Sylvan Lake Elementary School from 1952 to 1965 and, as teacher librarian, until my retirement in 1974.

In the fall of 1963, we moved into our new home on the farm which bordered the east side of the town. George continued grain farming until he retired completely in 1975. We enjoyed gardening, curling, fishing, and travelling.

In the fall of 1978 we decided to escape the more severe weather and moved to Kelowna, B.C. where we continue to enjoy our various hobbies.

Saari, Joseph and Elviira
by Miriam Porttin

Joseph and Elviira Saari retired to Sylvan Lake in November 1959, from the Hespero District. They purchased the house at 4641-49th Street, formerly owned by Louis and Gertrude Johnson.

Joseph and Elvira Saari, 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Joseph was born March 19, 1888, near Humpila, Finland. He left his father's farm to emigrate to America in 1906. In 1916 he married the former Elviira Torsti, who had come to Canada from Finland in 1911. The couple homesteaded in the Bingley District. In 1920, the family moved to the Hespero district after purchasing three quarters of land from the C.P.R. Joe was an active member of the Alberta Wheat Pool, a community road foreman and Elviira was a charter member of the Hespero Ladies' Aid. After 39 years of farming they sold the farm to their son Jack and moved to Sylvan Lake.

Joe and Elviira celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1966 and continued to live in their home until March 1972, when Joseph passed away at the age of 84 years.

In 1974, Elviira moved to Sherwood Park where she lived with her daughter Violet until 1980 when they moved to Langley, B.C. Elviira passed away in March, 1981. She is buried in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery beside her husband Joseph.

They are survived by their nine children: Mrs. Jaunita Linden, Red Deer; Mrs. Elvie Hendrickson, Barons; Mrs. Ivy Memmi, Picture Butte; Eugene, Prince George, B.C.; Mrs. Edna Andropoulos, Surrey, B.C.; Jack, Eckville; Mrs. Miriam Porttin, Sylvan Lake; Mrs. Sylvia Strem, Red Deer; and Mrs. Violet Liivam, Langley, B.C.

Hazel (Jamieson) Sambrooke

Hazel, born October 1919, took her schooling in Sylvan Lake. She was always interested in cooking and baking so she went to work in the Eckville Bakery for a couple of years. Here she met Arnold Sambrooke of the Gilby District. They were married in November, 1941. During the war years, 1942-45, they lived on the B.C. coast, at Ladner and at Coal Harbour, when Arnold was a member of the Armourment Section of the R.C.A.F. On their return, they lived in Sylvan Lake, Bentley, Gilby and, later, in the Eckville area where they farmed.

Hazel became involved in the Handicraft Guild and taught many crafts. Arnold drove a County School Bus for many years and they also became custodians of the Eckville Elementary School. They are retired now, enjoy their farm home and travelling.

Their family members are: Norah, who is married to Floyd Schambers of Rocky Mountain House; Gerald and his wife, Lorraine, of Valley View; Lorne and Evelyn at home. They have three granddaughters.

Lorraine and Gerald Sambrooke holding their daughters Jerilyn and Meaghan; Lorne; Nora and Floyd Schamber; (Evelyn Sambrooke) Sanderson. Seated in front: Lorne's daughter Tracy; Hazel and Arnold Sambrooke (on the occasion of their 40th anniversary).

The Schaers

by Bob Schaer

In 1914 the Turnbulls — Grandpa Peter, Grandma Nellie and Uncle Charles — along with my father and mother, Fred and Gertrude Schaer, and I, Robert (Bob) Schaer, came from the U.S.A. to homestead on Buster Creek, west of Crimson Lake. We moved from there to Harlech in 1918. The Turnbulls moved to Sylvan Lake in 1920 and the Schaers in 1923. My mother, Gertrude Schaer, passed away in 1925.

I left school in 1927 to work with my dad, doing carpenter work and mixing concrete. My first job was helping to build the Colpitts' home. (That house is now occupied by Don and Jean May.)

Dad and I ran the first concrete sidewalks in Sylvan Lake in 1930. I joined the Volunteer Fire Department in the early '30's when Bert Streatfield was fire chief. That was when we filled the tank from the top by the bucketful.

I married Alice Elle in 1939. She was the daughter of Rev. Albert Elle who preached in the Vig Church in Bentley. Alice and I raised two fine children, Ted and Onalee.

I became Town Foreman in 1951 and also town policeman on a temporary basis. My other responsibilities at that time were: truant officer, pest control officer, weed inspector and dog catcher. I retired in 1978.

My dad was always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone needing help. People brought anything and everything to our workshop to be fixed. We always had a big garden and tourists came, year after year, for produce. My dad died at the age of 84 in 1964.

Alice and I still reside in our original home on 47th Street in Sylvan Lake.

Robert Schaer after presentation of gifts in recognition of 25 years with the local Volunteer Fire Brigade.

The Dorothy and George Schill Story

contributed by Dorothy Schill's mother, Mrs. Florence Erickson, 1982

No history of any town would be complete without a post office to be in charge of the Royal Mail distribution.

In ancient times, messages and information were delivered by men on horseback known as the "Pony Post".

Telegraph and telephone were never dreamed of at that time. Riders rode at breakneck speed, stopping only to jump down off one horse and hop astride a fresh one that awaited them along the way.

A priest was conveyer of news and messages in later years. He was known as the "Running priest". He was referred to as such because it was necessary for him to run all the way, resting little, in order to go from settlement to settlement and reach the next step before nightfall. He was identified by the twisted knob of hair on the top of his head.

In 1950, George Schill was appointed postmaster at Sylvan Lake, succeeding Mrs. Jennie Toye, and served as the town's genial and efficient civil servant dispensing the Royal mail.

George was born in Benalto on April 12, 1923, son of Florence and Emil Schill. George's father was the manager of the Wheat Pool elevator for a number of years at Sylvan Lake. Emil died in 1947. George's mother passed away in 1978 at Red Deer, Alberta.

George served overseas during the World War II with the Canadian Army Postal Corps in Italy and Africa returning to his home town after hostilities ceased between the nations abroad.

His popularity was attested to by one hundred cash donations, in lieu of flowers to the Presbyterian Evening Guild Memorial Fund in his home town at the time of his sudden death on February 27, 1963.

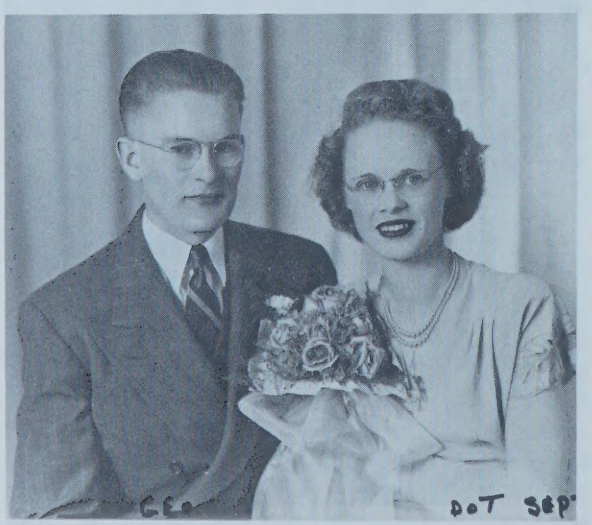
He was married to Dorothy Caroline Brown of Sylvan Lake, daughter of Florence and William Brown, on September 21, 1946 and resided there until his sudden death at the age of 39 years.

There were three children of that union: two boys, Terrence and Douglas, and one daughter, Patricia. At the tender ages of 13, 11 and eight years they lost their father.

In 1952, Dorothy was a victim of the polio that crippled and took many lives during the epidemic. Hers was a mild case, and she recovered from the paralysis after two years; ten years later she lost her young husband.

George and Dorothy were active in church work and both were members of the church choir. George was clerk of the Session of Memorial Presbyterian Church, and also served as Sunday School superintendent. He was a member of the A.F. and A.M. Masonic Order. As well, George was elected to the Town Council.

Left with the responsibility of supporting and



George and Dorothy Schill.

Doug, Terry and Patricia Schill.

raising three young children after her husband's passing, Dorothy joined the staff of the Imperial Bank of Commerce at Sylvan Lake, transferring to a Calgary Branch in 1969.

Dorothy's contribution to the local people will always be remembered by solos rendered in the Presbyterian Church and at weddings and funerals. Her pleasing personality made her many friends.

Terry is with the banking institution located in the Netherlands' Island in the Caribbean. He married Beth Stewart of Deker, Manitoba in 1979. A daughter, Chelsey, was born to them in August, 1980.

Doug lives in Edmonton with his wife, the former Penny Bond of Red Deer, and their two children, Chadwick and Aimee. He is employed by the Industrial Acceptance Corporation and Continental Banking there.

Patricia, the youngest member of the family, is a registered nurse on the staff of the Calgary General Hospital. Pat was married to Garry Kudryk of Ft. Saskatchewan in 1977. Garry is a member of the Calgary Police Force.

Dorothy Schill, a widow of nineteen years, lives in Calgary. The challenge of raising and supporting three young children alone at the age of 39 is a credit to her perseverance and love of her family, and justly proud of seeing hers and George's children well situated and happy in their respective homes.

In 1948, I had thoughts of writing a story; in a discussion with George on the subject, he asked me to please include a paragraph for him. In this chapter of the history of Sylvan Lake pioneers and townspeople, I have kept my promise. Today, you pay thirty cents to send a letter that long ago was free. You can lick the stamp but you cannot lick the government. The service of handling the Royal Mail far exceeds the "Pony Post" of ancient times and must be paid for. Today most towns and cities have their mail delivered to the door.

Thus endeth the George and Dorothy Schill story to the present year of 1982, with their family well situated and happy in their respective homes and jobs.

The Schlahs family.

The Schlahs grandchildren.

Garry Schlahs Family
by Marie Schlahs

I was born the fifth child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert of Leslieville, Alberta. I went to school for six years at Golden Heights. The next year the school was closed as there was no teacher available. I then had to walk two and a half miles to Bingley for grades seven and eight. Grade eight was as high as that school went so I walked a mile and caught a bus to Leslieville for grades nine and ten. The next year, I walked two and a half miles to catch a bus and rode 17 miles to Rocky for grade 11. After that, I gave up trying to further my education.

On September 30, 1955, in Sylvan Lake, I married Garry A. Schlahs. We lived in Rocky Mountain House, Manning and Grande Prairie; back to Rocky and, in 1960, we moved to Sylvan Lake.

Garry is a mechanic, has worked in Red Deer for 22 years, and is presently employed by Halliburton Services Limited.

We have three daughters and two sons.

Anna was born February 2, 1956 in Rocky Mountain House. She was four years old when we came to Sylvan Lake. She received all her elementary and high school education in Sylvan Lake. She attended Red Deer College for two years and the University of Alberta for two to graduate with her degree in Education. She has spent four years teaching in Sherwood Park, where she is now employed. She makes her home in Edmonton.

Charlie was born February 10, 1958 in Manning,

Alberta, moving to Sylvan Lake at two years of age. He received all his schooling in Sylvan Lake. He is now an electrician, working in Red Deer for Cunningham Electric. On June 20, 1981, he married Sandra Penner of Brooks, Alberta. They have one daughter, Laura Leigh, born March 31, 1979. They make their home in Sylvan Lake.

Angela was born May 2, 1960 in Rocky Mountain House but lived at Sylvan Lake from the age of six. She received her education in Sylvan Lake. On May 3, 1980, she married Keith Fairbairn of Hanna, Alberta. They have one daughter, Barbara Ann Maxine, born October 16, 1980. They live in Stettler, Alberta, where Keith works for the Canadian National Railways and Angie works in a dry cleaning business.

Barbara was born August 10, 1964 in Eckville. She received her education in Sylvan Lake, graduating this year (1982) from grade twelve.

Leslie was born June 2, 1966 in Eckville. He is now attending H. J. Cody School in junior high. He attended the C. P. Blakely School in grade six, the only one of the five children to attend this new school.

I have not had a job outside my home, but have done babysitting for numerous children; some of them have grown up and graduated from high school. I still babysit a lot as I love little children.

Schultz Family
by Verna Schultz

We moved to the Rainbow Trailer Court in Sylvan Lake in February, 1963. Dallas was five years old, Faron two and a half years and Todd five weeks.

The men from the trailer court were gone most of the time, working three weeks and home for four days.

I will never forget the first May 24 weekend; it was a shocker! The campers and college kids came from all over; we were surrounded. We did not sleep much that weekend. I do not know if we were afraid to sleep or afraid we would miss something if we did sleep.

After the boys started school, I kept busy with cubs, scouts, hockey, school sports and the arena committee. I found time to play ball for four or five years with the Sylvan Lake ladies' team.

Our boys all started and finished school in Sylvan Lake. Dallas played football, basketball, volleyball, and baseball. He was Master of Ceremonies at his 1975 graduation. He worked as a bouncer for a couple of years at the Varsity Dance Hall in his spare time.

Faron played football, hockey and took a great interest in art and hunter training. He graduated in 1978.

The Schultz children and friends at the Schultz home, Rainbow Trailer Park.

Todd was one of the Ukrainian dancers that went to the Red Deer Exhibition for one week. He played hockey, soccer, baseball and volleyball.

Eldor, Dallas, Faron and Todd are all working in the oil fields.

Bernard Sjare Family
by Heather Sjare

Bernard was born at Sylvan Lake, August 21, 1923. He moved with his family from the Evarts District to the Norma District in 1928. He received his education at Norma School, his sister Mary being his teacher in grade nine. He left school to farm with his father.

For a number of years, Bernard worked with United and Geophysical Services Incorporated (G.S.I.) oil companies during the winter months.

In June of 1956 we were married at Sylvan Lake. We lived in town from 1956-1961 during which time we built our home on the farm. The farm, S½ 5-39-29-W 4, was a wedding gift from Bernard's parents.

I, Heather Hodgson, was born in Drumheller, April 3, 1937. At the age of six, I moved with my parents from Rosedale, where dad was a coal miner, to the Norma District. I received my education at Norma School, Nordegg and Red Deer. After finishing school, I worked for Alberta Government Telephones at Sylvan Lake and for British Columbia Telephones at Duncan, B.C.

With the passing of Bernard's father, we took over the farm until much later when all the land was rented to the Armitage Brothers.

Bernard worked during the summer months with the Sylvan Lake Police from 1956-1966. Art Jones

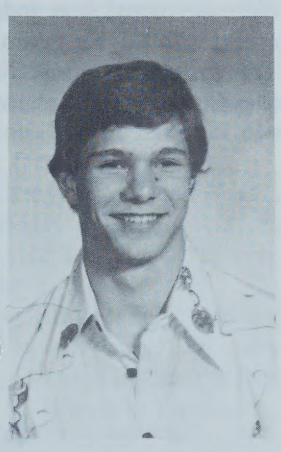
was Chief of Police, then later David King held that post. Bernard was employed by the City of Red Deer Electric Light and Power Department until his passing on August 10, 1980.

While on the farm, we ran a boarding kennel for dogs and, for many years, raised and showed Samoyeds and Schipperbes under the registered name of Hollybeck.

Over the years we were involved with young people. Bernard was Scout Master and was at the World Jamboree at Banff in 1958. Along with the girls and our son Mike we became very involved in sports. I spent nine years with the Red Cross Swim Program at Sylvan Lake giving lessons and seven years as a coach with the Red Deer Catalina Swim Club. Much time was spent with Brownies, Guides, Rangers and C.G.I.T.

As members of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Bernard served on the Board of Managers

Holly Sjare.



Michael Sjare.

and the Kirk Session. We belonged to a number of clubs and organizations.

With Bernard's passing, I sold our farm home and I am living at Sylvan Lake in Jarvis Bay.

There are three children.

Becky was born April 25, 1958. She received her education at Sylvan Lake, Red Deer College and the University of Alberta where she received her Bachelor of Science degree with honors in Zoology. She is at present, 1981-82, taking her second year at McGill University in Montreal taking a Master's program. She spent four months this summer working in the Arctic in a research program studying whales and seals under Professor Tom Smith of McGill University.

Becky became very involved in sports, Brownies, Guides and Rangers. She gave swimming lessons at Sylvan Lake and in Red Deer for several years. Becky enjoys art and all types of outdoor living and training.

Holly was born May 15, 1960. She received her education at Sylvan Lake. She attended the Red Deer College for two years and the University of Alberta in an Outdoor Education Program. She graduated in April, 1982. While in school she played basketball and volleyball and at Red Deer College she played volleyball with the Queens. She was runner-up for Athlete of the Year at the college. With Becky as her team-mate, she got into canoeing. At the first Alberta Summer Games in Calgary in 1974 they won seven gold medals. She swam with the Catalina Swim Club in Red Deer and won a number of awards. Holly had her own show dogs — Schipperbes and "Little John", a Saint Bernard. She helped with the swim program at Sylvan Lake and in Red Deer. She also enjoys outdoor living and belongs to a number of outdoor organizations.

Michael was born March 16, 1962. Our chosen son, Mike, received his education at Sylvan Lake and St. Albert. He enjoys music and played guitar with the Presbyterian Youth Group at Sylvan Lake. He was interested in sports and swam with the Catalina Swim Club for four years. He played basketball and belonged to the Scouts. At present Mike lives in Edmonton where he manages a restaurant.

Becky Sjare — Sports History

by Heather Sjare

A history of this type is difficult to write without sounding like a bragging parent — proud, yes, as all parents are of their family's accomplishments. Becky's accomplishments are too numerous to list but the following is a summary of some of her most notable achievements.

Becky took part in her first track meet in 1964 at the age of six at Sylvan Lake. In 1969, she joined the Red Deer Optimist Catalina Swim Club and competed for about six years under coaches Nelson Deck and Don Moore. Her first swim meet was in December of that year in Stettler. Here she won her first of many ribbons, a third and fourth in free style and breast stroke, which proved over the years to be her favorites. Competing provincially and nationally, setting and breaking records, she received many awards and still holds a number of Catalina Swim Club records. Holly and Mike joined a few years later. We had very early hours having to be at the pool every morning by 6:00 a.m.

Becky continued to compete all through school, college and university belonging to track clubs, canoe clubs and sports organizations. In May, 1975 she was named Red Deer's "Athlete of the Year". Several major accomplishments qualified her for this award.

In Calgary, at Alberta's first Summer Games (1974), with Holly's help, they won gold medals in canoeing. An interesting factor — she won the very first gold medal to be presented at the Summer Games. At Central Alberta Western School Athletic Association (CAWASAA) regional track meet she set records in the 400-metre race, shot-put and javelin. She held the Alberta High School Provincial record in javelin. Competing in Saskatoon, June 15, 1974, Becky won gold medals in shot-put and in javelin, breaking the Alberta record in javelin. In the Western Canada Championship she won the junior championship in javelin. In Prairie Regionals (Midgets) Competition she won again — gold, silver and bronze medals in javelin, shot-put and the 800-metre race.

In August she won the senior javelin, competing with others who were well above her age group. She also won the high jump. In succession came gold medal wins in shot-put at the Canadian National Age Group Championships and at the Canadian International Indoor Meet. She placed third in the C.W.A.S.S.A. "B" girls basketball competitions and won most of the CWASSA cross-country championships.

In August, 1975 she was the torch-lighter at the opening ceremony of the Alberta Summer Games in Red Deer. She was a guest at the Montreal Olympic Games representing the Girl Guides of Canada.

In 1976, Becky won Red Deer's "Athlete of the Year" for the second consecutive year. She had added many gold, silver and bronze medals to her collection. By this time she held several Alberta and Canadian championships. This time she won the Alberta League scoring championship in basketball. She was also a CWASSA all-star. During the winter she took up the pentathlon and won a bronze medal at the indoor meet at Edmonton.

The year 1976 found her in Red Deer College. She played volleyball with the Queens. They won the Alberta College Athletic Conference and placed second in the Western Canada Championships, thus qualifying to go to the Nationals. She was elected to the C.C.A.C. all-star volleyball squad. She won the A.C.A.C. cross-country race, was on the canoe team which also won at the A.C.A.C. championships and, at the College Awards Night, she was chosen "Outstanding Female Athlete of the Year".

Becky was honored to be chosen as a member of the Alberta Team at the third Canada Summer Games at St. John's, Nfld. August 7-19, 1977. She was flagbearer for the Alberta team at the opening of the games. In these events she won a gold medal in shot-put and a bronze in javelin.

From Red Deer College Becky went to the University in Edmonton where she competed with the university teams in cross-country events and track and field. She was a member of the Edmonton Olympic Club and competed for Alberta and for Canada through this club. Nationally, she rated with Canada's top four athletes.

Becky has, on two occasions, received the Alberta Achievement Award from Premier Peter Lougheed. She was chosen to attend a luncheon in Ottawa when the Queen was present. She was further honored by being chosen Parade Marshall for the Westerner Exhibition Annual Parade.

With hopes of qualifying for the Canadian 1980 Olympic Team which would compete in the U.S.S.R., Becky took leave of her university studies to train in B.C. and the U.S.A. Since Canada later withdrew from the entry of the games, Becky returned to her studies at U. of A. (1981-82). She is at present studying at McGill University in Montreal towards a master's degree.

The years of hard work with her coaches and there are many, were indeed fruitful. A great deal of credit should be given to such people as Dave Thomas, Bernie Kendall, Ann Rowberry and Bruce Stevenson — all teachers at Sylvan Lake who helped

Becky Sjare throwing the javelin — champion 1976, 1977.

her along the way. The many trips to meets from coast to coast and outside Canada, meeting athletes from all over the world, the joy of success, the tears, defeats and frustrations have been a rich and rewarding experience, not only for Becky, but for us as a family.

John Sjare Family
by Heather Sjare

John Sjare and his wife, Clara, retired to Sylvan Lake in 1954 from the Norma District east of Sylvan Lake.

John had come to Canada and the Evarts District in December, 1904 from Stroughton, Wisconsin to visit an uncle, Andrew Faaburg. He had left his native Norway in June, 1900 at the age of 20. In 1906, he made his home with the Martin Loken family, who had also come from Norway in 1896. He worked in partnership on the Loken farm for several years. In 1915, he married Clara Loken and farmed the SW 16-38-2-W5.

He had proven a homestead in the Withrow District, which he later sold to the Staniforths. Due to illness, the family moved into Sylvan Lake for two years, later returning to the farm at Evarts.

In 1928, they moved to their farm in the Norma District. John helped to build the road between Red Deer and the west country. He also helped to construct the first telephone line.

There were four children, Elmer, Mary, Bernard and John Jr. Bernard was born at Sylvan Lake. John Jr. attended school at Sylvan Lake, going later to Red Deer and to the University of Alberta in Edmonton. He is now with International Business Machines. Mary, now Mrs. Paul Ritchie, was a school teacher. Elmer was a mechanic with the British Columbia Department of Highways until his passing. Bernard farmed with his father, then took over the operation until he, too, passed away.

John Sjare, Sr., died in November, 1957 and his wife, Clara, in May, 1971.

The James P. Simpson Family
written by Max and Annie Simpson

The earliest record of the Simpson family is found in a burying ground in Ferintosh, Black Isle, Ross and Cromarty, Scotland, where a crest, raised flowers and printing, are all carved on a stone lying flat on the ground, and bearing the inscription:

"This stone is placed here in memory of John Simpson, sometime Taeksman, who departed the fifteenth day of July, 1746."

Some years later, the Laird wanted the land they farmed for a game preserve, as well as for raising his own sheep. After a lengthy court action, the Simpson family was finally ousted from this island and forced to move to the mainland in the vicinity of Banffshire.

Several generations later, we note that Dad's father was driving a beer or ale truck in Aberdeenshire. His mother was not too pleased with this occupation, so her brother in Canada came to her aid, and sent them the money to immigrate to Canada. Thus Dad's parents and five boys crossed the ocean, presumably not first-class by any means, as they all slept in hammocks. They settled in Peterborough, Ontario, and Dad's father worked in the Auburn Woollen Mills. After a few years, the family moved to Leskard, 10 miles north of Lake Ontario, where they operated a small woollen mill.

Farmers would bring in wool sheared from their sheep, for which they were either paid cash, or the wool would be carded at the mill into rolls about a yard long and about the size of a lady's finger. These, the farmers would take home and make into yarn on a spinning wheel to be knit into socks, scarves, or mitts. From the wool the mill purchased, blankets and cloth for suits, topcoats, etc., were made and sold to stores, mostly in Toronto.

The mill was a big barn of a building, two storeys high with an attic. There was no heat so the mill would be shut down during the winter. A creek on higher ground was dammed to form a pond which supplied power to the mill by means of a water-wheel under the floor. Upstairs, Dad operated the spinning machine and his brother Andy, the loom, while their father operated the carding machines downstairs. After several successful years, the mill succumbed to bigger, better-equipped mills, and the family returned to Peterborough.

Dad's parents were very religious. His father was an elder and a Bible class teacher in St. Paul's Church in Peterborough, as well as walking to Auburn, as long as he was able, to superintend the Sunday School there. Both his mother and father were great believers in prayer, with prayers being repeated every morning and night, and all reading, except for the Bible, was discouraged. They had a family of 15 children, 4 girls and 11 boys. Three of their children died young — one girl of typhoid fever, and two boys, one of whom drowned.

Dad was born in Peterborough, Ontario, on January 13, 1871 — the first one of the family to be born in Canada. He worked in the woollen mills and was also trained as a wireless operator. He married Annie Elizabeth Cromie, a teacher, also of Peterborough, on September 30, 1903. She was born on August 5, 1877, the youngest of five sisters. In 1909, they moved West, where Dad was a C.P.R. station operator in Field and Canmore, as well as being relief

operator at other points. In 1912, they moved to Penhold where they remained until 1930. Here, to their family of three boys and one girl, two more boys were born.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Simpson.

Both Dad and Mother were active in church work in Penhold. Dad served as an elder in the Presbyterian Church there. The Penhold station was a very busy one in those years, as it was a passing point for trains, as well as being a shipping centre for cream, grain, and machinery business for the Stewart Brothers. They were enjoyable years for the growing family, too — muskrat trapping (out of season), skating on Pennington's Slough, bicycle-riding, and skiing on home-made skiis, are fondly remembered forms of recreation.

It was while they were in Penhold that the family first visited Sylvan Lake in 1924. This was a trip of about 24 miles across country over dirt roads. There were steep hills, which were difficult for a 1924 car to navigate, because of the design of these cars' gravity fuel systems, so that many times, the car was turned around and "backed" up the hills.

Dad bought a cottage on the lake-front, called "Toot-An-Kum-In", about 1925 or 1926. At that time, the boathouse came up for sale, so Dad bought it from Bowman and Wilson (who farmed near Bowden). The following year, a new boathouse was built adjacent to the new Women's Institute Wharf.

The Simpson's Boat House.

The Hon. R. B. Bennett officiated at the opening of the new pier.

An interesting part of the Boathouse for many years, was a model sailboat on display, built by Gus Wahl (a sailor for many years). This model could sail on the roughest water in Sylvan Lake without capsizing. At the Boathouse, one could buy snacks at the concession booth, rent outboard motor boats, canoes, and, as well, bathing suits. There were so many people anxious to go swimming, that they would rent still-wet bathing suits, not yet dry from the previous user. The "going" charge for renting a boat was 50¢ for the first hour, 25¢ for any additional hours, or $2.00 for the day. A yearly chore was the painting and repairing of as many as 50 boats, to keep them in good condition.

In 1930, Dad was transferred from Penhold to Sylvan Lake and lived in the station house there. When he retired, Mother and Dad made their home in a remodelled duplex-type cottage, which they had built some years earlier, adjacent to the lumber yard. As a business venture, around 1930, Dad also had the Varsity Dance Hall built. (It was purchased in the early 40's by Mr. Penley, of Calgary.) At one time, Dad owned five cottages, the Boathouse, and the Varsity Dance Hall. He complained somewhat about the taxes he had to pay, which amounted to $1.00 a day on all his property!

During these years, there were three dance halls operating on the Lakefront Road — the Varsity Hall, the Pavilion, and the Oriental Gardens. Jitney dances were held in all of them — for tickets costing 10¢ a dance (or 3 for 25¢), a young fellow could dance with

The Simpson's Dance Hall.

the lady of his choice, to the orchestra of his choice — and they were excellent ones — The Silvertone Seven, Leon Smuntan, Benny Stark, Ken Moore, Sonny Fy, and the occasional guest appearances of notables, such as Mart Kenny. Occasionally, the music would be broadcast. On Saturday nights, the board sidewalks were alive with young people moving back and forth among the three halls. Except for Wednesday and Saturday nights, the dances were rather sparsely attended.

When the Varsity Hall was built, first-class carpenters were plentiful, and for those fortunate enough to find work, the top wages were 25¢ an hour. The work for shingling, (#1 red cedar shingles were used) cost 25¢ for a 10-foot square. The dimensions of the hall itself were 60′ × 120′, and the dimensional lumber was all fir. The dance floor was 40′ × 80′ and was constructed of maple flooring — some of the boards being 10 or 12 feet long, with an occasional one found to be bird's eye maple. Henry Gahns of Nanton was the contractor. In those days, there were no power tools, so all the sawing was done by hand, including the big timbers for the roof trusses. The completely built fireplace cost $1000.00 and the total cost of the hall was around $10,000.00.

Lighting for the hall on the opening night was not too efficient, as it was supplied by a stationary Delco light plant. (Sylvan Lake was not served by Calgary Power, as yet.) The first winter after the opening, the hardwood on the dance floor heaved 9-10 inches, because the sub-contractor laying down the floor, had not done it properly. As a result, the complete dance floor had to be relaid, with every board being nailed to every joist. Another problem was the echo resulting from the sound waves being reflected from the ceiling trusses. To counteract this, blue broadcloth was stretched across the ceiling over the dance floor, enhancing its appearance as well as giving the hall fine acoustics.

In 1979, Howard and Margaret Stevens, proprietors of the Raccoon Lodge, purchased the Hall from Roger Humpke for $160,000.00. A partner of theirs at the time had envisaged transforming it to a "Dine and Dance" establishment, but renovations to bring it up to the required standards, would have cost around $250,000.00, so the idea was abandoned. Instead, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens extended the Raccoon Lodge to include the site the hall had formerly occupied.

A contract was let out to Mac Wylie, of Rimbey, to have it dismantled. It was taken down board by board and the lumber from it sold. Some of the hardwood flooring was sold to the Ridgewood Community Centre, where it was sanded and refinished, providing them with an excellent dance floor. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens gave the fireplace away to Mr. Kennedy, who, with the help of a crane, had it removed in one piece, to the Terratima Hotel, a ski lodge west of Rocky Mountain House, and there the lodge was built around the fireplace.

The Hall holds many fond memories for countless people. A group of these people held a special "good-bye" dance there the night before the dismantling began, and helped them recall their youth by dancing to the tunes of those "good old days".

During the summer season, it was quite common to see cars such as the Stutz, Cord, Auburn, Packard, Chandler, and even the odd Stanley Steam. New sleek convertibles cruising up and down along the Lakefront Road, were the envy of many a young fellow.

Recreation was not neglected in those early years. The Uptown theatre was well patronized, as this was before the days of television, and the discount Family Nights, especially, drew large crowds. Sunday night concerts were also held at the dance halls and the variety programs there were a big attraction. Fishing was also rewarding — a good day on the lake could result in a catch of as many as 50 fish. Curling was an important winter activity — with enthusiasts both on the ice and behind the glass! Sylvan Lake had its share of excellent curlers, who proved their worth by bringing home a good lot of prizes from the bonspiels in the surrounding districts.

Brother Ken recalls one winter when the lake stayed "open" late and about 500 ducks decided against flying South. They kept an area "open" around Second Point, and would have starved to death without the help of Ken and John Holsworth Sr., who went around to all the elevators and cleaned out the bins and under the scales. They bagged this grain and took it out to the ducks to feed upon. At first, the birds would fly away at their approach, but, after a while, they would land right on the truck. Clouds of ducks would surround the two men, as they

were unloading, and it was quite a "messy" endeavor.

While living in Sylvan Lake, Dad served as Elder of the Presbyterian Church. Mother was a quiet, gracious lady who participated in the activities of the Ladies' Aid, the W.M.S. and the W.I. It was a tradition with them to share their Christmas dinner with someone less fortunate, and an elderly unattached gentleman would be invited in for turkey and all the trimmings. Religion played an active part in their lives — grace was repeated before meals and some activities, such as playing cards, were prohibited on Sunday.

During these years, all of their family married. Gordon married Alberta Reighley. He had been employed by the Bank of Montreal for over forty years when he retired to White Rock, B.C., from Swift Current, where he had been bank manager. He died on November 13, 1971. Two sons, Dale who owns the Rexall Pharmacy in Hanna and Ross, a judge in Kamloops, survive him.

Ken married Pearl Cool, and was employed at the C.P.R. Ticket Office in Vancouver, after having been injured in an accident while working at the Britannia Mines. They have one son, Neil, who is a Program Engineer for the C.B.C. in Vancouver.

Jean married Floyd Nelson. They made their home in Suffield while Floyd was in the armed services, and later, as a civilian, when he became foreman of the machine shop at the Defense Research Station at Ralston. Jean died on August 2, 1978. Surviving her are two sons, Barry and Brian, and one daughter, Joan, all living in Calgary. Barry is a Chartered Accountant and Brian works for the City of Calgary.

Bruce married Ruby Jones, after serving with the armed forces overseas. On his return, he resumed his teaching career in Calgary. Upon his retirement, he built a home in Pender Island, B.C. They have two sons, Greg, teaching in Lacombe, and Jim, who is a plumber in Calgary.

Ben married Mamie Cubitt and was employed at the C.P.R. Freight Office in Vancouver, until his retirement in 1978. They have two sons living in Vancouver. Allan works for the City of Vancouver in the Engineering Department, and Bruce drives a large cargo truck to points as far south as Texas.

Max, the youngest in the family, married Annie Anderson, and after serving in the Navy, was engaged in doing electrical work and farming. We retired in 1979 and are now living in Red Deer. We have three sons — Jack, a Science Department Head and teaching in Edmonton, Bill, head of the drafting department for Ranger Oil in Calgary, and Ken, a teacher and geologist, now working for Chevron Standard Oil in Calgary.

After all these years, the tendency of the Simpsons to have predominantly male offspring has reversed, and of the 25 great-grandchildren of Dad and mother, there are 14 females and 11 males.

Just as the individual grains of sand make up the shore of Sylvan Lake, so each family of those early years has contributed its bit to the growth of the town — and then has passed on. In the early 40's, Dad sold all of his property in Sylvan Lake, and he and mother took up residence in Vancouver. He died there on March 17, 1945, and mother died two years later, on March 25, 1947. They were buried there, in the family plot in Ocean View Cemetery.

Harold J. Snell
by Peg (Snell) Brown

A. **"Butt-Inn"** was the first cottage owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Snell of Red Deer. Mr. Snell had bought the lot at Sylvan Lake in August, 1907 as a wedding present for Mrs. Snell. He paid $25.00 and it was on the lake front. It was sold in 1933 to Mrs. Collins who built the Home Grill eating establishment on it — which is still there.

H. J. Snell's cottage, "Butt Inn".

B. **Hot Dog Stand.** This was built by my brother, Dennis Snell, in 1931. It was an old car chassis with a frame covered in old canvas and painted bright green with red diamonds and white printing. He and his friend, Jeff Hunter, towed it out to Sylvan Lake after making it in our back yard at Red Deer. It was "set up" on the lot in front of "Butt-Inn". They did very well that summer during the depression. Note: an egg sandwich sold for 10¢ as did a Hot-Dog!! There was no other eating place at that time along the front and maybe only one up town. Note also that the grass and sand came right up to the board sidewalk. There was only a sandy road along the lake front.

Dennis Snell's Hot Dog Stand.

Butt-Inn was sold in 1933 for $1000.00 for the cottage and the lot. We felt very fortunate to get such a "good price". Between the selling of Butt-Inn and buying "Diaden", mother owned a lot on the corner of 13 Street and Lakeshore Drive. She bought it from Helen Dingwall but never built on it.

C. **"Dianden",** named after Dianne (Dennis's daughter) and Dennis, was purchased in 1945. It was the "Gibson Cottage" and was just past the "White Gates" on the Bentley Highway. At that time, the highway ran in **front** of these cottages. The cottage had a beautiful stone fireplace, three bedrooms, kitchen complete with a large wood-burning stove,

"Dianden", Snell family.

dishes, bedding, you name it — and all that cost was $900.00. This cottage was later sold to Mr. and Mrs. Pain of Calgary who moved it around to the south side of the lake.

D. **"Brown and Dirksen",** our third cottage, is really out of Sylvan Lake proper as we kept moving

Brown and Dirksen cottage.

around to be out of traffic. It is located at Balmy Beach, which is the one just before Jarvis Bay. This is where we have "landed" and intend to stay for we love it at "The Lake".

Sontag, Daniel and Martha

Daniel Sontag was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1909. When Dan was a youngster the family moved to Edmonton, where his father was employed by the C.N.R. Dan received his education there, and then worked on farms in the Edmonton area. As work ran out in the '20's, he enrolled in barber school graduating in 1929.

The reason Dan enrolled in this particular school was because, upon completion of the course, each student was guaranteed a job, and in the early years of the depression, this was quite an enticement. When Dan found out that his job could be shearing sheep, he decided to look for other prospects.

He was already familiar with Sylvan Lake at this time as he had a sister and brother-in-law, Harry and Amanda Muckle living here. Harry operated a blacksmith shop, and Amanda operated a popcorn stand business in the summer.

So, in 1932, Dan opened his shop — the "O.K. Barber Shop" in Sylvan Lake. It was located in a corner of Frank Bloom's Massey Harris machine shop, in the vicinity of where Surfwood Rentals is now. Haircuts were 35¢, and a shave 20¢. He then moved into the Sunell Building, with Hunter's Photos. This was where the present Parkland Savings & Credit Union is now. Shortly after, he moved into the Bloom Building a bit south of where he had been, and operated from there for many years, until moving across the street to the shop beside the pool hall.

In June, 1962, Dan suffered a fatal heart attack at his shop. He had been in business for 30 years. At the time of his death, haircuts were 75¢, and the next Monday he was going to raise the price to $1.00, but he never lived to cut a $1.00 head of hair.

During his years in Sylvan Lake, Dan was an active member of the community. He was a member

of the School Board for many years and acted as chairman for most of those years. He was a member and secretary-treasurer of the Sylvan Lake Service Club for several years. He loved to golf, and was always available to drive when the girls' hockey team needed transportation.

Dan was an Elder in the Sylvan Lake Presbyterian Church, and was a member of the senior choir for many years.

Martha Kisser (Sontag) was born in Poland in 1910, of German parentage. She immigrated to Canada in 1929, and worked in Leduc, Lacombe, and Edmonton.

Of course, in those days Sylvan Lake was "the" spot to visit, so Martha spent quite a bit of time here, as her friend, Mrs. Brooks, operated a cafe in Benalto. One of the week-end hi-lites was the airplane ride over the Lake. The plane landed in a field on what is now the Ben Arlint farm. The price of a ride was one cent per pound, and Martha enjoyed her 90¢ flight!

She met Dan Sontag in Edmonton in 1929, and they were married in 1933 in Edmonton. They lived in Sylvan Lake all their married life. The first house they rented was the Prowdler cottage where the Central Apartments are now. In 1934 they purchased a lot on 47A Avenue from Mrs. Husfeldt for $75.00. There they built the first house west of the Catholic Church. Martha still resides in the same house, and still looks after the yard and garden.

Martha was always known for her "green thumb" and was a long-time exhibitor and winner in the local flower shows. For many years she was a member of the Women's Institute and the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid.

She was an ardent golfer and curler, and now, as a member of the Friendship Club, enjoys carpet bowling.

Martha and Dan had three children. Betty Whitteron was born in 1934 and is now living in Calgary. She is employed as a lab technician. Betty has three children: Debbie Vanoostenbrugge of Medicine Hat; Curtis and Jaye Lynn, both of Calgary.

Their second child, Beverley Jones, was born in 1935, and lives in Sylvan Lake. Both Betty and Beverley were born at the home of their aunt, Amanda Muckle, which was where the liquor store now stands.

Murray, was born in 1952 in Red Deer. Murray took his schooling in Sylvan Lake, graduating from high school in 1970. As a young lad, he and his lawn mower were a familar sight to the summer cottagers. He then worked at the Balmoral Service Station and at Cobb's. In order to earn the money to attend university, Murray worked for Inco in Thompson, Manitoba, and seismic crews in northern Alberta and in the Northwest Territories. In 1976 he graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor's Degree in Physiotherapy, and went to work at the Grande Prairie Hospital. In 1977, Murray married Beverly Loven of Beaverlodge, Alberta, a physio classmate at university. At the time of their marriage, Bev was also working at the Grand Prairie Hospital.

In the fall of 1977, Murray and Bev moved to Charlottetown, P.E.I., returning to Sylvan Lake in 1980. Murray is employed by the Red Deer Regional Hospital as a regional Physiotherapist. Bev does part time home-care physiotherapy through the Red Deer Health Unit, and also instructs pre-natal classes in Red Deer.

Murray and Bev have two children: Daniel, born in P.E.I. in 1980, and Barbara, born in Red Deer in 1982.

Dan and Martha Sontag.

Betty, Murray and Bev Sontag.

The Robert Speedie Family

Robert and Emily Speedie and their two sons, Norman and Jack, came to Sylvan Lake in 1932 from the Crossroads District just west of Red Deer. Bob Speedie worked on the grader and snowplow on Highway 11 between Rocky Mountain House and Crossroads. They lived first in the "castle" on 50 A Avenue which was owned by Angus McClean. Two years later they bought the "Mona Cottage" on 50 A Street West from Robert Dodds. This house continued to be the Speedie home until 1976 when Mrs. Speedie took up residence in the Sylvan Lake Lodge.

Both Norman and Jack attended the Sylvan Lake School. Upon leaving school, Norman worked for a time in Eaton's in Red Deer until joining the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1941. He became a flying instructor at Trenton, Ontario. While there, he met and married Jean Bartlett of Ottawa. Norman was posted overseas with the R.C.A.F. and did missions over France. Twin daughters, Barbara and Joan, were born September 19, 1944 in Ottawa. After the war, Norman continued in the Air Force and took further education in Commerce at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. After graduation, he was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader and was stationed at various military bases including France and Turkey. Norman retired from the R.C.A.F. after 30 years in the service. He presently lives in Seattle with is wife, Donna, and their two children, Douglas and Danielle. Norman is employed as an accountant with the Federal Government in the Fisheries Department.

After finishing school in Sylvan Lake, Jack worked for a time for Ken Wilkinson Transport until joining the Army in 1941. He enlisted in the R.C.A.S.C. along with his friends, Jack Conaty and George Schill. The three were posted to England and from there to France. They served in France, Holland and Germany until peace was signed. Jack began work with Calgary Power after his discharge from the Army in 1945. He married Mary Klein, R.N., of Calgary in 1950. Shortly after their marriage, Jack and Mary moved to Calgary where Jack began employment with the City of Calgary Electric Light Department. After 25 years of continuous service, Jack was honored by the city and presented with a gold engraved watch. At the time of his retirement at age 59, Jack had worked his way up in the department to the top post as manager.

Jack and Mary Speedie have four children: Wendy, Bob, Mary Beth and Joan. At time of writing there are four grandchildren.

Jack and Norman's father, Bob Speedie, operated the government grader until 1936. He then worked for the Town of Sylvan Lake as foreman of Public Works and Constable. Bob's health began to deteriorate so he resigned and became custodian at the school. His legs continued to give him trouble so he retired on a Veteran's Disability Pension, having served overseas in World War I.

Mr. Speedie was an active member of the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 212 until his death in 1963. Both Robert and Emily Speedie were among those who organized the establishment of St. Mary's Anglican Church in Sylvan Lake and were among its most faithful supporters. Robert served on the Vestry.

Mrs. Speedie is a charter member of the I.O.D.E. and served in that organization for over 40 years.

The Speedie home was always a gathering place for a visit and a cup of tea. Those persons who had a tie with the Isle of Man were especially welcome, since both Bob and Emily were born and raised on that English island. The three-legged symbol of the Isle of Man was a part of the sign denoting the name on their home. His grandparents' birth place also inspired their grandson, Robert Jr., to name his business, "Manx Electric".

Today, Mona Cottage is gone and, in its place, a two-storey office building is being constructed on the property.

Mrs. Speedie is presently a resident of Valley Park Manor in Red Deer where, at age 94, she enjoys the visits and telephone calls of a host of friends.

Robert and Emily Speedie.

William James Spinks and Family
by the Murphy Grandchildren

Our grandfather, William James Spinks, was 43 when he retired as a trainman in 1910 from the C.P.R. He and grandmother Evalina (Newton) Spinks travelled from Havelock, Ontario with their six children in 1910 to homestead near Castor, Alberta. Their children, in order of age, were: Jacob, John, Gertrude, Hamly, Joseph and Emma.

Grandfather located on the S.W. quarter 28-36-13, 10 miles southeast of Castor and his eldest son, Uncle Jacob who turned 18 in 1911, settled on the adjacent quarter, S.E. 22-36-13. The Rush Point School was built in 1910 and our grandfather was on the first board of trustees. Grandmother and Uncle Jacob volunteered caretaking services that first year, as their dwellings were closest to the school and Hamly, Joseph and Emma attended school. Jacob, Gertrude (mother) and John worked.

Gertrude (Spinks) Murphy was only 13 years of age when she began work, turning large ice cream freezers for a Castor restaurant, then in the capacity of wife's helper during harvests on farms and, finally, in dining-room service in a Castor hotel. It was here she met our father.

Jacob, John and Hamly enlisted for service in World War I in 1914, with Hamly adding a year or two to his age. All returned.

Uncle John had been gassed and severely injured, but he set up a vulcanizing business in Castor. He did not live long, however. Jacob had lost a good part of his right hand in the war, but he undertook his usual homestead labors on his return. Hamly hired out to another farmer. Mother had married in 1915, leaving only Joseph and Emma with our grandparents.

Grandfather and Uncle Jacob worked their homesteads, but it was obvious in the 20's that their water supply was inadequate and their soil not very productive, so they moved on, with grandfather moving in to Castor. Emma married a veteran and moved to the Bulwark area.

In 1930, grandmother and grandfather moved to Sylvan Lake. Gertrude had moved there in 1928 with her husband and family. Our grandparents' first residence, a miniature replica of a stone castle, was an early landmark known as the Archambault residence. We, grandchildren of Charles Murphy's clan, took great delight in grandmother's "castle". We clambered over the flat roof by way of the outdoor ladder, sought the privacy of the turret room and peeped through its narrow windows to survey the action, like lords of the manor.

Uncle Hamly often visited his family at Sylvan Lake. He was a frequent guest soloist on these occasions at the Presbyterian Church and enjoyed many a bridge game with local enthusiasts. Unfortunately, he had an early death at 35 caused by a malignant brain tumor.

Grandmother Evalina had undergone goitre surgery before she moved to Sylvan Lake. Hard work had taken its toll on her health, but she never stopped knitting. That and music were her great loves when she gave up gardening and entertaining. Grandfather

William James Spinks family.

Phyllis (Castleman) Gerlitz and Gail Castleman.

was still spry. The depression made it difficult for them, but grandfather was always able to find odd jobs around town. He eventually worked as a caretaker for Grahams at the Sylvan Lake Hotel.

Dewey Castleman and Emma (Spinks) Castleman.

In 1931, their youngest daughter, Emma (Spinks) Castleman, her husband, Dewey, and children, Bruce and Phyllis, moved to the area where they resided until 1947. We Murphy children certainly enjoyed many a steam bath at the Johnsons' near our Aunt Emma's home, not far from the school.

Jacob, a hard worker, had been working on farms around Sylvan Lake. It appeared he would always be a confirmed bachelor, but he met and married Gertrude Hays, formerly of Calgary, and they settled in Sylvan Lake. Jacob gave a generous gift of $200 to his favorite sister's daughter, Lila, on her 12th birthday. The gift was a down-payment on a Mason and Risch piano. Uncle Jacob was always special to Lila.

Jacob's wife was a woman of slight stature. When the first child was expected, Dr. Frizzell was concerned that she be in the Red Deer Hospital well in advance. Though the time was well calculated, Gertrude made it to only a few miles out of Sylvan Lake. A Mrs. Prevo, who lived in a large white house left of the gravelled road, proved an able midwife and "little Evelyn" arrived without problems and mother Gertrude came through with flying colors.

Jacob's family lived in three different locations in Sylvan Lake from approximately 1933 to the late 1940's. Other children born to Jacob and Gertrude were Billy and Donald. Uncle Jacob worked hard hauling wood for the town and, at one point, occupied the little, yellow house on the corner, right next to his sister Gertrude, who lived in the A. P. Grain Company's house. It was here that he died in 1938 from a cerebral hemorrhage. His widow remained in the area for some years, then moved to Leduc and Edmonton. The present whereabouts of the family is unknown to the writers.

Grandfather's introduction to Sylvan Lake, back in 1930, was appropriate. He donned a bathing suit and, without a word, sprinted out to the end of the pier (we unbelievers trotting behind) to make a perfect dive into the water and perform like a professional. For a man of any age, let alone 63, he could certainly swim. Grandfather also enjoyed "showing up" dad when it came to horseshoes, but he was a poor loser when it came to his favorite game of "smear".

When grandmother came West, she allowed each family member to bring one treasured possession. Grandmother had entered our mother Gertrude's photo in a Peterborough and area contest in Ontario. Mother won the "most beautiful child" contest and her favorite prize was a set of china, complete with demitasse cups. Gertrude brought her treasured china west and later hoped that some day they would be a legacy to her own daughter. Unfortunately, the cherished dishes were broken to shards one day when the buffet collapsed during a childish scuffle.

At 38 years of age, Aunt Emma had another child. Uncle Dewey was employed in Red Deer on the construction of barracks. He was an excellent carpenter, built well-designed cupboards and two fine looking boats. Aunt Emma was heavy, at a difficult age for delivery, and suffered high blood pressure. Gail Diane was born in 1941 and, in 1947, the Castlemans moved to Calgary.

Grandmother had suffered a stroke after Hamly's death and, the next year, mother moved her parents to the smaller of her two cottages, "The Midget". Our mother's health was failing rapidly as well. Grandmother suffered two more severe strokes and passed away in 1937. By this time, our mother was living in "Laff 'N Loaf Inn", the larger cottage.

Mother Gertrude passed away in 1939 at the age of 42. The broken dishes, referred to earlier, are rather symbolic. They were a legacy of love and, like her life, were shattered. But the legacy of her love and sacrifice still live on in our memories. The property she had worked so hard for and her cottages reimbursed the town for expenses incurred during her illness and death.

Aunt Emma died in 1949 in Calgary. Dewey Castleman still lives in Calgary with his daughter, Gail Jackson, and her husband. Bruce Castleman and wife Verna also live there. Phyllis (Castleman) Gerlitz lives with her husband in Las Vegas.

Grandfather William also moved to Calgary in 1947 where the Murphy grandsons were employed and where his daughter Emma lived. Born in 1867, the year of Confederation, he died in 1955 at the age of 88 years in Calgary.

He had laid to rest his wife, Evalina (Newton) Spinks, Gertrude (Spinks) Murphy and Jacob Spinks in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Arend Spyksma Family
by Hilda Jackson

Arend Pier Spyksma was born in the Netherlands March 3, 1918, the son of a local farmer. During his childhood and youth he worked on the family farm, following this with his four-year service in the Dutch Army until 1939. He continued to help with the family farm and operated his own milk delivery and pick-up business which continued to operate throughout World War II. When the war ended he married Hinke Jouwsma, from a neighboring town, Wommels, August 14, 1945. In May 1946, premature twin daughters, Hittje and Geeske, were born. Geeske died when she was 10 days old but the smaller of the two girls, Hittje, survived through dedicated attention and loving care until December 1949. Her premature birth had damaged her spinal column and she had a low resistance to infection which caused a contact with measles to be fatal. While Hittje was a baby, son Sybren was born in 1947 and a daughter Gay in 1949. In 1950, a daughter Hilda arrived.

When Canada issued a call for skilled labor on the farms in the early 1950's, the family decided they would try for a new start and that they would immigrate to Canada. On July 3, 1952 they arrived in Canada following a 20-hour flight from Amsterdam to Montreal. From there they boarded a train to Immigration Hall in Winnipeg and, 10 days later, they arrived at their destination — Red Deer, Alberta. Leaving the train station, they found themselves on the way to the Kurt Trachsel farm in the Burbank district, east of Blackfalds.

The next four years were lonely in a strange and very different country from Holland. It took five months for the family's possessions to arrive. The family slowly learned English by listening to the radio and studying whatever English books they could find.

After the first New Year's in Canada, a son George was born in 1953. In March, 1954 Wybren arrived; in November, 1955 Annie was born and the

Mr. and Mrs. Arend Spyksma.

Spyksma family: Annie, Hilda, Hinki, Arend, Sybren, Gay, George, William and Wybren.

youngest son, William, in December 1956. Following the birth of William, the family moved to Sylvan Lake where Arend was employed in the construction business. They lived in the white house on the corner of, what was then, fourth street. Within a few days of moving here the school-age children were involved in the annual Christmas concert held in the Prom Hall on the lakeshore. This was an occasion that will long be remembered since he awoke one night and watched, along with many town residents, as the hall burned to the ground.

While working in construction, Arend helped build the H. J. Cody School, the place where all of his children attended school. The family moved back to the Trachsel farm in 1959 and lived there for the next one and a half years. A farm accident in 1960 forced an end to hard physical labor for Arend and the family then moved back to Sylvan Lake, living at several locations before settling in their present residence on 47 Street. In May 1967, all the children

found they could hammer nails as they helped build two bedrooms and install indoor plumbing in the house. We all referred to this addition to the house as our "Centennial Project."

We have always been a very close family, since we have no relatives in Canada. As each person went through school, he or she was encouraged to do the best possible and all seven children hold high school diplomas and, in addition, some form of business training. Sybren attended the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology (NAIT) in Edmonton to become a drafting engineer, following which he found employment with the City of Red Deer. Hilda took a Sign Painting course at NAIT, in which trade she was employed until her marriage. She enjoys painting and calligraphy. Wybren and George operate a muffler shop in Wetaskawin and William is a meat cutter in Red Deer. Gay and Annie were both employed in business work. While Sybren was going to high school he became interested in the Militia. He joined the 78 Field Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery (Militia) in 1965, beginning a family venture into the Reserve Armed Forces of Canada. As the boys in the family went through school, they also joined the militia. It gave them part-time employment throughout the school year and summers and also gave them a strong sense of pride and self discipline. Sybren has served 17 years with the militia, George 8 years, Wybren five years and Willam is currently in his ninth year. Annie was in the Communication Reserve for three years and Hilda served the last eight years in the Reserves.

In 1972 Sybren married Donna Corbett. They have a family of two, Nicholas and Jodie, who attend H. J. Cody School in Sylvan Lake where the family resides.

In 1973 Gay married James Murphy of Red Deer and they have three children, Christine, Patrick and Erin.

That same year, Hilda married Harvey Jackson of Red Deer. They also have three children, Heather, Hal and Henry.

In 1975 Annie married John Anderson of Alix and they have two children, Amanda and John. They live in Edmonton.

In 1976 Wybren married Kathleen Tombs of Red Deer and they now live in Wetaskawin.

At present, George and William are not married.

Now the family is grown up, so Arend and Hinke find they have time to enjoy fishing in the west country and are members of the Fish and Game Association. They are also members of the Friendship Club and Hinke is a member of the Women's Institute. She enjoys doing handicrafts and enters the W.I.'s spring handicraft competition. They both enjoy having all the children and grandchildren home for visits and find themselves busy in their retirement.

The Staggs at "Blue Moon Cottage"

by Roberta (Stagg) Pritchard

"Blue Moon" cottage was built by my father, George Stagg, as a summer home for his wife, Mary, myself and three sisters.

We lived in isolated Nordegg and the year was 1923.

The old cottage still stands as my father built it — large living room, sprawling screened porch, kitchen and two bedrooms. The old cast iron kitchen stove, "mother's comfort", dated 1907, is still used to heat the place and does, indeed, still remain mother's comfort.

My father's rocking chair graces the screened porch. The old chair I rocked my first child in remains in the living room. Carpets and pictures have been added and the old place retains the atmosphere of much happy living.

The history of the cottage would not be complete without the story of the well. In the 1920's, we had to walk several blocks to the town well for water. The pails of water were heavy to carry. My mother and our neighbor, Mrs. Canell, decided we should have a well. They each put five dollars into a fund for the drilling of a well. They then canvassed the neighborhood and managed to collect $50.00, the price of a well in the 1920's.

Where to put the well? My mother remembered a friend, Mr. MacDonald, from eastern Canada who could witch for water. A group of us hiked down to, what was then called Upper Beach, to collect Mr. MacDonald. He willingly came with us and cut a willow wand for witching. Carefully, he covered the entire area and there was only one place where the willow wand bent gracefully downward. Wonder of wonders, it was between the Canell's cottage and the "Blue Moon". The old well has given good service to many cottagers and is still pumping water today.

Nordegg was indeed isolated in the 1920's. There was no road beyond Rocky Mountain House. We owned a big Hupmobile. Each summer we would take a trip. However, in order to get the car in and out of Nordegg, where there were no roads anyway, it was necessary to ship the car on a flat car via C.N.R. The cost was $25.00 each way, astronomical in those days. So, each fall I would get a hammer and knock out the end of a large screened porch at the back of the cottage. My sister, Maryon, would then drive the Hup into the porch and we would board up the end again and leave it there until spring.

We have many happy memories of Sylvan Lake

in the twenties. Church affairs, afternoon teas and even white gloves. Sylvan Lake was very social in those days.

My sister, Maryon, was married to Fred Drager in the Sylvan Lake Presbyterian Church in 1932, 50 years ago.

My mother was very fond of the expression, "Once in a blue moon", and so the cottage was named "Blue Moon". Mother liked to say, jokingly, "Come and visit us once in a blue moon", to friends and relatives. Unfortunately, everyone took her literally and many nights we all slept on the floor.

There are now five generations of us and the old cottage has been, and still is, fun!

So, come and see us, Once in a Blue Moon.

Mathilde Stagg
by Louise Stagg

It is my pleasure to mention the following few facts.

In 1940, Mathilde Stagg and her husband chanced to holiday in Sylvan Lake. They both were so impressed with its quiet beauty that they decided to buy a summer cottage there. "Sundown Cottage" was their choice and there they spent their summers.

Five years later, being recently widowed, Mrs. Stagg purchased from Mr. LeBihan, "Feu Follet", which she renamed, "Moerbeke", after the village in Belgium where she was born.

She resided in Sylvan Lake until she passed away in 1978.

Although she missed some of the city amenities, she never wanted to return to Calgary. One of her greatest pleasures was to watch the sun set over the lake.

Our four children spent many happy summers with their grandmother and will always remember Sylvan Lake.

Mrs. Mathilda Stagg.

The Staples Family
by Ruth Staples

The first time I visited Sylvan Lake, or even saw it, was in 1941 when we went to visit an old family friend from Nova Scotia — Mr. Charles Lindsay. My husband Lloyd was born in Nova Scotia and went to school with Mr. Lindsay's son, Ellery, who also lived in Sylvan Lake. We were welcomed to Mr. Lindsay's home by Beatrice Vincent and her children who were renting the main house. Our children were very young at the time; David, the oldest, was seven, our twin boys, Brian and Baird, were five, our only daughter, Margaret, was three, and Jimmy only one year old. The Vincent children — I especially remember Gordon, Vera and Gwen, who was small, too — were a great help with the little ones.

The Staples family: Lloyd, Margaret, Ruth; (front) Brian, David, David's wife Carol, Baird and Jim.

Lloyd and Ruth Staples and their grandchildren.

We all fell in love with Sylvan Lake and, the next summer, we came back again and took a cottage near Ellery Lindsay's called, "Acadia", where we spent a happy holiday.

My husband, Lloyd, was principal of the school in Delia when he joined the Airforce June, 1941 at age 42. He had been a soldier in the Nova Scotia Highlanders in the First Great War, 27 years before,

and wanted to serve again. He was given the position of instructor of mathematics for the pilots and navigators at the NATO training bases. As he was over age, he was not required to go overseas so he was able to come home most weekends.

When Lloyd joined the Airforce I decided to go teaching, as some schools, during wartime, found it hard to get a teacher. I took a country school with a teacherage, and my brother Roy came with me to stay with the younger children while I was in school.

As a result of my teaching endeavors, I accumulated a few hundred dollars which I wanted to invest in something more lasting than a fur coat or a trip, so, on a cold Labor Day in 1943, we looked at houses in Sylvan Lake.

During that weekend we were staying at a cottage which, at that time was on fifth street east, the one that was to become the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cameron and which they made into a show place with their lovely flower beds. We went to see a Real Estate firm, Innes Agencies, and were taken to see a cottage on East Crescent. As I said before, it was a very cold weekend with a strong north wind blowing. A bright coal fire was burning in the fireplace and the big, black kitchen stove radiated heat also. The ladies who were renting for the weekend were preparing supper. We walked on through and saw a lovely grove of trees in the back and quite a spacious, natural lawn, which seemed an ideal play area for the children. The cottage was quite large and nicely decorated, with a built-on garage in the back and screened-in sun porch in front. We liked the idea of it being so close to the centre of town, too. We decided to look no further and bought it from Mrs. Jennijohn, who had been left a widow and, at that time, was living in Calgary. We were pleased that she had been able to sell the place. Mr. Jennijohn had built the house, and also the one where the Leedhams lived, in the same style or plan.

On Monday, my husband went back to Calgary to the Airforce Base and I drove back to Morrin with the children and a woman guest. We had quite an interesting trip home — a tire blew out on the way to Red Deer. My oldest son David, who was nine, and I tried to fix it but found we had no jack. A truck driver stopped to help but he had none either. However, the driver went on to the next garage and sent someone out to help. They patched the tire but it gave trouble twice more on the way home. I was thankful to get the children safely home to bed that night.

I spent the next couple of weeks packing up our household goods, and, toward the end of September, we moved to Sylvan Lake. Howard Halvorson brought his truck over to Morrin to pick up our things and I drove the children over once more. We drove into the lane beside the house and went in to see our new home. It was locked but we managed to see in through the windows. I was to pick up the key at Mrs. Speedie's house but, when I went back out to the car, the tire was flat again! It was not very far to Speedies' so I hiked. On arrival there, I was told that the key was up the hill at Mrs. John Holsworth's. So, I hiked some more! However, it was not all bad for I had the pleasure of meeting two charming ladies for the first time.

The children entered school and seemed happy in their new home. Some of the teachers were: Marie Strom, Ena Kinna, Ethel Moore, Miss Romanuik. They attended the little cottage school and also the school at the top of the hill. Coming home for lunch in the winter, it was fun for them to slide all the way down on a toboggan.

The cottage was already furnished so it was quite a job to fit in all the extra furniture, but we managed. During the autumn we were busy making the cottage ready for winter. Mr. David Gairns, a well-known local carpenter, with a helper, lined and insulated the walls and ceiling.

The change from being the school pricipal's wife in Morrin to a newcomer with no special position was difficult for me but the beauty of the surroundings compensated somewhat, and then I had some nice neighbors: Alice Lund and her father and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heikkinen, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm and baby. I joined the Women's Institute, the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, also the choir and became a teacher in the pre-school class of the Sunday School. Mrs. B. C. Learned was the Sunday School superintendent and Mr. Cecil Barker taught the senior class. Rev. MacSween was the minister. I was also secretary of the Home and School Association.

We stayed in our cottage for the duration of the war and for the two years that my husband attended university after he left the R.C.A.F. He finished his B. Ed. Degree in the spring of 1947 and, during May and June of that year, he went to teach in the Daisy Nook School west of here as they had no teacher.

In the fall, we all moved back to Morrin where Lloyd became principal of the school again and I was welcomed back to the bridge clubs and other organizations. The country seemed bare. I missed the lake and the trees.

We kept our cottage and every summer we loaded up the children and headed for the Lake. The cottage was always just as we had left it in the fall and it was fun time until school started again.

In 1965, when my husband retired from teaching, we moved to the cottage and fixed it up as a retirement home. The built-on garage, which we had used as a summer kitchen, was insulated and lined. The

work was done by our neighbor, Owen Stewart, and he had as his helper another neighbor, Clarence Wilson. Elmer Maki and Martin Anderson built on a bathroom. They followed plans that I drew for them when they arrived. It was a good thing they turned out all right because that day I was so ill I could hardly manage the job.

I rejoined the W.I. and was elected president. I also joined the I.O.D.E. and held the post of Education Secretary. In 1968, my husband and I did the grand tour of Europe and travelled from Finland, Sweden and Denmark to Rome. While in France and Germany, we found and visited the graves of my husband's former comrades of the First War and some who were his students in Delia who were lost in the Second World War. All were very young when they died, nineteen or twenty, mostly. A taxi driver from Arras, France made the task easy for us. He drove us around and found all the cemeteries for us.

In 1970, Lloyd wanted to go back to Nova Scotia to live so, at Christmas time, he flew down and bought some property there. We lived there for three years but still kept the house at Sylvan Lake. It was rented part of the time so, when we came back in the summer of 1973, it had to be completely redecorated. My trusty helpers had all retired by now and it was difficult to hire a carpenter to do small jobs, so I did most of the work myself with the help of my brother Roy.

In 1974, February 13, my husband Lloyd died and was buried on the hill. The local members of the Royal Canadian Legion were a great help in arranging the Legion funeral, especially Ernie Fridulin and Doug McCutcheon.

My brother Roy, who had been visiting us decided to sell his house in Rumsey and come to live with us. In 1975, he and I travelled to Arizona and there bought a trailer in "New Hope" Mobile Home Park. Since then, we have spent our winters there. In the spring, our cottage at Sylvan Lake still waits for us and it is nice to come home to greet old friends once again.

Three of the family are living in Alberta. Brian works in Edmonton for the Department of Education as a consultant for Community Schools. He makes his home in Devon with his wife Marjory and three children, David, Chris and Lisa.

Margaret lives in Lethbridge where her husband, Eugene Falkenberg, is a professor in the Education Faculty at the University of Lethbridge. Margaret teaches nursing at the college. They have four children, Michael, Allison, Mark and Rodney.

Jim (James Douglas) lives in Red Deer and works as Consultant for Art in the Central Alberta schools. His wife, Anita, teaches kindergarten in the new Pines Community School. They have two children, Matthew and Jennifer.

Our oldest son, David, is an Inspector in the R.C.M.P. in Victoria, B.C. He has charge of drug control for all the province of British Columbia. His wife, Carol, and three daughters, Rebecca, Brenda and Rachel complete the family.

Brian's twin, Baird, with wife Elizabeth and two children, Willis and Lorinda, are teaching in the little town of Mayo, Yukon, this year. This will be a new experience for them. Baird has his Master of Fine Arts degree.

They are all very busy but still find time to visit their childhood home on weekends and holidays. Our history is on-going as I still own the family place — I don't know for how long — but many friends my age are selling theirs and moving into Senior Citizen residences. We all like it here and would hate to part with the home. We shall see!

Viola and Guy Stanfield

Viola Slocombe, a sister of Les Jarvis of Eckville, resided in Sylvan Lake for many years. She came to Sylvan Lake, recently widowed, from Edmonton, in 1945 and opened a bakeshop out of her home on the lakefront. She was one of the first women to own and operate a business in Sylvan Lake.

Vi Stanfield.

Her son, Bill Slocombe, moved from Edmonton with her and worked in the drugstore during the

Guy Stanfield.

summer. Then he went into Red Deer to attend the Composite High School. Her daughter, Kathleen Slocombe, also moved in to help her with the business. In 1947, they closed the bakeshop and together they opened the Cozy Corner Cafe on Main Street.

Vi married Guy Stanfield in 1949. Guy had been transferred from Medicine Hat to clerk in the Sylvan Lake Hotel in 1945. The hotel was owned by the Calgary Brewery.

After closing the Cozy Corner in 1950, they opened Guy's and Vi's Popcorn Stand at their home on the lakefront. (The Revelstoke building sits now where the stand was until 1972.) Later, they expanded into hamburgers, ice cream, etc. The older Tooley grandchildren remember helping out at the stand while on summer holidays.

Guy and Vi operated this stand until they retired to Red Deer in 1963. Kathleen managed the stand until it was sold in 1964.

Kathleen married Dick Tooley of Sylvan Lake in 1948. They have four children: Richard of Edmonton; Geraldine (Mrs. Wayne Reynders) of Whitecourt; William of Mayerthorpe; Kathy (Mrs. Reg Hayward) of Kitimat, B.C. Bill married Muriel Morrison of Edmonton in 1950. They have a son, Doug, and a daughter, Sharon (Mrs. Daryl Slaght) and all reside in Calgary.

Vi's older daughter, Dorothy, is married to Harold Allen and lives in Edmonton. Vi now has eleven great-grandchildren.

Guy passed away in Edmonton in 1964 after heart surgery. Vi later moved to Kelowna, B.C., but now resides at the Mayfair Nursing Home in Calgary where she has been for the past twelve years.

Knut Staudinger

by Helen Fraser

Knut August Staudinger was born in Kalojoki, Finland in 1868, the third child of Frans Georg Staudinger and Johanna Lovisa Luomala. As a young man he emigrated to Port Arthur, Ontario, later joining some of his brothers at Ely, Minnesota, working in the iron mines.

Knut August Staudinger.

He married Hilda Maria Forester when she was fourteen. Their family consisted of: Wayne Alexander (Vainu), Vienna Maria, Urho Uria (George), Kauno Johannus (Kay), Onni August (Lucky), Silia Johanna (Cecelia), Oiva Abraham (Funny), Sorea Louise, Arvo Uria, Elmer Alfred, and Lahja Hilda.

Knut and Hilda moved to Hancock, Michigan where the younger children were born. He sold real estate and had a large new house built for his family. Urho Uria drowned as a child. Hilda Maria died in

1912 when the last baby was born. The baby also died and was buried with her mother.

Knut attempted to carry on but decided to take his family out of the city. He went homesteading in Alberta where some of his brothers had already settled.

They arrived in Sylvan Lake where he married his brother Jacob's widow, Hilma, who was also his first wife's aunt. She had four children from her first marriage: William, Hilma, Jack Jr. and Flora. They lived a short while in the Kuusamo District and the children went to school there. Then Knut took his family homesteading in the Crimson Lake area. Hilma did not like it and returned to Sylvan Lake. Later Knut came back also and bought land on the hill south of town where the school, cemetery and new subdivision are now located.

Lucky (Onni) lived in Sylvan Lake and clerked in the grocery store. He married Hilja Wuori and they had two sons, George and Ronald. They moved to Rossland, B.C. in 1934. The boys still work in Cominco there.

Knut wrote for Finnish newspapers in Port Arthur and in Minnesota in the late twenties and early thirties. He did a lot of translating for Finnish people. Those who knew him from his writing often looked him up at Sylvan Lake. About 1923, Knut was one of those who felt the need for a Finnish Young People's Society, which later resulted in the Unity Hall being built.

Clarence and Cecelia Gow.

Knut drove a 1927 Model T truck with a Lacta Cream Separator sign on it for many years. He sold separators and life insurance.

Arvo was killed in a logging accident in 1928.

In 1934, a cyclone appeared in the area, starting in the Marianne District near Wayne Kuores's farm and ending up in Sylvan Lake, where the biggest damage was done. At Knut's farm, the storm lifted up and wrecked the barn, leaving only the stanchions upright. The roof was ripped off the well-house, trees uprooted and Knut's small house was upset, injuring his foot.

Knut spent his later years in his little house between the cemetery and the school, and died in 1947. Later a family of skunks took up residence under the house and it had to be torn down.

Vee worked in a bank in Eckville, married John Scurr, and had two sons, John and James (Buddy). She died in Edmonton in 1958.

Oiva was in the U.S. Navy during the war. He lived in Washington. He and Elsie had two sons, Bill and Melvin. He died in the '40's.

Sorea married Barney Lees and had three children: Jean, Jack and Bill. Jack won an award posthumously for bravery while flying. Sorea drowned at the coast in the sixties.

Elmer was killed in 1930 in a logging accident in Washington.

Cecelia married Steiner Johnson.

Jean Esmi Staudinger (Tooley)

I was born in Red Deer May 29, 1924 to Florence and Jack Tooley of Poplar Ridge District. My mother was very ill after my birth so I was cared for by Jennie Kirkby until I was well into my first year. When I was four, my father left farming at Poplar Ridge and moved us, cow and all, to Sylvan Lake.

My years at Sylvan Lake were, perhaps, the happiest of my life. At age eighteen, I married Walter Staudinger. We had three children: Teresa Odette, Deborah Melanie and Linda Jean (chosen). Over the years Walt worked at farming, seismograph drilling

Jean Staudinger and her granddaughter Marah.

Jean Staudinger's Aslan Daycare in Lethbridge.

and car hauling. In 1959, I ventured into what is now known as "Day Care", my first centre being the "Kradle Koop Nursery". Walt had been in ill health for years and passed away in Lethbridge in 1962. I continued in the raising of our children and the expanding of my business. I sold the Kradle Koop to my sister Nancy and now direct my two other centres, Narnia and Aslan. Narnia is a small centre staffed by six persons. Aslan is a very large child-development centre planned and equipped to develop the whole child. It is used as a training centre, and is staffed by twenty-one qualified members.

Aside from Day Care, my main interests are my three grandchildren (Sean and Troy McLeod and Marah Zola) and Tennessee walking horses. I have started breeding a very fine line of registered walkers and expect that, after my retirement, I will devote most of my time to this, my hobby.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Steele

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin Steele came from the Isle of Man to the Willowdale District east of Red Deer in 1919 to join their sons, Ralph and Norman. In 1922 they moved to Sylvan Lake, where they rented a small house.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Steele were very active and interested in all community affairs. Mr. Steele was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School for many years and also served as an Elder of the church. He also acted as Justice of the Peace for several years and was instrumental in organizing the Sylvan Lake Regatta, which was an annual event in the 1930's.

He was noted for his gardening abilities and his flowers were often admired by the summer visitors and often took bouquets to decorate the church.

Mr. Steele helped plan the boulevard that ran from, at that time, Penley's Dance Hall, south to 50th Avenue.

Mrs. Steele led an adult Bible class, which she taught for many years. She was also an active member of the W.I.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Steele.

Their home was always open to receive friends and neighbors who would drop in, often every day, for a visit. One such visitor was Will D. McKay, who was a news reporter for Sylvan Lake.

Mr. Steele always had a word of advice for many of the young people who would come and spend some time with him. He was also a very talented artist, many of his paintings are still treasured by his family.

The Steeles in their garden.

Although poor health plagued Mr. Steele most of his life, he and Mrs. Steele always took a keen interest in their sons' farming and every fall spent nearly a month visiting at the farm.

Mr. Steele passed away May, 1937 at age 78. Mrs. Steele continued to live at the Lake for approximately 10 years, at which time she went to live with her sons. She passed away in December, 1948 at age 82.

Martha Stewart

Mr. and Mrs. Lundholm had seven daughters born to them in Helsinki, Finland. Martha, the youngest, was born April 23, 1896. The next youngest sister was ten years old and the eldest was twenty. Martha was brought up in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. She became a tailor of women's suits and a dressmaker. She was blessed with many talents and an indomitable spirit. Her mother died in 1921 at the age of 66. The next year Martha's life took a sudden and drastic change when she became the mailorder bride of Nicholas Isaacson of Sylvan Lake, Alberta. His humble home was located on the west side of Sylvan Lake and his farm bordered on the lake. She arrived March 31, 1922. On her 27th birthday, April 23, 1922, Nicholas and Martha were married. Nicholas was 40 years old and a widower with five daughters and one son. The youngest was two years old. All were still living at home.

Now these are the things the everyday wife and mother had to learn to do really fast, which she had not done before: milk cows, churn butter and sell it at Sylvan Lake, water and feed pigs, shear sheep, card wool and make quilts, cultivate large potato crops with a single horse, cut trees along with her man, to clear more land for cultivation from the 35 acres eventually to 100 acres, do other field work, make hay and stook the grain. She spent some time splitting firewood, which she hauled by wagon and team of horses to Sylvan Lake and Benalto.

Then, at night by the light from a kerosene lamp, she would sew a lining into a coat for a customer at Sylvan Lake. In the spring of the same year in which she married, she bought a piano from Rev. Luomala and took lessons and learned to play quite well. The family attended church services at Kuusamo with the Finnish congregation.

In 1937, Nicholas and Martha had an auction sale and made a trip to Finland, their first trip back. Martha's one sister was still living there. Her father had passed away in 1925, three years after Martha came to Canada. When they came back, Nicholas suggested returning to live on the farm which, to Martha, was an impossible thought, so they separated. Martha made another trip to Finland and Nick went to Malcolm Island, B.C. where his son Isaac

Owen and Martha Stewart.

lived. Martha came back to live at Sylvan Lake and did some sewing.

Ellen and Matt Sytela introduced Martha to Owen Stewart and it became a lasting relationship for they were married December 28, 1948. They lived for a short while on his farm out of Rocky Mountain House, then for a year both were employed at the Alberta School Hospital in Red Deer. Owen supervised 17 young men and Martha was a cook. Then they bought a house at Sylvan Lake on 50 Avenue. Owen did handyman jobs for different people for many years. Martha attended art classes and painted with success, selling some of her art. She also actively participated in different women's organizations: Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, I.O.D.E., W.I. and the Friendship Club.

In the summer of 1972, Owen suffered a severe heart attack from which he did not fully recover to enjoy life as he had known it. In the fall of 1973, they sold their home and moved to live in the Sylvan Lake Lodge. They celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on December 28, 1973 in the Presbyterian Church Hall. Owen was hospitalized in the summer and died September 1, 1974.

In January 1975, Martha fell in the Lodge and severely fractured her hip. The break did not heal properly. Consequently, she has been in a wheel chair for a number of years. She lives in the West Park Nursing Home in Red Deer. She celebrated her 87th birthday April 23, 1981 and is as active as can be with a handicap. Her undefeated indomitable spirit has brought her thus far and, though she suffers pain

almost constantly, she has still remained sound in mind and spirit.

History of the Stone Family
by Ellen Stone

I was pleased and flattered when I was asked to write a story about the Stone family for the history book of Sylvan Lake. Having been in this area for only 28 years, I felt we could hardly be classified as pioneers. Still, when I think of all the improvements we made during the 16 years that we owned the golf course, perhaps we did contribute to the growth of the community and we certainly did bring a lot of people to the town. In fact, next to the lake itself, it probably was the greatest attraction. When you read this, you may question my inclusion of so many other names in what is supposed to be a history of the Stone family, but they are all people whose paths have crossed ours in either a business or social way over the years. When we bought the course from Mr. and Mrs. Eck Biss it was a nine-hole, sand-green golf course. On week days you could golf all day for 50 cents; on week-ends and holidays it was 75 cents. As we improved the course we gradually raised the rates. When we sold it in 1975, we had developed it into a beautiful 18-hole course with grass-greens and tee-offs, an underground sprinkling system and had built the Tournament House.

Ellis was born on November 9, 1911 on the farm home of his parents near Alix, the second youngest of six children, Fred of Montreal, John, Dave and Harriet of Alix and Bob of Lacombe. I don't think Fred or Ellis were cut out to be farmers although they both loved to go back and visit. The three other brothers all farmed successfully and are now retired. Ellis's father and mother were truly pioneers in the Alix district. They both came here when Alberta was part of the Northwest Territories. His father, Charles Edward Stone, who was born in West Virginia, ranched when he first came to the area, then he turned to farming. His mother, Mary Belle McLeod, came from Glengarry County, Ontario and was the first qualified teacher in the Stone School District around 1902. In 1903 she married Charlie Stone, after whom the school district was named, the school being located on his land. All six of their children were born on the farm and went to the Stone School and Ellis's sister Harriet taught there. Mr. Stone also donated the land where the Stone Cemetery is located. The name was later changed to Fairview.

On completing high school, Fred stayed home and worked on the farm for four years, then attended Calgary Normal School and taught for one year. He then enrolled at McGill University graduating with B.A. and M.A. degrees. In 1934 he was appointed secretary to the Premier of Alberta and served one year under Premier Reid and two years under Premier Aberhart. In 1937, he and his wife Alix moved to Montreal where he became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway. With that company he held several positions, retiring in 1970 as President of C.P. Investments. For two years thereafter he worked part-time as chairman of Cominco. I hope this does not sound too much like bragging but the Stone family were all proud of Fred's success in the business world and, to them and his many Alix friends, he was the farm boy who went to the big city and made good. He tries to get back once a year to visit with family and old friends.

In May, 1929 Ellis went to work in Drumheller for his uncle, Tom McGarry, who owned the Whitlock Lumber Company. He was there until 1956. In 1940 his uncle and family moved to Vancouver and he took over the running of the business. It was not until 1945 that his uncle offered him a partnership in the company. Later on, he bought out his uncle and took in as his partner, Wendell Greene, who owned a construction business. It was a good arrangement for both of them.

I was born in Quincy, Illinois, a small town on the Mississippi River. My father, George Edward Derry, was a brick burner by trade and my mother, Anna Bridgeman, a music teacher. I have one brother, Ted, who lives in California. When I was quite small we moved to Lexington, Kentucky, then later on, to Calgary where my father worked in a brick yard halfway between the city and Bowness, on the south bank of the Bow River. In 1918 we moved to Drumheller, actually Midlandvale, one of the many mining camps located in the valley. That was the year the First Great War ended and the year of the terrible flu epidemic. My mother and I were both sick but were among the lucky ones who recovered. My father worked as a steam engineer at the Midland Mine. I had part of my schooling in Midlandvale, the rest (four years) in Drumheller, which entailed a two-and-a-half mile walk each way. When I was in grade ten my mother died. I left school after grade eleven and one of my teachers got me a job with the *Drumheller Mail*, the town's weekly newspaper. Those were the years of great depression and, since I had no special training, I was glad to have a job. I worked there for eight years. After the first year, I left home and moved into town.

It was while I was working for the newspaper and, Ellis for his uncle, that we met and later married — September, 1936. All three of our sons were born in Drumheller, Johnny in January 1944, Barney in October 1945 and Terry in February 1949. In 1956, after 27 years in the lumber business, Ellis sold out to

his partner, Wendell Greene. The following year we moved to Red Deer.

During the years we were in Red Deer, Ellis especially enjoyed his association with the Red Deer K-40's (Kinsmen over 40) and one of the first things he did when we moved was to transfer his membership to the Red Deer Club.

We had opened a cottage on Jarvis Bay for three years, so, for the two years prior to purchasing the golf course, we spent our winters in Red Deer and our summers at the Lake. Weather permitting, we would move out in April and stay until the end of October, driving the children to and from school in Red Deer. We loved the spring and fall before the holiday season started — it was so quiet and peaceful, only ourselves and the McNamaras in the neighborhood. Sometimes, in the fall, there would be a foot of snow before we closed up the cottage. Icicles would be hanging from the eaves and wild life was abundant in the woods around us. It was truly a winter wonderland. But our cottage was modern, we had a big stone fireplace and a heater in the living room and a coal stove and an electric range in the kitchen, so we had no trouble keeping warm. In the fall, we often had ducks swimming around in front of our cottage. It was a great temptation for Ellis who loved to go duck hunting. He would take his gun down and sneak out the back door and around to the front. Aware of his intentions, I would open the front door and let our black Labrador, Buckshot, go out so that, before Ellis got there, the ducks were long gone. He never bagged a single bird!

Our cottage had an interesting history. It was built in 1932 by a W. J. Oliver who was a staff photographer for the *Calgary Herald* and also a big game hunter. Hanging on the huge fireplace, which reached to the top of the open ceiling in the living-room, was a moose head which we were told had a record antler span. While I do not approve of killing animals for trophies, it certainly did lend atmosphere to the room. I remember the first time Buckshot noticed it; he was lying in front of the fireplace and happened to look up; he thought it was coming through the wall. He leaped up on his hind legs and I thought he would never stop barking. Eventually he got used to it and decided it posed no threat, but all you had to do was point at it and say, "Sic-em the moose, Buckshot" and up he would jump. He could not quite reach it so it really frustrated him.

We had a boat made by one of the carpenters at the Lumber Yard in Drumheller. It had a flat bottom, did not tip easily and had a small motor. The children had a lot of fun with it and we felt it was pretty safe. There was a couple we had met at the Glencoe Club's Mixed Bonspiels in Calgary, Tom and Maureen Brown. Tom's sister, Janet Asmundson, had a cottage here at the Lake which she shared with him during the summer holidays. When they were here they often dropped over to see us. At that time they had a hotel at Didsbury. They came one Sunday evening and Ellis and Tom decided to go for a boat ride. When it got dark and they had not returned, Maureen and I began to worry. Then we heard the boat put-putting in to shore. Tom was a pretty big fellow and, when he went to step out of the boat on to the pier, the boat tipped over with both of them underneath it in about three feet of water. They struggled out from under, both soaking wet. Tom shed his clothes and squeezed into a pair of Ellis's stretchy pyjamas. The take at the hotel bar must have been good the night before as Tom's pockets were full of wet bills of almost every denomination. We spread them out to dry all over the living room, on the backs of chairs and the chesterfield. I never saw so much money at one time in all my life!

But to get back to the cottage, the Olivers sold it to the Hagens. Their daughter, Betty Jean, was later to become a famous violinist and I believe she now lives in New York City. We were told she did a lot of practicing at the cottage which was not greatly appreciated by the neighbors. If they had known how famous she was to become, they probably would have considered it a privilege to listen to her. The Hagens sold the cottage to the Chatenays, farmers at Penhold and we bought it from them. We had good neighbors: Dr. and Mrs. Pullar and family, Jack and Marion Dow and the McNamaras on one side and the Gordon Allens and Manley Edwards on the other. Our first meeting with Bob McNamara was not a happy one. He knocked on our door one night and informed us that our boys and a couple of the Pullar grandchildren had been raiding his garden. One of the Pullar children either fell or could not run fast enough and when he caught her she reluctantly named the other culprits. That was the end of the garden raiding. It did not alter our friendly relations with the McNamaras. When we bought the golf course we sold the cottage to the Pallesens. I believe Mrs. Pallesen was a sister of Fred Mannix. It has changed hands a couple of times since. I have taken my grandchildren there to see it when I knew no one was around. I am amazed at how big the spruce trees we planted have grown, but that was twenty-five years ago. We loved the cottage and were sorry to leave it. I have a lot of happy memories of good times spent there. It was a popular drop-in place for many of our old Drumheller friends. In writing about our cottage days, there is one person that I would like to make special mention of, Roy Gathercole. Twenty-eight years ago he was providing us and many cottage

owners around the Lake with invaluable services and he still is. He could turn his hand to almost any kind of a job and do it well, be it painting indoors or out, carpentering or plumbing. He took care of water systems, piers and shutters in the spring and fall and, in the summer, replenished the wood piles. In the winter he regularly checked the cottages for break-ins and vandalism. He is one person I am sure who never has been and never will be affected by the unemployment situation.

From running a lumber yard to running a golf course was a big change for Ellis, but he was a good business man and he liked people. When we sold out he said it was the people he missed most. Over the years he made a host of friends from all over the province and even farther away.

We were lucky in that we inherited good experienced help. Eva Jordan, who had worked in the clubhouse for Mr. and Mrs. Biss, stayed with us until we sold out. Charlie Olson continued running the gang mowers and kept the fairways in good shape. When he retired, Neil Jarvin took over his job. He was an excellent handyman and used to say, "As long as you can take it apart, you can fix it" and he usually did, prolonging the life of a lot of old machinery. Other good workers we had were: Albert Ottley, George Wilson (Barney's father-in-law), Bob Brown, Eddie Lawson (Eve Jordan's son-in-law), Charlie Menzies, Bob Wade, Nick Josephison, Dennis Liu, Wes Swainson, Gary Jordan and Ches Jacobs. During the holidays we took on extra casual help and some I remember were: Marg Humber, Barry Cole, Neil German, Bill Woods, Eldon Anderson, Dave Rostrup, Hugh Jarvin, Hube Gooder, Mickey MacLean and Peter Webb. Sometimes, on busy week-ends during the summer holidays, when they were university students, Jim Foster and Keith Anderson would help out as starters on the tee-offs. Often Ellis would give Alex Anderson (Keith's grandfather) a golf cart (he was well over 80) and send him out to act as course marshall. Having been an excellent golfer in his younger days he knew all the rules and would check up on golfers who were not obeying them and generally speeded up the play. Our own boys were all good workers though occasionally when Ellis wanted them he would have to go and haul them out of Mike Harasyn's pool hall. It was then he would remark that he should have bought a pool hall instead of a golf course. Peter Webb, a good friend of our son John, used to come and stay with us during the holidays and work on the course. His parents, Tommy and Joyce, were living in Drumheller then. One night he and John were out late and, when they came in, they left a note on the kitchen table asking if it was okay if they went to work at 10:00 a.m. instead of 8:00 a.m. When Ellis got up at 5:00 a.m. to go to work and saw it, he wrote at the bottom, "No, it's not okay. You're both fired!" He fired the boys frequently but always took them back.

When we bought the course it just had nine holes. There was only one course here, one in Red Deer and none of the surrounding small towns had courses of their own as they now have. So, we used to get pretty crowded in the summertime. People would line up and wait for an hour to get on the course. Some would come almost as soon as it was daylight to avoid the rush, also a few who thought they might sneak in a free round before Ellis got over to the clubhouse. But he was usually there by five so there were not many who got by him. Owning a golf course was not always the lucrative business people thought it was. I can remember more than one summer when all it did was rain and, on holidays and week-ends, it just rained harder. Pools of water would be lying on the fairways and they were heavily populated with non-paying visitors, the sea gulls. I do not know what it was that attracted them — maybe earthworms for they come to the surface when it gets too wet down below. When you looked, the gulls never seemed to move; they were probably able to fill their gullets just standing in one spot. But even when it rained there was work to be done; the grass grew and had to be cut; whoever happened to be on the gang mowers had a big umbrella they would put up for protection. They also used it on hot, sunny days. Ellis was always aware that we needed a new clubhouse. He once heard a customer remark, "Imagine a lovely course like this having such a dilapidated old clubhouse!" But it has been there so long now it is a landmark. Years ago, one of our members, Harry Spelman of Spelman Signs, Red Deer came out and made a sketch of it as he figured its days were numbered. But it is still standing and every summer crowds of people pass through it. Ellis thought the course should take priority and, over the years, profits were ploughed back into it.

A story about the golf course would not be complete without again mentioning our dog, Buckshot. Buckshot hung around the clubhouse a lot, making friends with all the golfers. Two special friends of his were a dog-food salesman who always brought a few samples when he came golfing. Buckshot could spot him a mile away and always had his dish ready. The other was Gerry Smith who often took him when he went duck hunting. Buckshot always knew it when it was 12:00 noon and the crew came in off the course to eat their lunches in the clubhouse. He had a bag of tricks I had taught him and he was always sure of a few handouts when he performed. When he was hit on the highway in front of our house, the following

item appeared on the front page of the *Sylvan Lake News:*

Popular Dog Killed On The Highway

Seldom does a newspaper comment on the news of the death of a dog, but a week ago, Buckshot, a black Labrador owned by the Stones at the Golf Course, was fatally injured on the highway by a motorist who didn't even stop.

Buckshot was probably one of the best known dogs in Central Alberta and was a familiar sight at the Club House, where, on a busy day he could be seen, carrying his dish around among the crowd, knowing he would get special attention. He was loved by both children and adults alike and will be missed by a great many people.

In 1963 we decided to add another nine holes to the course. We hired Otto Anderson, a Calgary golf architect to lay them out. He blazed the trees to indicate where the edges of the new fairways would be. Almost all of them were cut out of solid trees. Arviid Whitehead of Penhold pushed them over with a cat; they came up roots and all. Then he pushed them into huge piles along the centre of the fairways. We had to wait until the following year before they were dry enough to burn. When we finally did get them going, we happened to look out one windy night and there was a red glow in the sky over the course. We rushed out thinking that the whole course was on fire but it was only a full moon shining on some low clouds. In two years, though I never dreamed it possible, the fairways had been seeded and people were golfing on them. Two relics from the past were uncovered when we were clearing the trees. Charlie Olson came to the house one day carrying the skull of an animal which he said was a wood buffalo, a species now very rare and one probably shot by an Indian hunter. Being rare, I thought I should save it so I hung it with a rope by its horns from a branch of a tree by our back door. It attracted a lot of attention. People would say, "I see you've had a hanging!" I'd tell them not to scoff, they were looking at the remains of a very rare animal. I understand the area around the Lake was a popular hunting ground for the Indians in the old days. I know when I was gardening I was always coming across flint arrowheads. The other item, probably dating back to the prohibition years 1914-1924, was what appeared to be the remains of an old moonshine still — copper tubing and a lot of badly corroded equipment.

We made it a two nine-hole course with two tee-offs. It relieved the congestion and the golfers seemed to like the new arrangement. We still had sand greens and it was not until 1970 that we converted to grass greens and tee-offs and an underground sprinkling system. We dug a lagoon where the creek entered our property assuring us a supply of good water. Mr. Hollies, a retired city of Calgary engineer came and laid out the system. Most of the work was done by Jack Cutting and Walter Hanna with help from the golf course crew. It was quite a thrill when we turned the water on and all the sprinklers ran with an equal amount of pressure and not a leak anywhere. Otto Anderson designed the first few greens, then Terry and his crew did the rest. In 1963 we built the Tournament House. It brought us a lot of tournaments we otherwise would never have had. The golfers knew that if the weather turned bad they could head for the Tournament House and golf on the 19th hole. It also brought us club and company parties, wedding receptions and family reunions. Among the most popular parties were the ones put on by our own members. Sonny Fry and Pauline Killian provided the music, he on drums and she on the Hammond organ. People loved not only to dance but to listen to their music; it was soft and harmonious and you could even carry on a conversation when they were playing — something it is now impossible to do at a dance.

The following item is an after-thought and this seems like as good a place as any to mention it. Away back in the early 30's before I was married, I'd save up enough money to take a month's holiday. Sometimes I would come to Sylvan Lake with a friend, Irene Robb, whose mother, Mrs. Gilday, lived in the castle. She would board and room me for $1.00 a day. Irene and I climbed a ladder to get to our sleeping quarters, the little turret on top of the roof. It was not closed in then, so we had an abundance of fresh air and mosquitoes. Sometimes in the evening we would walk down to the Alexandra Pavilion on the lakeshore, along with many others, just to listen to the Silvertone Seven. They were a small band but had a unique style of their own and listening to them was equally as enjoyable as dancing to their music. When they played "Stormy Weather" as I've never heard it played before or since, everyone stopped dancing to listen. In those days you could go to both the Alexandra or Penley's (later the name was changed to Varsity Hall) where Sonny Fry and his band were playing and watch and listen free. The dance floors were closed off by railings and dance tickets were ten cents or three for a quarter.

One day I was next door visiting Mrs. Angus (Emily) McClean. I had known the McCleans in Drumheller where Mr. McClean operated a beauty parlour where I always went for haircuts. I happened to be looking out the back door and witnessed the approach of what I believe was the only tornado to ever touch Sylvan Lake; the year was 1934. It was just an ordinary sort of summer day but there were

some ominous-looking clouds in the sky. All of a sudden I saw a dark funnel extending from one of them down to the ground and rapidly approaching from the south. It was a terrifying sight and the roar from it increased as it drew closer. I could hear trees crashing and breaking off. Suddenly it swerved and went off to the east, leaving considerable damage in its wake. There are many conflicting reports concerning it. It did pass through August Staudinger's farm and upset a small cabin where he was inside peeling potatoes. However, he was able to get through a cellar trapdoor in the floor and escape. It also demolished a big barn nearby, then went on to remove the chimney from the old schoolhouse and do some other damage. The school was later moved and is now the Town Office. I heard that it removed a strip of topsoil from a recently cultivated field south of the town which probably accounted for the dark color of the tornado. It was also rumored that it picked up some of Jean Palmer's chickens, scattered them around and, when they came home, they were partially de-feathered!

Mildred House was our first caterer at the Tournament House. Later, our son John took over. I worked there on clean-ups all the years we owned the hall, ably assisted by Martha Sontag, Mabel Wilson and Eva Jordan. If we'd had a big crowd, some of the men from the course would lend a hand.

A startling incident happened on the golf course one afternoon. Two of our lady golfers were coming down No. 9 fairway by the lagoon when a young fellow in the buff (nude) came running out of the woods toward them. They headed for the clubhouse at top speed. Ellis phoned the police but the streaker was gone when they got there. I wonder what he would have done if they had taken after him with their clubs. I bet he would have run like a scared jackrabbit!

You'd have thought that after owning a golf course for sixteen years I'd have been a reasonably good golfer but I was terrible. I was self-taught (all wrong) on the old Drumheller course which (forgive me, Drumheller) was mostly hills, brown grass, snakes, gophers and grasshoppers. It may have dampened my ardour for the game. The course did, though, have a magnificent view of the valley below. Drumheller now has a beautiful 18-hole watered, grass-green course on the banks of the Red Deer River a few miles west of the city. But to get back to my golf game. Ellis always said that I hit a golf ball like I was hitting a baseball. Twice I took lessons from Don Price, the Red Deer pro, but it was of no use. However, I did enjoy golfing with our ladies' club once a week and the sociability of the coffee hour in the clubhouse afterwards. Something I did particularly enjoy on the course was the cross-country skiing. Neil Jarvin, David Leedham and Bob Brown broke the trails which made it easy to follow. Weather permitting, I hardly missed a day. Some of my skiing companions were: June Hedemark (my next door neighbor), Ev Leedham, Mabel Wilson, Olga Cookson and Jennie Binning.

In 1975 we sold the golf course to Sylvan Lake Sports Ltd., a company headed by Hickey Management Co. of Red Deer. They organized a surprise party for us at the Tournament House. Most of our golfers were there and quite a few others. They presented us with a beautiful framed picture taken by Rodney Balfour, looking down No. 9 fairway towards our house. Also a plaque which Ellis appreciated as much, if not more, than anything he ever received in his life. The inscription on it said, "Presented to Ellis and Ellen Stone in appreciation for

Ellis and Ellen Stone.

their help and concern for the betterment of Sylvan Lake. 'Thanks' from your many friends associated with Sylvan Lake Golf Club, July 1975". The Ladies' Golf Club gave us two silver goblets with our names inscribed on them. I also received a bouquet of roses.

When we sold the course we kept our house for two years. When the Lakeview Subdivision opened up Ellis bought two lots, one for us and one for Terry. Barney also bought one — all three close by and overlooking the school yard with a beautiful view of

the lake. In 1977 we sold our house and the one Terry was in to Alf Cadman and decided to move into an apartment until we could build. On July 10th, about three weeks after we had completed the sale, Ellis suffered a fatal heart attack while out mowing the fairways early that morning. In concurrence with his wishes, he was cremated and his ashes scattered on the golf course. In his memory, we had a plaque placed on a huge stone which lies on one of the fairways. I moved into an apartment and went ahead with the house we had picked out. Terry and Barney both built homes on their lots. Barney recently sold his.

Terry stayed on as superintendent of the course for four years. Over the years we owned the course he had carried out an extensive tree-planting program, altogether planting around 1500 trees, mostly evergreens. They are not very big yet but one day they will greatly add to the beauty of the golf course. During our ownership of the course Terry took three winter courses in horticulture in Olds, obtaining a diploma in Horticulture Technology. In 1979 he left and started his own business, yard maintenance and automatic underground sprinkling systems. He is out of yard maintenance now and concentrating on sprinkling systems. On October 23, 1971 he married Brenda Iverson, daughter of the late Wally Iverson and Lil Iverson. They have three daughters: Christy nine,

Terry and Brenda Stone with Christy, Pamela and Laura.

Pamela seven, Laura five. Brenda, who has her R.N., is furthering her education at the University of Alberta in Edmonton and will have her B.Sc. in Nursing next spring.

When Johnny finished high school he attended the University in Edmonton obtaining his B.A. and B.Ed. Degrees. He has taught at the Lindsay Thurber Comprehensive High School in Red Deer for twelve years and is now teaching just half a term so he can devote more time to his catering business which he started in 1970 and which has grown steadily ever since. He was married February 28, 1980 to Lesley Jacobson. She has a daughter Angela, four years old. John has two children by his former marriage to Marilyn McDonald, Teresa 15 and Colin 13. He sold his home in Red Deer and recently moved into a new

John and Lesley Stone.

Colin, Teresa and Angie Stone.

home he built on three and a half acres just off the Burnt Lake Trail about halfway between here and Red Deer. It has been planned to better accommodate his catering business but also has ample living quarters. Lesley, who was doing secretarial work before her marriage, has, by working with John, become an excellent caterer herself. Her mother, Margaret, is also a competent member of his staff.

Barney is married to Sharon Wilson, daughter of George Wilson and the late Mabel Wilson. They have a son, Tracy, 19. Barney worked for Geophysical Services Incorporated, a seismic company, for twelve years, spending a lot of time in the high

Barney, Sharon and Tracy Stone.

Arctic. He started out as a jug hustler and worked up to party manager. Then he and four others left G.S.I. and formed their own seismic company, C.D.X., selling out two years later to Joe Sefel for whom he now works as operations supervisor. He has purchased a home and is now living in Denver, Colorado. Tracy has joined his parents there.

A history of the Stone family would not be complete without mentioning the Webbs — Tommy, Joyce, their daughter, Linda of Red Deer and their son, Peter, of Whiterock, B.C. Our friendship goes back over forty years to our Drumheller days. When our children were grown up and off on their own, we had some wonderful holidays together — four trips to Hawaii and a number of winter vacations in Victoria, B.C. They were great people to travel with and we were as good friends when we returned as when we started out. The Webbs moved to Red Deer shortly after we did and, for a number of years, owned a summer cottage on the Lake at Birchcliff. Later they sold it and their home in Red Deer and bought a home in Lower Camp where they resided for about five years before selling and moving back to Red Deer.

Three members of our golf course I would like to mention are Hank and Madeline Hendrickson and their son, John. They were Edmontonians, now live in Red Deer and have owned a cottage here at the Lake for many years. When John could barely reach the pedals on the piano he was entertaining people with his music. He often accompanied his parents to our club parties at the Tournament House and could generally be persuaded to play. Though the piano was old and usually out of tune he produced some beautiful melodies. It was almost impossible to mention a number he did not know. He went on to become a classical pianist and studied at the Julliard School of Music for several years. He has turned professional, has an agent and now lives in Toronto. His music has taken him to many parts of the world. However, he always manages to spend some time here at the Lake. This summer he helped his dad to make some changes on the cottage as they plan soon to make it a year round home. Sylvan Lake can well be proud of him.

Just one more addition I would like to make to my story — something that pleased and surprised me very much. Mr. Justice Marshall Porter owned one share in our golf course. I believe he did legal work for the Biss's. Occasionally at Ellis's invitation, he would drive over from his home around the Lake and Ellis would take him out in a golf cart and show him the changes we were making on the course. He was always interested in what we were doing and, coming back to the house, he must have noticed my garden and flower beds and the big wheel planter which was always bright with petunias. When we went to sell the course it was necessary for Ellis to buy back that one share. Mr. Porter readily agreed and, when Ellis handed him a cheque, he immediately sat down and made out a generous one to me because, he said, he thought I had contributed considerably to the beauty of the golf course with my flowers.

I have been in my new home four years and I am still growing flowers. My only regret is that Ellis is not here to enjoy it with me. Terry mows the grass but I do all the rest. I love Sylvan Lake and my home up here on the hill and I hope I can continue to enjoy it in the years to come.

Florence (Gaetz) Stone
by Melba Hogg

Florence (Flo) M. Stone is a descendent of the pioneer Red Deer Gaetz family, having been born the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gaetz.

Flo, along with her three brothers, Harold, Joe and Dick, grew up in Red Deer. After graduating from high school she attended Camrose Normal School.

In September 1930, Flo Gaetz joined the Sylvan Lake School staff where she was popular with both pupils and staff. Flo's patience and skills in dealing with non-English speaking pupils were much appreciated and still remembered by many — for example, the Kovacs family. She also held a special French class after hours — Edith Jamieson and Marjorie McCutcheon were among those in this class.

As a teacher, Miss Gaetz helped to stage the school program involving a Maypole dance, a crowning of the Maypole queen and a flag saluting ceremony all held on the school grounds, May 1, 1931.

Flo Gaetz lived at the Sylvan Lake Hotel and was always grateful to the Graham family for helping to make her stay such a happy one during her three years of teaching at Sylvan Lake.

She then joined the staff of the Red Deer Public School System where she remained until her mar-

School children performing Maypole Dance, May 1, 1931 (Miss Gaetz at left).

Presentation ceremonies, May Day celebrations, 1931.

riage to Arthur W. Stone. Their daughter, Wendy, was born in Red Deer but, soon after, the family moved to Calgary, where Flo joined the Calgary Public School System as did her step-daughter, Linda. Wendy and Linda are now both married with families of their own and all live in Calgary.

Flo Stone, now a widow, continues to reside in Calgary where she and Thelma Graham continue the friendship which began so many years ago in Sylvan Lake.

Alex Storey Family
by Elaine Keith

Alex and Marcella Storey came to Sylvan Lake with their family of five children in July, 1947. They had previously made their home at Major, Saskatchewan. Marcella was born in that area, at Luseland, Sask., but Alex had emigrated from England as a young lad, coming to the Major area to homestead with his family.

Alex and Marcella were married October 21, 1930 and their early years were spent trying to earn a living for a growing family, the same as many young couples in the depression years.

Arriving in Sylvan Lake, the Storey family soon made a new home and new friends. Alex started working for Ken Wilkinson, driving his bulk fuel truck, and Marcella found employment in the hotel dining room. A bit later, they went into the taxi business as a sideline, keeping rather disrupted hours, but providing a much needed service. Alex also worked as night man at the hotel for several years. As well, he took up carpentry, building and remodelling many cottages and homes in the town and district. Later, they bought the former Dingwall place on 46 Street, remodelling this into suites on the second floor and a confectionery and living quarters on the main floor. They operated the confectionery for several years before selling out to the Horners. Then they built a new home on 47 Street southeast, hoping to retire and enjoy life.

During these years, the children grew up and went their various ways.

Kathleen Marie, better known as Kathie, was born December 7, 1931. Soon after moving to Sylvan Lake, she left school to go to work at the hotel. On April 8, 1949, she was married to James (Cam) Watt of Olds, who was employed at Jenkins Groceteria in Sylvan Lake. With the oil boom, Cam joined the work force of Geophysical Services Inc. and, for many years, they moved a great deal throughout Canada and the United States. They are parents of three children, Jim, Judy and Laurie. Cam and Kathy are presently making their home in Houston, Texas, where Cam operates his own seismic company known as Southern Seismic, and Kathie has taken up oil painting and ceramics to keep busy and share her talents. Their son Jim lives at Whitecourt, Alberta with his wife Donna and children, Chantel-lee and Donovan. Judy is married to Tyler Trafford and they live in Calgary. Laurie is married to Jim Martindale and they make their home near Seattle, Washington, where they are raising a daughter Erin and a son Christopher.

Earl, their only son, was born in Kerrobert, Sask. on May 2, 1934. After leaving school, he worked with a bridge crew and in oil exploration. He joined the Canadian Air Force in 1954 and travelled much of Canada as well as Germany until his retirement 17 years later. Earl was married to Allison Bramall of the Evarts District on October 24, 1959. The newlyweds took up residence at Brighton, Ontario, where Earl was stationed at the time. While there, they became the parents of two daughters, Terry and Debby. On Earl's retirement, the family moved to Vancouver Island. They are presently living on an acreage near Courtenay where Earl is involved in construction work and Allison has a bookkeeping business. Both their girls have finished school and are employed in the area. The whole family enjoys their hobby farm where they have aviaries and raise several types of birds in addition to family pets and their garden.

Elaine, born April 1, 1936, completed grade 11 at Sylvan Lake and went to Lethbridge to attend business college. On her graduation, she returned to Red Deer to work in the Royal Bank there. That fall, on October 21, 1954, she was married to Monte Keith, also of Sylvan Lake. They made their home at Rimbey, where Monte was employed at the *Rimbey Record*. Monte had started in the newspaper business while still attending school, working for the Dunfords at the *Sylvan Lake News*. The newspaper business has taken them to Stettler, Castor, Rocky

Mountain House, back to Sylvan Lake for three years (1966-69) where they operated the *Sylvan Lake News*, and then to Sedgewick and Wainwright, where they are presently living. They are the parents of five children, Gordon, Donna, Nancy, Kathy and Bill. Their family has all finished school, scattering to various places. Gordon married Kelly Whelan of Sedgewick and now operates the Coronation newspaper. Donna trained at Red Deer College, becoming a registered nurse. She married Ken Muhlbeier of Castor, Alberta and they live at Islay, Alberta. They have a daughter Teri. Nancy and Kathy took training in Edmonton and are both employed in fields related to the newspaper business. Their youngest son Bill is also taking up the printing trade at Sedgewick.

Edna, born July 20, 1938, moved to Rimbey after leaving school at Sylvan Lake, working in the hospital there. Later, she took nurse's aide training in Calgary and returned to Rimbey to work. On December 28, 1959, she was united in marriage to Tommy Shields and they made their home at Drayton Valley for 12 years. Tom was employed with an oil company there. They were the parents of three children, Peggy, Russell and Heather. Tom's work took them to Airdrie, Alberta where they made their home prior to Tom's untimely death in 1970. Daughter Peggy died in April 1971, having been a patient in the crippled children's hospital in Calgary for two years. Edna went back to work to support her family and was later married to Ralph McKay. They make their home at Wabamun, Alberta, where they operate a service station. Their son Russell took training as a millwright and works at the Trans-Alta Utilities plant at Wabamun. Heather also works and lives in the area.

Marilyn, the youngest, was born May 7, 1944. She took her schooling at Sylvan Lake and completed grade 11 at Red Deer Composite High School. After leaving school, she went to work at a wholesale warehouse until her marriage to Brian Bulmer of Sylvan Lake in October, 1961. They made their home at Sylvan Lake and three daughters were born, Janet, Barbara and Edith. In 1965, the family picked up and moved to Edson, Alberta to follow the pipeline with which Brian was working. Times were difficult, and the family broke up, Marilyn moving back to Sylvan Lake with her three girls, and then to Calgary where she lived with Kathie and Cam Watt for a time. Her divorce was granted in 1969 and she was given custody of the girls. The following year she married Peter Carlson, a farmer in the Bentley district. Three more girls were born to complete the family, Marie, Tammy and Sandy. Their home is on the north end of Sylvan Lake, and they have a beautiful view of the lake from their front room window.

The Storey family: Marcella, Elaine, Earl, Kathie, Alex, Marilyn and Edna.

As their family had all scattered, Alex and Marcella packed up some of their belongings in 1972 and moved to Victoria, B.C., a place in which Alex had always wanted to live. Along with their son Earl, Alex put up a house in Victoria which they sold, but arthritis set in and Alex was unable to work like he used to do. He suffered a stroke in 1975 which paralyzed him and he was hospitalized until his death on February 25, 1978.

Marcella is living in Victoria where she enjoys the activities of the senior citizens' club, is busy doing fancy work for sale at the Seniors' Craft Store, as well as enjoying bridge and the occasional dancing with the senior citizens. She also takes part in their jaunts to various points such as Reno or Vancouver and returns to Alberta once or twice a year to visit her family and friends there.

Jack Sunell Family

by Mabel (Sunell) Pocock and Minnie (Erickson) Sunell

The old saying, "Go west, young man, go west", was in slightly different words in Finland, but the exciting promise of new lands enticed many a young person to sail for America, among them Johan (Jack) Erikk Sunell. Born May 21, 1890, in Ylistaro (near Wasa), Finland, he was 20 years old when he said goodbye to his family, promising his mother that he would come back to visit some day.

On arriving at the East Coast, he visited a couple of his sisters in New York State and then worked his way across to Alberta, where he tried homesteading near Rocky Mountain House. Here, he worked for a time on the road that was being built west of Rocky Mountain House and, being afraid that the contractor would go "broke", he would insist on collecting his daily wage of $1.50 at the end of the day so he would not be cheated out of his hard-earned money.

Whether it was from loneliness, or the lure of more money, he never said, but he decided to try mining at Canmore, Alberta, for a short time. That fall, he worked as a harvest hand in southern Alberta, where he met and married Lydia Untinen, who was cooking on the cook car on her father's farm, 10 miles east of Carmangay. They travelled to the United States, where he worked in the copper mines at Butte, Montana. He used to speak of the terrible heat down in the mine but did not leave there until there was an accident. He was not injured except for losing a front tooth but decided to move on. They then settled on Bainbridge Island, west of Seattle in Puget Sound. This island is only 11 miles long and it was here that they tried raising chickens. There was not much to interest him in such a small place so they moved to Portland, Oregon, where he worked as a machinist. At this time, their daughter, Mabel Rose, was born. She was named after the beautiful roses for which the city is famous.

It was always hard for him to ignore the immigrant gags and practical jokes. Only in later years could he talk about being sent for a "left-handed" monkey wrench or some such thing. As Lydia had a teaching diploma, he always insisted on English being spoken at home so that he could master the English language. After he had a nearly fatal case of the 'flu, they returned to Canada where he found work as a mechanic in Calgary. To help in getting ahead, Lydia taught school near New Dayton in southern Alberta, living in a teacherage. Mabel sometimes attended classes but was mostly outside, filling badger holes and generally getting into mischief. At the end of the school term, they moved to Calgary, too. As finances improved, they moved from suite to suite and then to a house in the Sunnyside area. Here, Jack Jr. was born. Now larger quarters were needed so they bought a house on the north hill. Then came the break — they traded the house for an interest in the garage business in Sylvan Lake. At this time, it was situated on the same side of the street as the Sylvan Lake Hotel and near to it. Shortly afterward, they obtained the opposite corner lot and built what was known as the Lakeview Garage. Summers were busy, with thousands of gallons of gasoline being sold on the weekends. Lydia kept the books while also keeping the home shipshape.

Jack Sunell and wife Lydia, daughter Mabel, son Jack Jr. with their dog "Soup".

On September 9, 1935, a fire started in what was known as the Mandarin Gardens, a dance hall next door. Everything possible was done to save the garage but it was not to be. Perhaps the most heartbreaking thing to the family, but especially to Jack, was that "Soup", the watchdog and family pet, had gone back into the building to his post. "Souphound" had stayed behind when a party of Indians had gone through town and, after a few meals, firmly attached himself to the family. After the fire, it was decided to split the partnership and Joe Untinen carried on with the garage business while Jack carried on with the sale of farm machinery.

Bartering was second nature to Jack and he really enjoyed selling. As years went by, however, he tired of all the driving and constant drinking of coffee wherever he stopped, so he decided to open a hardware store next door to the Cozy Corner Cafe. This was a place where he could still talk to people and took the place of a hobby.

On August 3, 1948, I, Minnie Erickson of Eckville, married Jack Sunell in Calgary. We honeymooned in Banff, where, both of us being ardent fishermen, we fished on many of the streams in the area. Upon returning home to Sylvan Lake, we were met by a large group of our friends in the form of a charivari. This resulted in the promise of a wedding dance to be held in the Young People's Hall, north of Benalto. (This hall has gone the way of most of the rural dance halls, having been torn down to make

way for a country residence.) Needless to say, a good time was had by all who attended.

Since we were both fond of fishing, nearly every Sunday and Wednesday during the summer months would find us out in the west country on one of the many fishing streams that abound in that area. Fishing was good and we hardly ever came home without a fine mess of trout. As a result, Jack always had fresh trout to give to his many friends from Calgary if they were in town. He did not forget to give fish to his older friends either, who were not able to move around so freely anymore.

Jack was quite a dealer. One of his favorite stories was of the time he went to visit a bachelor friend of his and, by the time he left, he had convinced the man to trade off his only cow for a DeLaval cream separator!

He owned and operated the Sylvan Lake Hardware Store for many years. He also owned the Cozy Corner Cafe, which he rented out to various operators. This cafe eventually closed down and he tore down the connecting wall and incorporated the additional space into the hardware area. Jack served on the Town Council for several terms. Failing health in later years forced him to give up the hardware business and he sold the store. After several years of retirement, Jack passed away in March, 1972.

Mabel, his daughter, married Douglas Pocock of Calgary. They live in Coquitlam, B.C. Doug is retired and Mabel works at the Post Office in Coquitlam. They have four children, Arlene, Judy, Mark and Melody.

Jack Sunell, Mabel and Jack Jr.

His son, Jack Jr., is a Civil Engineer and lives in West Vancouver. He married Eunice Strange of Red Deer. They, too, have four children, Jaqueline, Christine, Greg and Larry.

At the time I married Jack, my youngest son, Grant, moved to Sylvan Lake to make his home with

Minnie and Jack Sunell.

us to take his grade 12 at the Sylvan Lake School. He went on to university where he obtained his degree in Geology. He married Louise Klotz of Vibank, Saskatchewan. They now make their home in Calgary. They have five children, Kathy, Patricia, Fred, Mary and David. My second daughter, Myrtle, and her husband, Art Raabis, operated the Rainbow Trailer Court in Sylvan Lake for more than 20 years. After selling out, they retired to Calgary to live. They have three children, Kay, Marion and David. My eldest son, Gordon, married Phyllis Palm and they continue to live on the home farm at Eckville. They have seven daughters, Gail, Deborah, Joanne, Jeannie, Donna, Gwen and Pamela. My eldest daughter, Hazel, and her husband, Peter Bobye, farmed on the north shore of Sylvan Lake for a number of years until illness forced them to sell. Peter died shortly after their retirement to Caroline, where Hazel continued to make her home. They have two sons, Roland and Irvine.

I was a member of the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. for several years. I was also a member of the Women's Insitute for a number of years, having held the office of vice-president for a time. I also worked in the local library during the time that the I.O.D.E. had charge of keeping it open.

Dick and Heather Swainson Family
by Heather Swainson

Dick and Heather Swainson came to Sylvan Lake as newlyweds in July, 1949. During the nine years we lived at the Lake, we rented four houses in different areas of the town, eventually buying a home in 1955 from a Mr. Peter Ropchan, formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bob McNamara.

Dick was a self-employed trucker at this time. He

was kept busy hauling coal, grain, cattle and, later on, drilling mud for drilling rigs.

We made some wonderful friends and had some good times while living at Sylvan Lake.

The two older boys started school there in the W.I. Hall. They also learned to swim. Lessons were given down on the pier for a very nominal fee.

Our close neighbors were Swede and Dot Reynolds. Nearly every afternoon in the summer Dot and I would take the children to the beach. Between the two of us, there were eight little ones. Quite a parade!

In 1958, Dick decided that he had had enough of trucking and bought, in partnership with his brother Roy, a Real Estate and Insurance Business in Red Deer, known as Rollis Agencies.

We moved to Red Deer in August of that year. By now, we had a family of four children and, in November of that year, our fifth child was born.

Dick looked after the insurance business in the partnership and later started his own insurance office, known as Dick Swainson Insurance.

After only about two years in his own business, he suffered a heart attack and passed away October 1, 1965 at age 44.

The children and I continued to live in Red Deer where they all grew up and are now on their own. Our family consists of:

Greg is a Commercial Art teacher in Sherwood Park. He and his wife, Joan, live in Fort Saskatchewan and have two girls and two boys.

Ken is a Chartered Accountant and is a partner with a firm in Red Deer. He and his wife, Diane, have two girls.

Devon is a Journeyman Electrician working in Red Deer. He and his wife, Judy, have one son.

Susan is a teacher and is currently teaching at the G. H. Dawe Centre.

Roger has graduated from university with a Law Degree and will be articling with a firm in Edmonton. He and his wife, Mary, will continue to live in Edmonton.

As a child I spent, along with my sister, part of every summer visiting with our grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Steele. Sylvan Lake has always been special to me because of these associations.

Harry Taylor Family

I, Bertha Taylor, nee Kriese, came to Alberta from Iowa, U.S.A. in 1909. Harry Taylor, my husband, came from Oklahoma in 1910 to the Lacombe area.

On March 14, 1928 we were united in marriage in the Lacombe United Church Manse by the minister, Rev. R. B. Layton. We started farming in the Towalta District twelve miles northwest of Lacombe. As time went on, our home was blessed with three loving children: Jean, who is Mrs. Robert Nelson and lives in Blackfalds; George, who married Joan Harding of Taber, Alberta and lives in Magrath; Marie, who married George Rode and lives in Elmira, Ontario.

The years have gone by with love and joy and, up to now, twenty-five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren have been added to the family.

We enjoyed work and taking part in our community's social life. Then, in the year 1948, gloom came to our home as Harry was hit with a severe illness and was in hospital for several months which left him unable to carry on with the farm. We had to make a change; we sold the farm, had a big auction sale and moved to Red Deer. There Harry was under doctor's care for several years. We bought a nice home with five acres, where Oriole Park is now, and lived there for eleven years.

Jean completed a course in office work at Garbutt's Business College in Calgary and immediately obtained a position with Central Alberta Dairy Pool as a secretary for Mr. Harry Price, which she held for four years.

George graduated from Red Deer Composite High School. During those years at school in Red Deer, he had studied music under Lily Cuendet. He then went to University in Edmonton where he obtained degrees in Education, Music and Voice.

Harry and Bertha Taylor.

Harry and Bertha Taylor with Jean, George and Marie.

Marie, upon finishing high school, went to work for Mr. Scott in his 5¢ to $1 Store across from Eaton's and clerked there for five years.

As well as raising our family, we made a home and cared for both our mothers when they were left alone. In those days, no lodges or homes for the elderly were available and children had to look after them.

After our children all went their ways to their own homes, Harry and I moved to Penticton, B.C. in the Okanagan Valley for two years, where we holidayed and travelled. Then we came back to Alberta, sold our holdings in Red Deer and moved to Sylvan Lake.

For the first few years here, Harry did carpenter work, building several homes in the town and country, as well as all the repairing and alterations for the Perry brothers who owned Varsity Hall. He also was Mrs. Pat Blakely's caretaker when she owned the Embee Motel. Harry and Mr. Blakely Sr. helped build the last wing of the motel.

In 1974, Harry was stricken with a severe heart attack. He was never too well afterwards but lived for five years more before he passed away on January 8, 1980.

We had many wonderful years together, getting to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary two years before his death. Then, when ill health came to me and I was unable to live alone and take care of my home which we had so enjoyed in our retired life, I sold it and moved into the Sylvan Lake Lodge where I am very contented and happy.

Thevenaz Family

Maurice and Berthe Thevenaz immigrated from Switzerland in 1913 and 1914 respectively. Upon Berthe's arrival in Red Deer, they were married by Rev. W. G. Brown. Their honeymoon was the trek from Red Deer to Sylvan Lake in an open horse-drawn vehicle in a terrific rainstorm to the Charles Cuendet farm, one mile east of Sylvan Lake. The Cuendets (Maurice's sister) found it difficult to determine whether it was the rain or tears that had soaked Berthe; her finery had been ruined in the rain. They stayed for about a year, then went to south-central Saskatchewan where Maurice preferred to pick rocks rather than roots.

Maurice and Berthe Thevenaz.

In 1934, they returned to Sylvan Lake with their son Michel. Two other children perished when fire destroyed their home on the homestead. They spent

The Thevenaz family: David, Maurice, Jean, Charles, Jean's mother, and Mitch.

part of the season with the Cuendets and then moved to the John Tanche place. Later, they moved on what was known as the Teasdale farm, the original Armeneau homestead, until going to the Rainy Creek District in 1946.

Maurice was an avid "behind the window" curler, loved to play cards above Koots' Store or wherever. He hauled countless loads of pole wood from the "Captain James'" place. People came there to cut their firewood and then needed it taken to their homes to be sawed. He also supplied hay for the family milk cows in town.

Berthe loved church work and the Ladies' Aid, as well as practising her culinary arts, making meringues and other specialties, canning, making homemade wine, cheese, etc., doing her part in the always-remembered holiday festivities, picnic dinners on the beach with the Cuendets, Trudels, DePalmes, Gauthiers and Schenks.

They retired to Bentley in 1953 when Mitch married Jean McPhee. Berthe died in 1964 and Maurice in 1976.

Mitch went to the Norma School the first season, then to the town school. He enjoyed swimming and skating and had many friends. Farm life was different; morning chores included milking and herding the cows one and a half miles to the pasture before school. Riding the pony was just great. He was one of J. K. Penley's "gateboys" in the summer months at Varsity Hall during the "Sonny Fry" days.

After moving to the Rainy Creek District north of Sylvan Lake, he continued to keep in touch with his friends in spite of having found himself a beautiful young nurse at the Bentley Hospital.

Jean and Mitch had three boys. David, who is on the family farm, also takes care of the Cuendet place at Sylvan Lake. He processes and bags natural manure for gardens as well. He married Brenda Rath from Medicine Hat.

Maurice is the owner-manager of Winter's Funeral Home of Drumheller and Hanna. He apprenticed with Mr. Buchanan of Johnson's Funeral Homes. Teacher and student got along famously.

Mitch's and Jean's youngest son, Charles, was killed in a farm accident in 1969.

Jean is an R. N. at the Rimbey Auxiliary Hospital and Mitch is a swine herdsman with Agriculture Canada Research Station at Lacombe. They both commute to work from Bentley. They enjoy some travelling, which they have been able to do in recent years. Mitch is active in the Elks' Lodge and Jean's interests are with hospital services and activities.

Jack and Florence Tooley

Jack and Florence both originated from England. Jack came to Canada in 1907 when he was 14 years old, then returned to Britain again in 1914 with the Canadian Army. He was injured at Vimy Ridge and, while recuperating at Ramsgate, England, he met his future bride, Florence Elliot.

Jack was sent back to Canada in 1916 and Florence came in 1919. She travelled with a friend, Mary Tomlison, who came to Canada to marry James Hazlett. The two girls had a very exciting and fun-filled trip.

Jack and Florence were married in Blackfalds and homesteaded at Poplar Ridge. Four of their five children were born while they lived on the farm there — Richard (Dick), Verna, Jean and Nancy.

In 1930, Jack moved his family to Sylvan Lake where he returned to his trade of carpentry and cabinetmaker. Many of the houses and cottages that he built still remain.

Both Jack and Florence liked to sing and, during their earlier years at the Lake, they took part in the minstrel shows held in the Oriental Gardens. Jack often sang humorous songs which were enjoyed by the audience. He was a very witty man.

Georgina was born in 1933 in a little log cabin, then located at the back of the Tooley residence on 50th Street, with a doctor in attendance.

Jack took an active part in public affairs. He was on the school board for several years and was a member of the village council, 1938-40.

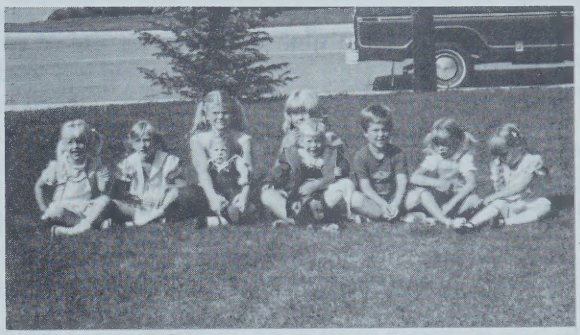
Florence sang in the Presbyterian Church Choir and later was active in St. Mary's Anglican Church.

Jack joined the army again in 1940. He went overseas as tradesman and, when the war ended, he was sent to Germany with the occupational forces,

Florence Tooley with daughters Verna, Jean, Nancy and Georgina.

Mrs. Emily Speedie, Queen of 1913 Days, flanked by her ladies-in-waiting, Mrs. Flo Tooley and Mrs. Christine Rathwell.

The Richard Tooley family.



Richard and Kay Tooley's grandchildren.

finally returning to Canada in 1947. He returned in very poor health and, after spending some time in hospital, he came home to Sylvan Lake and became the Building Inspector for the town.

Florence did not return to her home country again until 1947. The ship she went on had not yet been converted back to a passenger ship, so they slept in dormitories with curtains between the beds for privacy. The accommodation did not matter; Florence was finally going home after all those years.

Jack died in 1959. Florence still lives in her own home on 50th Street where she enjoys visits from her children, her 17 grandchildren and also her 17 great-grandchildren.

Dick Tooley Family

by Kathleen E. Tooley

Richard Norman (always known as Dick) was the eldest child and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tooley. He was born February 26, 1921 on a farm in the Poplar Ridge District. He took his early schooling in the Poplar Ridge School. The family moved to Sylvan Lake in 1930.

Even though Dick attended school periodically because he was forced to do so, he was not fond of sitting in a classroom. He would have rather worked at something that was more meaningful to him. So, after leaving school at an early age, he worked at odd jobs around town and did carpenter work for his father. He also worked at the Lakeview Garage as a mechanic's helper at a very young age.

Dick enlisted in the 22/78th Field Battery, Royal Canadian Army, in June, 1940. He never went overseas, much to his disappointment, as he contacted rheumatic fever at Halifax and spent three months in hospital there. He then was sent home. He was discharged with the rank of Bombardier, May 28, 1941, three weeks short of the required time to qualify for a pension.

It took Dick a long time to recuperate from his illness. Some time after this he went to Calgary to apprentice as a welder at Dominion Bridge. We do not know, for sure, when this was — sometime between 1942 and 1948. He returned to Sylvan Lake and set up business in a shop that is now the town workshop. He owned and operated this shop until 1950.

Dick married Kathleen Elizabeth Slocombe in Red Deer in June, 1948. Kathleen (Kay) is the daugh-

ter of Oscar and Viola Slocombe (later Stanfield) and a cousin of the Jarvis family of Eckville and Sylvan Lake. Dick and Kay moved into the Wester Cabins where they stayed until after their first child, Richard, was born August 1949.

Dick and his family lived for a time in the Armeneau Apartments on 49 Street. Later, they owned a house on 50 A Avenue, not far from the old "castle". Neighbors were the Carl Soderburg family and a school teacher, Mrs. Rose. The Dick Tooleys lived in and out of Sylvan Lake until moving to Edmonton in the fall of 1962.

Dick worked in Whitecourt, Alberta for about six years prior to moving to Kitimat, B.C. in June, 1971. He died an untimely death at age 54 in an industrial accident there in May, 1975. He was laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

In the early years, Dick and Kay were always available for a good time and were the life of any party. Dick had a great sense of humor and was loads of fun. He had many wonderful stories to tell and, in his early years, used to terrorize Sylvan Lake — for example, he drove down the railroad tracks in his old Chevy truck!

Besides being a lot of laughs and, despite their many moves, Dick and Kay were very hard workers and excellent providers. They had four children: Richard, Geraldine, William and Kathy.

Richard Jr. was born in Red Deer and the others were all born in Edmonton. All except Kathy, the youngest, attended school in Sylvan Lake at one time or another. Richard and his classmates were bussed to the Norma School for a short time when there was an overflow at the Sylvan Lake School.

They spent many summers enjoying the lake and visiting their grandparents. Richard remembers working for his Grandma Stanfield at Guy's and Vi's Food Stand at the age of 10 or 11. He peeled over three tons of potatoes that summer! When Richard went back to school in the fall, Grandad Stanfield bought an electric potato peeler.

Kay is now living in Red Deer and works for Plainsman Motor Inn as a desk clerk.

Richard trained to be a welder with his father and is now living in Edmonton. He married Elizabeth Bull of Whitecourt, Alberta in 1970. They have two children, Richard (Dick) and Kristal.

Geraldine married Wayne Reynders of Whitecourt in 1969. They have three daughters: Terri, Tina and Tammy. They all reside in Whitecourt where Wayne owns and operates Wayne's Trucking.

William (Bill) married Sandra Patrick of Vancouver in 1978. They have one son, Wayne, and live in Mayerthorpe, Alberta where Bill works on the rigs.

Kathy married Reg Hayward of Kitimat, B.C. in 1974. They have two daughters, Tanya and Michelle and a baby son, Edward. Reg is assistant manager for an automotive supply in Kitimat.

We all still come to Sylvan Lake regularly to visit Grandma Tooley, who has always been a favorite with us all.

The Walter T. Toye Family

Walter and Jean (nee Foster) originally came from Ontario and settled in Calgary, Alberta where Mr. Toye was Assistant Postmaster.

Early in 1922 he purchased a General Store and Post Office in Sylvan Lake. It was situated across the street from Dingwalls' Boarding House and the family lived in a house on the same property as the store.

There were two children, Campbell and Burge. They attended the Sylvan Lake Public School.

Mr. Toye died in 1928. His widow closed the store and the Post Office was moved to Main Street, opposite the Imperial Bank. Mrs. Toye remained as Postmistress until her retirement in May, 1950. She subsequently moved to British Columbia where she passed away in Surrey on November 15, 1969.

Soon after Mr. Toye's death, the family built a two-storey home on the east side of Main Street (later the Norman Fisher home), about two blocks south of the C.N.R. tracks.

When the two sons finished school, Campbell started a local trucking business. He eventually moved to British Columbia where he married and had three children. He settled in Lilloet where he was with the B.C. Forestry Department until his death. His widow resides there.

Burge assisted in the Post Office during the summers and when not in school. In 1930 he got the "aviation bug" and obtained his pilot's license that year. Most of the flight training was done off one of John Tanche's fields, just east of town. Burge left the Sylvan Lake area and went to Vancouver, B.C. where, in 1939, he joined the R.C.A.F. He married and had two children and, after the war, settled on Vancouver Island. He was Chief Pilot for the British Columbia Government Air Services Branch until his retirement in 1978.

William Tripp Family

William A. Tripp, better known as Bill, was born and grew up in Saskatchewan, at Grandora, west of Saskatoon. As a young man, he spent a short time in Ontario and in British Columbia before coming to Alberta in 1947.

Bill purchased the old Vandurme homestead (SE 31-38-1-W5) just west of the town of Sylvan Lake,

Bill Tripp and sons, Myles and Bryan.

where he has made his home ever since. He grew mostly grain and hay to feed his small herd of beef cattle. After purchasing a hay baler he did much custom bailing, not only for his neighbors but for farmers as far west as Rocky Mountain House.

Bill also was employed in the construction industry, working on the building of the Parkland Mall and the Red Deer College. For a time, he worked at the Travelaire Trailer Plant.

Bill and Lil Tripp with grandchildren, Amy and Scott Tripp.

Bill had two sons by his first marriage, Bryan and Myles. Both boys took their schooling at the Sylvan Lake School.

Bryan married the former Beth Andrews of Mirror. They have two children, Amy Jean and Scott William. They make their home at Bentley. Bryan is employed by Alberta Gas Trunk Lines.

Myles spends most of his time in and around Edmonton working at various jobs.

Bill later met and married Lillian Volker. They are now semi-retired and make their home on his farm west of Sylvan Lake.

Tucker Family

by Eva Tucker

The Tucker family came from Kentucky in 1908, settling in the Endiang District north of Hanna, where Jake and Ray were born and spent their early days. In the 1930's, extreme drought conditions prompted them, their brother Allan and their mother, to move to Joffre.

My family, the Middletons, came from Scotland and were early pioneers of southern Saskatchewan before coming to the better farming area of Joffre. Jake and I were married in 1936.

We moved with our three-year-old son, Bruce, to Sylvan Lake in the fall of 1941. We were lucky to have Frank and Ellen Parry there to help us with our dairy business on Mrs. Falkner's farm. They were young, too, and knew the people in the surrounding districts as well as the town residents — which helped us get acquainted. That winter, we all worked hard, but went to dances and card parties, too. Many lasting friendships were formed and these people all became an important influence in our lives.

Ray Tucker joined us in the spring. He and Grandma Tucker lived in the Gamble house until she bought "Oxford Lodge", where she lived for many years. She enjoyed visiting with all who came by, especially looking forward to the arrival of summer visitors. She was a devoted grandmother, a faithful W.I. member and seldom idle, as she crocheted many beautiful tablecloths and doilies. "Better to wear out than rust out", she would tell us.

We were very busy each summer when the resort population expanded to many thousands, meaning we must buy and bottle much more milk. The price of milk was set by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board at eight cents per quart. Meanwhile, keeping many records, it was easy to see we were not in a very profitable business. Luckily, we raised and sold fryers and finished hogs for market which made extra income.

Norlan Amlee was our faithful helper, as was Joe Mannix, when we needed extra help. They turned

their hand to anything that needed to be done in any kind of weather. The Kleeberger girls helped us as did Carl and Hazel Selstrom.

Meanwhile, our family grew with Betty's and then Ron's arrival. Our children attended school, walking or riding their bikes. They took part in Scouts and Brownies, skating and swimming — surviving broken bones and hives. I have many happy recollections of W.I., Home and School, dancing, cards, and good fellowship.

In January, 1943, Jack checked with Mrs. Wilkinson's government thermometer finding it to be 45° F below zero, where it stayed for two weeks — even colder each early morning and evening.

The thermometer we paid most attention to was the one used each day to make sure our milk was chilled immediately to 48° F. Outside, no matter what temperature the weather, the milk must be delivered and bottles collected to make room for next day's supply.

The Tucker's milk truck.

We remember when hundreds of cars parked on the sandy beach down town. Where ball games were played on the hard sand, there was plenty of room for a softball to be batted out, not going into the water. The lake rose in 1948 after a snowy winter and heavy spring snowfall. It has never receded since. Another heavy spring snowfall in 1951 plugged all roads, including Highway 11 (Lakeshore Drive). It was not reopened until May. Meanwhile, Railroad Avenue was plowed out and in use.

During our years in Red Deer, Jake and Ray carried on a construction business, building roads in various parts of Alberta. Our sons attended S.A.I.T. Bruce is an electrician — has his own business, Red Cal Electric. He married a Sylvan Lake girl, Ivy Mannerfeldt. They have two athletic sons, Ross and Rory, and two daughters, Monica, attending the University of Alberta, and Crystal, in school in Red Deer. Ron has worked many years for A.G.T.; presently he is in Calgary with the Engineering Department, Mobile Communications. He married Judy Danielle, is enrolled at the University of Alberta and their son, Steven, is in high school in Sherwood Park, where they now make their home. Lloyd is employed by Esso Resources.

Both our sons and their families spend much time in the summer at the Lake. Jake and I keep in touch, too, visiting with the oldtimers and meeting new friends. We have been spending our winters in Arizona where we golf a bit, play shuffleboard and square dance, trying to keep active so that we can enjoy our lovely green summers here in Central Alberta.

Jake's brother, Ray Tucker, and Della Kleeberger were married in 1943 at Sylvan Lake, where their two daughters, Donna and Sandra, were born. Besides dairying, they carried on a garage business for a while, enjoying a good social life and making many good friends.

Their son, Bill, was born after they moved to Red Deer and he still makes his home in Red Deer.

Donna married Doug Parsons and they live in Red Deer with their three children. Donna is a stenographer and Doug works for Westburne. Sandra and her two daughters live in Calgary.

Della was stricken with lateral sclerosis and died

The Tucker family (Monica absent in Europe).

Damel of Red Deer. They have two sons, Dan and Tom, both of whom are interested in school, sports and electronics.

Debbie was born in Red Deer, attending college here, then the University of Calgary and the University of Illinois. She has travelled extensively, now making her home in Calgary where she is teaching in the Continuing Education Department at Mount Royal College.

Betty went to the University of Alberta and is a lab technician. She married Lloyd Cosens, R.C.M.P., now retired after 22 years service. They worked and enjoyed a few years in the far north at Frobisher Bay and at Whitehorse. Their daughter,

after a lengthy illness. Ray, in his retirement, travels a bit, bowls and works with seniors at the Golden Circle in Red Deer.

Bill Turner

Sylvan Lake seems to retain its fascination as a place to live for Winnie Lang's son, Bill Turner, who, after living and working in a number of different places, has returned to Sylvan Lake to make his home. After coming here in 1953 with his mother, Bill worked as a laborer at any job that came available in the area. In 1955 he apprenticed as a carpenter to Fred Habercost, a local contractor, with whom he worked for two years.

In 1957, Bill met and married a local girl, Marjorie Eno. They moved away to Hinton, where Bill worked for Poole Construction on the building of the Athabasca Hotel in the lower valley of that town. They returned to Red Deer in 1958, where their son Glen was born. Later they purchased land in Sylvan Lake where they built a home of their own and where their daughter Lorraine was born.

Glen is now married to Laurene Birney of Stettler. They have two daughters, Anita, three years, and Annette, two years, and live in Morningside where Glen teaches at the Seventh Day Adventist School.

Lorraine still lives at home and is completing Grade 12 at the H. J. Cody High School. She loves sailing with her dad and has taken a course in Navigation at Red Deer College.

As a lad in the bush country, Bill dreamed of going to sea on the square riggers — he used to shinny up the tall trees pretending that he was "riding the waves" — however, the romantic era of commercial sail was nearing its end and Bill never achieved his desires.

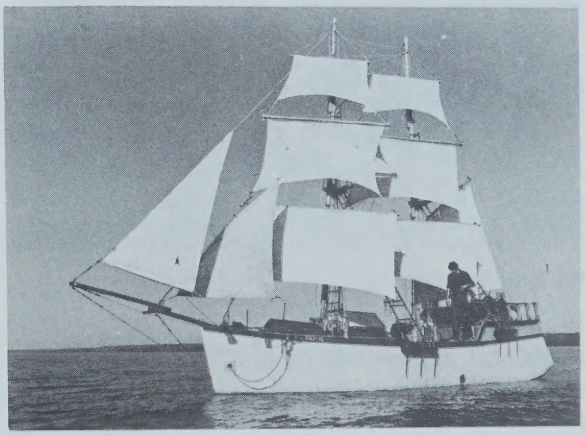
One of Sylvan Lake's surprises is a beautiful two-masted vessel known as a BRIG, "The Silver Dolphin" which can frequently be seen plying the waters of Sylvan Lake. Often referred to by visitors as a "Pirate Ship", this intriguing vessel was designed and built by Bill Turner, who, after living in Sylvan for a number of years, had decided to build a boat. He felt that the best design for a small square rigger was that of a BRIG and knew that a boat of this type would give him a greater sailing challenge than a "fore and after". To the best of Bill's knowledge, there are only five other vessels of this rig in use in the world today. (There are many brigenteens in use today, but not brigs.) The idea came from the brig, "Unicorn", which was the ship used to film the movie "Roots". Bill spent several days on this vessel in Bermuda where he learned first-hand the ins and outs of a brig.

Building this boat became one of the biggest undertakings of Bill's life and he says that without the help of his many friends and the support of his family the "Silver Dolphin" would have remained a pipe dream and never would have become a reality.

Work started on the boat in the fall of 1976 and continued steadily for the next three years. Its specifications are: Overall length — 38 feet; Keel to truck — 35 feet; Beam — 9′ 6″; Draft — 3′ 6″; Tonnage — 5 tons; It sleeps eight persons.

A great deal of material went into the construction of this vessel: approximately 1200 board feet of lumber, 20 sheets of 4 × 8 marine plywood, 300 feet of standing rigging, 1000 feet of running rigging, a 45-gallon barrel of fibre glass, one ton of lead and iron for ballast in the keel and 600 square feet of canvas for the sails.

After much blood, sweat and tears, the boat was eventually launched with due ceremony from the Sylvan Lake Marina on the 15th July, 1979, with a special service conducted by Rev. Walter Colton, and sailed onto the lake under a "jury" rig only. It was not until July 23rd that the first mast was installed and work continued on the foremost and topsails throughout the summer of 1979. However, not until the summer of 1980 was the rigging of the two masts completed. Construction continued over the next three years until you see her as she is today. But, as Bill Turner says, the work on a ship is never done and is planning to repair some of the decking next spring.



Bill Turner's pride and joy, "The Silver Dolphin".

The boat was named the "Silver Dolphin" by Bill's daughter, Lorraine Turner. At the time of the launching, the log of the "Silver Dolphin" records the following: CREW: Captain — Bill Turner; First Mate — Richard Colton; Navigator — Lorraine Turner. CREDITS: Sailmaker — Agnes Albers; Fibreglassing — the DeBoon family; Woodworking, Rigging and Finishing — Bill Turner, Claire Mellis and Richard Colton.

Passage from the log, June 27, 1982: "Cloudy with light rains, beating down the lake with a good S.E.E. wind — very good sailing."

With a gleam in his eye, Captain Bill Turner says: "To look aloft at grey skies, through the tall masts, see the curve of the square sails, listen to the swish of the water under the bow, and the wind humming in the rigging — one can well imagine how the mariners of old felt about being at sea in the square riggers of a hundred years ago." For him it is a dream finally come true.

At present, Bill is working as a carpenter for Timcon Construction, Red Deer and also still operates his sawmill at Ricinus in the winter time.

Always busy, Bill Turner finds time to pursue his other great hobby, that of restoring antique cars. He stores a 1930 Buick roadster and, since 1960, has driven it in parades and tours in many parts of Alberta. He is a member of the Central Alberta Vintage Car Club. Bill is presently working on a 1931 Cadillac (La Salle) sedan.

Bill Turner's vintage cars.

Both his brig and his vintage car have given Bill Turner considerable coverage in the press and, in so doing, have focussed public attention on his home town, Sylvan Lake.

The Charles E. Turner Family

Charlie was the 11th child born at the Turner family farm at Beausejour, Manitoba. He already had two brothers and six sisters. Two more boys, Bert and Jim, joined the family. They all took early education at the Sebright one-room school, a short walk from the big farm house. The school grounds were part of the section of land belonging to the Turners but has since reverted to farm use and forms part of the family farm, now owned by Bert and his family. The memories and hospitality there beckon strongly whenever holidays are under consideration.

The childhood days of Charlie, Bert and Jim were carefree and a bit crazy to hear tell, despite the strict and wary eye of Dad Turner. Doubtless, six older sisters and a kind and gentle mother often shielded them from the consequences of their escapades. Some of their most hair-raising adventures remained such carefully guarded secrets that Dad Turner only heard of them after those three sons were married and had families of their own.

As in all farm families, Charlie shouldered his share of the chores. Soon after quitting school, he began his own mink ranch and soon bought his first car. In the winters, the men of the family worked in a bush camp at Shoal Lake on the Manitoba-Ontario border, in a logging and pulp operation. They hauled firewood, fished and hunted to supplement the larder. Later, Charlie joined the threshing gangs that went from farm to farm, harvesting crops in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Then came the war and he went to Carberry, then to Transcona to work in construction of an airport and a munitions factory. He joined the Airforce in April, 1942 and was stationed at Brandon, St. Thomas and Summerside, P.E.I. Discharged in October, 1945 he came to Sylvan Lake in February, 1946 to begin his apprenticeship with Jack May, butcher. Jack was married to Charlie's sister, Letitia, and they had one daughter, Thelma. He lived with them in their home on 50 A Avenue until his marriage in 1949.

In May 1949, Jack and Charlie bought the Rosse Store and it became May & Turner's. They remained in the meat and grocery business there until Jack's retirement in 1961. Charlie joined the Cobb staff and has been butcher there ever since. He took six months retirement from being a cut-up and worked for the summer of 1978 at the Alberta Liquor Store. But once a cut-up — always! He returned to Cobb's in the fall. Although he enjoyed the up-front contacts at the liquor store, the old ties are the ones that bind. Cobb's has always been a good place to work and the change had been as good as a rest.

Charlie Turner in Jubilee Parade.

Three characters: Whiskery Warren, Noble Norminton, Pious Peter.

Charlie has taken his part in the community. As a member of the Presbyterian Church, he served nine years on the Board of Managers and has sung tenor in the choir there since 1947. He was a leader of Boy Scouts and also a Lion for a short while. (Doris tamed him and he became a lamb.) In earlier days, Charlie played goalie for the Tyndall, Manitoba, hockey team and was on the airforce team that won the Maritime Championship in 1944. He played a little hockey here, but his first love was curling. He is one of the last remaining active curlers of the gang who hung out at the old, long, low building that housed two sheets of ice and stood about where the new R.C.M.P. headquarters are now. He was secretary of the curling club for 12 years. Reflecting on the march of time, it is interesting to note that, in this year 1982, Charlie and Gerry Fisher are the only two remaining in business on Main Street of those who were there in 1946. Charlie is a member of the Sylvan Lake Volunteer Fire Department and has been answering the call for more than 25 years.

Charlie used to hunt a little, but when confronted by the doe-eyed creatures of the forest, could not bring himself to shoot and would let them run free. He did rather enjoy, though, the stake-outs of the local marshes in the fall with such sharpshooters as Jack May, Frank and Cyril Bloom, Jack Pell, George Rozier and Peter Rowell, and brothers, Bert and Jim. He also enjoys fishing and remembers the adventures in the (then) remote west country, now traversed by broad highways and millions of fisher-people. Roads were barely trails, a challenge often taken, again with some of the duck-hunters, but also with Warren Dunford and Larry Peters. As well, during the growing years of his children, the family enjoyed many good fishing and camping trips to Prairie Creek, Strubel and Mitchell Lakes, and the Red Deer and Clearwater Rivers.

This has been barely half of Charlie's story — now for the better half! Doris Brown, also from a large family, grew up on her parents' homestead at Craigend, Alberta and attended the one-room schoolhouse just across the road from home. Her father, disabled from the first war, had to give up farming. He became a Director of Veterans' Land Administration and opened an office in Calgary in 1941. The family moved, leaving one son to manage the farm, while two joined the armed forces. Doris took grades 10 and 11 at Calgary Collegiate Institute, endured city life, and longed for farm life. In 1944, Bill Findlay, whose family lived at Sylvan Lake in the house immediately south of the Lions' Playground on Main Street, was employed in the V.L.A. office in Calgary and he was boarding at Browns' home. Also, during that summer, Doris's sister was nursemaid to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Len Hogarth, who were vacationing at their cottage between the "White Gates". Through these circumstances, Doris came to work at the J. Innes Real Estate and Insurance office. So ended school days and city life for a while. She stayed with the Innes family on East Crescent, then for a while shared a cabin with Nellie Jarvis (Watson). They named the cabin, "Dor-Nel". Landlord and landlady were Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson, who kept a watchful eye on them. Neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. W. Marks, who owned Marks' Electric, nearby. Those were happy days and these folks are fondly remembered. During the time Doris worked at Innes Agencies she was involved in Girl Guides and was a member of a very large young adult group of the Presbyterian Church. Her best memories are of the friendly people who surrounded her then.

Jack May's Meat Shop was one door south of Jack Innes's office, both in the Cobb Block, and it was there that the airforce veteran came to apprentice in meat-cutting. Doris's worst memories are of the bad times her friends gave her because she was dating an older man. But the heart knows best and, although a sudden appendectomy sent Doris back to Calgary to recuperate, Charlie soon followed. She then worked at United Grain Growers Securities and he worked at the Bay, until returning to Sylvan Lake to form part-

nership with Jack May and open the May & Turner Store.

That summer, Doris worked days at U.G.G. and nights at Del's Delicatessen in Calgary to fill her hope chest and prepare for the fall wedding. Rev. Ian MacSween tied a good knot, and Warren Dunford supported Charlie very well as he took the plunge. They registered at a Calgary hotel that night, but in the morning discovered that suitcases and "hope chest" had been taken from their (borrowed) car, which was parked in the hotel lot. Their first stop then was to report the theft to the police, then to the bride's home to collect some cast-off clothes. They continued their honeymoon trip to Banff and Jasper, and to their new home. They moved into living quarters at the rear of the store, the former home of the Rosse family.

It was 1956 before Charlie and Doris owned a car, bought from Lorne Peabody. Until then it had been a familiar sight to see them peddling bikes, with three kids and a picnic basket. During those years, too, it was Frank and Cyril Bloom who came to the rescue on several occasions when a vehicle was needed for an emergency run to Red Deer to doctor or hospital.

Thomas Charles Turner was born January, 1951. George Schill, postmaster at the time, predicted, "With a name like that, he's sure to go places." Tom has never been unemployed since paper route days. He graduated from high school in Red Deer. Soon after, he began work as jug hustler in the oil patches, working his way to become a surveyor. He has worked in Alberta, B.C., Saskatchewan, Quebec, N.W.T. and the U.S. He now is in legal survey. He married Laura Swan of Priddis in August, 1977. They have two little girls, Becky and Jessica, and live in the house which they built for themselves on Westview Drive in Sylvan Lake.

Edward Allan Turner was born March, 1953. He remembers his friends in Sylvan Lake by the size of their lawns. His working days began at an early age, too, as a paper boy, then he pushed a lawn mower over many miles of turf. He graduated from high school in Sylvan Lake in 1971 and then he continued to walk — across Canada, the British Isles and Europe. When he returned, he chose the climate of British Columbia where he got work first in a service station, then at Lumberland, a candy factory and finally, carpentry and brick laying. Although the construction business has faltered in B.C., since the summer of 1982 Allan keeps busy free-lancing. He is not married and lives in his houseboat moored on the Fraser River at Delta.

Charlotte Ann Turner was born August, 1954 and took her schooling at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. She completed Certified Nurses' Aid Training in Edmonton and worked at the W.W. Cross Cancer Institute. She married Brian Nielsen in October, 1976 and they live at Sylvan Lake with their two children: Cody Ann, named for a very favorite teacher, and Tanner. Ann works part time at the Sylvan Lake Medical Clinic.

Doris has been actively involved in the church, Legion Auxiliary, Community Centre, winter carnivals, 1913 Days, Community Band, Home and School and home. She was bookkeeper for J. & J. Untinen at the Lakeview Garage for eight years and worked at the Town Office until 1975.

After the May & Turner Store was closed the building was rented for a time and used variously as a Second-hand Store, printing office of the *Sylvan Lake News,* occupied by Monte Keith as purchaser and, finally, sold to Betty Fisher. Several suites were added to the second storey and the main floor housed her beauty salon and wool shop. The building was demolished in 1978 and the Red Rooster Store built on the site.

In 1961, the Turner family bought an acreage (pt. SW 32-38-1-W5) from Chuck and Molly Watkiss. Not really a farm, but it satisfied Doris's craving. The Earl McIlwaines had lived there and, before them, J. W. McIntosh and family. At least one of the old buildings still standing there was built by Mr. McIntosh and the lone pine, which towers near the house, was planted by his son, Colin.

Now Charlie and Doris live alone in the little shack by the track, at the edge of town, where the grass still grows and the weeds flourish and grey buildings lean. The words of this poem (author unknown) express their sentiments:

To Me, My Farm Is. . .

My farm to me is not just land where bare unpainted buildings stand
To me my farm is nothing less than all created loveliness.
My farm is not where I must soil my hands in endless, dreary toil,
But where, through seed and swelling pod, I've learned to walk and talk with God.
My farm to me is not a place outmoded by a modern race,
I like to think I just see less of evil, greed and selfishness.
My farm's not lonely, for all day, I hear my children shout at play.
And here when age comes, free from fears, I'll live again long joyous years.
My farm's a heaven, here dwells rest, security and happiness.
What e'er befalls the world outside, here, faith and hope and love abide.
And so my farm is not just land where bare, unpainted buildings stand,
To me my farm is nothing less than God's all created loveliness.

J. A. Untinen Family

Jonas (Joe) Altewin Untinen was born December 19, 1898 in Hamlet, Oregon, U.S.A., becoming a naturalized Canadian citizen June 22, 1908. He was educated in a one-room school at Carmangay, Alberta. He married Violet Zelorna Reefe on December 22, 1922 in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Untinen family: Joe, Carmen, Joe Jr. and Vi.

Joe worked at various jobs in various places: in a garage in Oilmont, Montana; a lumber camp in Oregon; deep-sea fishing in Astoria, Oregon; ranch-hand on the Reed Ranch at Olds, Alberta; helping with the harvest on the home farm at Carmangay.

Coming from Oilmont, Montana to Sylvan Lake in 1927, Joe bought a garage and settled down. The first Lakeview Garage was located south of the Sylvan Lake Hotel, near the site of the present Parkland Savings and Credit Union.

Joe and his brother, Casper Untinen, were in partnership when they first bought the business. This partnership was dissolved in 1929. Joe's brother-in-law, Jack Sunell, came into the business as a partner. Casper and his wife, Eili, went back to the farm at Carmangay. Joe built a two-room shanty back of the garage where they lived when their daughter, Carmen Lucina, was born on January 22, 1928.

Joe and Jack Sunell were in partnership only for a short time and then Joe bought Jack's share of the business and each went into business for himself. Joe moved across the street to a building which became the Lakeview Garage, now Turbo Service.

One cold winter day a stray dog, nearly frozen and half-starved, came into the garage. He curled up around the old pot-bellied stove and settled in. Joe fed him; he became attached to Joe and to the garage and, as a result, became the self-appointed watch dog. He never strayed from the garage. Joe named him "Soup".

On September 9, 1935 Lakeview Garage burned to the ground and the dog, Soup, was lost in the fire. He had been taken from the building several times but kept going back in to protect the property and so was finally burned with the building. Joe re-built Lakeview Garage that fall and had a brass plaque hung in the office bearing the inscription: "In Memory of "Soup" Burnt to Death Sept. 9, 1935 A Real Dog." This plaque hung in the garage until it was sold.

In the early days, Joe acted as translator in court for the Finnish people who could not speak English.

Because of the garage's proximity to the lake, Joe was involved in rescues on more than one occasion. Headlines in *The Sylvan Lake News*, May 14, 1941 stated: "Didsbury Young Man Drowned in Lake. Heroic work by Kenneth Murphy, 16, and J. A. Untinen saves lives of two others. Harvey W. Loder, 21, Didsbury, was drowned in Sylvan Lake and, but for the heroic work of Ken Murphy and Councillor Untinen, two others, Thomas Lamont of Didsbury and Jeff Morgan of Olds, would have lost their lives when their boat overturned near the government pier."

Joe Untinen made the news again in the January 12, 1944 issue of *The Sylvan Lake News* when a lengthy article entitled, "Some Thoughts . . ." by J. A. Untinen on deteriorating conditions of the times, rehabilitation and reconstruction, was printed instead of an editorial. Many of the views he put forward have come to us as actualities during the intervening years.

Through the years, Lakeview Garage sold Imperial Esso oil and gas, Purity 99, North Star and then back to Imperial Esso. They had dealerships in Ford, Essex, Dodge, Chrysler cars and John Deere farm machinery. The John Deere shows were a yearly event. The first one was held in the Lakeview Garage, then in the Alexander Pavilion, in the Sylvan Lake Theatre and finally in the Sylvan Lake School. Everyone attended these shows in the early days. Even the school children had an afternoon off from the classroom. Coffee and doughnuts were served by Vi and the wives of staff after these shows.

The first tow truck the garage owned was a 1928 Chevrolet one-ton vehicle which was also used for hunting and fishing trips. The second tow truck was a 1943 Dodge power wagon from Army Surplus, but before it was converted to a tow truck it went on a few hunting and fishing trips as Joe was a keen hunter and fisherman.

Joe once shot a grizzly bear that weighed 900 pounds. It measured nine feet from tip to tip. During this same hunt they bagged seven elk, five deer and six moose in the Baptiste River country, 65 miles west of Rocky Mountain House. This was reported as one of the biggest bags in that year, 1937. The meat was given by the Benalto Elks' Lodge in Christmas hampers for the needy. Those in the hunting party were: George Daley, S. Jorgenson, Ed Pastobak, Dwight Sawyer, John and Axel Johanson and Joe Untinen.

In the early days big game and upland game were

plentiful. Fishing was also exceedingly good; many a creel came home full to the top with trout of all kinds. There were no freezers in those days so much of it was given away.

In 1938, Joe bought a Plymouth car with specially built high wheels — 19 inches — so he could get out to see the farmers around the area. The roads were not too good in those days. Of course, this car was very good for fishing and hunting. Also, it went to every hockey and baseball game the Sylvan Lake clubs played. They went to Bentley, Benalto, Rocky Mountain House, Nordegg, Alhambra, Markerville, Eckville and Rimbey. The car would hold 10-12 boys if they all wore their equipment, plus skates, sticks, bats or whatever, as well as one driver.

Joe was a charter member in the Benalto Elks' Club, was on the town council, was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the fire department and a member of the Fish and Game Association. He was instrumental in having the beach at the east end of town left as public beach.

Joe and Art Plant, manager of Calgary Power of Sylvan Lake, rescued one man from a plane that crashed into the lake and pulled out the other man who, unfortunately, was not alive.

Joe and Vi bought the house in which Vi still lives, in 1931. It was originally the Canadian Imperial Bank building in Sylvan Lake and was moved to the next lot east. Their son, Jonas Reefe, was born in this house December 10, 1935. The house once faced the fire-lane by Cobb's Store and was turned around in 1954. The chimney must be unique in construction. Almost every year, for over 50 years, a mallard duck has flown down it, become stuck, and had to be rescued. The lovely roses surrounding the house were started from a slip given Vi by Charlie Mortimer, a family friend.

Besides her roses, gardening and raising her family, Vi was active in swimming, curling, golfing and badminton. The badminton courts were in the Varsity Hall. Curling was very important in those days. It started about 1927-28. Vi curled in bonspiels in Edmonton, Lacombe, Rocky Mountain House and Red Deer. A few years later, a nine-hole golf course was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Biss.

Joe and Vi attended many dances at the Alexander Pavilion, banquets at the Sylvan Lake Hotel, dances and turkey suppers at the country halls.

Joe took flying lessons from Chinook Flying Services Ltd. out of Calgary. Thirty minutes flying time with an instructor, in those years, was $7.50. He took a few lessons, also, from the Edmonton Aero Club. However, family responsibilities interrupted the completion of the required flying hours to receive his pilot's license.

After more than forty years of attending to the business at the Lakeview Garage, Joe's health began to fail. He passed away on July 11, 1968 at the age of 69.

Carmen Untinen.

Joe's and Vi's daughter, Carmen, took her schooling at Sylvan Lake, Red Deer and Calgary, and nursing at the Ponoka School Hospital. She married Thomas Solomonson in 1950. They have a son Eric,

Joe Untinen Jr. family: Kelly, Mary Lou, Joe and Kerry.

a daughter, Robin Solomonson Staples, and a grandson, Corey Thomas. Tom Solomonson died suddenly in 1972. Carmen achieved her B.A. in Registered Social Work. She presently works at the Alberta Hospital in the capacity of Social Worker.

Jonas R. Untinen, Joe's and Vi's son, took his schooling in Sylvan Lake, Red Deer and Calgary, achieving his journeyman Auto Mechanics and Welding papers. He worked at the Lakeview Garage until the buildings and property were sold to Turbo Resources in 1972.

For a time, Joe Jr. was in business with Ernest Peterson and Dave Miller in "Three Star Drilling". Leo Nielsen and Joe started the J and L Hardware in the Sunell building (formerly the garage) and continued until fire destroyed the old building.

Joe is a member of the Benalto Elks' Club; was a member of the Sylvan Lake Fire Department, Sylvan Lake Chamber of Commerce and Town Council.

Joe married Mary Lou Cumpstone in 1958. They have two sons, Kelly and Kerry.

Joe, like his father, has a keen interest in hunting and fishing. He played hockey and baseball and received his private pilot's license from Johnstone Airlines at Penhold.

Joe has worked seismic and the pipeline. He started "4-U Eaves Troughing" in 1976, sold it in 1981, and is back pipelining throughout the country.

Joe and Mary Lou lived in Sylvan Lake for many years until moving to an acreage in the Bentley district.

After being a real part of the history of Sylvan Lake since 1927, Mrs. Vi Untinen, mother of Carmen and Jonas (Joe), still resides in Sylvan Lake where she enjoys the visits of her family and friends.

Rev. Paul Vaalas
translated by Selma Murray

While visiting at Easter, April, 1983, at the residence of Mrs. Selma Murray, she urged me to write some of my experiences for the Sylvan Lake history book since I had labored more than 50 years ago at Sylvan Lake, as the first ordained Finnish pastor (sent by the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Finland). Though my labors there were shortened for certain reasons, it is perhaps worth remembering it was in the nature of pioneering.

I had been ordained as pastor, June 2, 1930. Ten days later I, together with my young wife, boarded the ship to depart for the distant fields of labor in Alberta, Canada. The journey from Goteborg, Sweden to Halifax, Canada, lasted over a week. It took even longer to reach Red Deer, Alberta by train via the United States, for the newly arrived pastor from Finland was required to bring greetings and to preach in many Finnish communities enroute. In Red Deer I was met by Mr. Staudinger of Sylvan lake with his pick-up truck, who settled us in his new home. Sylvan Lake was then a small village, with its few houses edging the village's main street, the same which even today remains the business centre.

The Finnish population was scattered from Sylvan Lake to Rocky Mountain House and throughout many other areas of Alberta: Manyberries to the south, Thorhild to the north, Canmore to the west and Trochu to the east, were the more distant districts where I held church services. As all the side roads were unpaved dirt roads, driving during rainy weather was often more difficult than in the snow. How often I had to put on chains on the rear tires or else ask the nearest farmer to pull me out of the ditch with his horses! Now, visiting 50 years later, I find many changes.

A small, but enthusiastic, group gathered around their new pastor at Sylvan Lake. We organized a work group and a Sunday School supervised by my wife. I formed a choir among the young people which sang on many occasions. I held confirmation classes and roused the men to become interested in securing a place of worship. For this purpose, the Finnish United Hall west of town was purchased and thus it became our church. We organized our own congregation in the fall of 1930. Unfortunately, this work ceased later for lack of laborers. Twice since, I have visited in Alberta, in 1957 and 1983, and it has been a joy to ascertain that seed then sown has not been lost and the old ties of friendship have not been broken.

After returning to Finland, I served as a pastor in

Pastor and Mrs. Vaalas.

many congregations, then as a secretary for Y.M.C.A. in Turku, Finland. In 1934, I moved to the capital city of Helsinki where I worked for over 20 years as manager of the book publishing department of the Finnish Missionary Society and editor of its mouthpiece, "Suomen Lahetyssanoma" (Finnish Missionary Tidings). From 1957 until my retirement in 1971, I was superintendent of the Deaconess Institution in Helsinki. This institution, in operation since 1867, prepares workers for congregations, hospitals and operates a large hospital, homes for the seniors, orphanages and rest homes. It is one of the largest Christian organizations in Finland.

Our first child, Seija, born in Edmonton 1931, is a social worker; Juho, born 1932, is a businessman in Vancouver, B.C.; Marjatta, born 1936, is a television manager; Anna Maija, born 1942, is a nurse; Kari, born 1940, became a lawyer. My wife, Maija (nee Bell), died in 1979, while visiting our son in Florida. This year I was married again to Rauha Voipio, who was, for more than 20 years, a teacher and superintendent in a theological seminary in Namibia, Africa.

A. E. Vandurme

by Aime Vandurme

My father bought the S.E.¼ 31-38-1-W5 from Mr. Earl Grimson Sr. He also sold the hardware store at the same time. My father bought the land in 1918 and moved on the farm in May, 1919, into a house made of old railway ties. In 1924, he moved the house he had built half a mile east of the Canadian National Railway station.

We came from France, close to the Belgium border. My father was born at Marsq-en-Baroul, France. My mother was born at Menin, Belgium. My three sisters and I were born in the village of Marquette, in northern France. Our names are: Haydee, myself (Aime), Irene and Erina. Erina was only three months old when we came to Sylvan Lake in April, 1913.

The first place we lived was in a little log shack by the creek, about one mile east of Sylvan Lake on No. 11 Highway. Fish and water were plentiful. A month after we settled in the shack, my sister Irene and I went into the woods and got lost. Everyone around and the R.N.W.M.P. were looking for us. We were found the next day. My mother did not think we would be found.

In October of 1913, we moved into Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jamoye's house. They had left for Saskatchewan but they came back in early 1920.

I started school in 1914. They had built the Sylvan Dell School on the hill not long before. My teachers were: Mrs. Auston, Mr. O'Connor and Miss Goodmundson. (Goodmundsons had the hardware store in Benalto for years.) Others were, Miss Backer, Mr. Wright and Mr. Coffee.

I can remember walking from the farm (west of town) to the C.N.R. water tank for good spring water, a distance of about half a mile. Also, I recall going with my father to shoot ducks in a big slough which No. 11 Highway now goes through.

I was married in Calgary in 1930. My wife was born in Aaron, Saskatchewan. Her mother and father had come there from the Ukraine in 1899. We have six children. The oldest daughter, Erina, lives in Pine Grove, Manitoba. Son Raymond lives in Calgary. Lucille lives in Vancouver. Eileen is in Manitoba. June is now living in Scotland where she works for an oil company and moves every few years. Our youngest son, Willem, lives in Winnipeg.

In 1944, after coming from the Alaska Highway, I started work for the Winnipeg Electric Company. Later, I changed over to the Gas Utility Co. where I stayed until I was 65 in 1973. On December 13, 1949, I had my left arm caught in a large pulley and, after two years in hospital, I still have only limited use of that arm.

My sister Erina, the youngest, died about 14 years ago and my sister Haydee about four years ago. Irene lives in Calgary and I am still in Winnipeg where I have lived since 1944.

The Vandurme family: Edward and Elodie with children, Irene, Haydee, Aime and Erina.

Vanson Family
by Margaret Vanson

Noel Vanson was born in Missouri, U.S.A. and came to Canada in 1917 to Taber, Alberta. I, Margaret, came from England in 1924, also to Taber. We were married in 1925 and had 54 happy years together.

We came to Sylvan Lake in 1941 from Beaver Flats, Alberta where we had worked on a farm for Mr. Bill Rodgers for four years.

In the summer, I worked at the boathouse for Mr. and Mrs. Andy Holland and, in the winter, at the Sunflower Cafe for Charlie Reed and Micky Arrowsmith. I was a member of the Sylvan Lake Women's Institute, which I really did enjoy.

Noel Vanson went to work helping put up army huts in Red Deer, then he went north to different places to work for the government. One winter, he helped to repair the pier at Sylvan Lake. It was a cold, wet job.

We moved to Red Deer in 1951 as my husband, Noel, got work at the Provincial Training School and hospital. In March, 1979, he passed away.

We had four sons and one daughter. Our oldest son, Jack, died in 1939. The second son, Charles (Chuck), worked at Neeley's Drug Store in Sylvan Lake and, when Mr. V. Neeley left to open a drug store in Jasper, Chuck followed and continued working for him there. He married Myrna Abotkoff from Kelowna and had three sons, Jim, John and Jerry. Chuck passed away in 1960.

Neil worked at the hardware store in Sylvan Lake (on the corner where Don May now has his business). He also worked at Cobb's Store. Both Neil and Chuck were in the Air Cadets in earlier years. Neil now lives in Red Deer with his wife, Viola, (nee Betcher of Sundre, Alberta) and their children, Michael and Neola. Michael has his own place in Red Deer. Neola graduated from high school and teaches figure skating.

Margaret worked at Ponoka Hospital. She married Gordon Newsom of Rimbey and they lived there. They had one son, Eddie. Margaret passed away July, 1974.

Our youngest son, Ronald, worked as an orderly in the Red Deer Regional Hospital for many years. He now works in the cast room there. He married Mary Smith of Markerville, Alberta. Their son, Bill, married Rena Lockhart of Stettler, Alberta and their son, Dan, married Sandra Heywood of Red Deer. Both sons reside in Red Deer with their families. Ron and Mary live in Spruceview, Alberta.

I still live in Red Deer where I enjoy visits from my family. I must say we all really liked living at Sylvan Lake. We made many good friends there and it is always nice to meet them.

The Vansons: Ronnie, Mr. Vanson, Neil, Chuck, Mrs. Vanson, Margaret.

Waddell Family

Jean was born the eighth child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert of the Leslieville district and attended the Bingley, Leslieville and David Thompson Schools.

On April 7, 1967, Jean and Tom Waddell of the Stauffer District were married and have lived in Sylvan Lake ever since. They have three children, Christopher Thomas born October 19, 1970, Stacy

Tom and Jean Waddell with Chris, Stacy and Mark.

Marie born July 1, 1973 and Mark Allan born October 24, 1975.

Tom has a construction business and Jean is content to stay at home and raise their family.

The Leslie B. Walker Family

Our family moved to Sylvan Lake in 1925. Our father, Leslie Bell Walker, was no stranger to the area as he had emigrated from Edinburgh, Scotland to Evarts, Alberta in 1905 where he farmed with his brothers. He married Grace Clifford Tucker in January, 1920. She had come west from Ontario to teach at Shady Lane and Hespero School Districts.

We lived for a year in the west end of the village before moving to a new house our parents had built up the hill between the railway tracks.

We have many vivid memories of our childhood at the Lake: spring break-up when we floated paper boats down the ditches; skating on the lake after freeze-up before the snow came; the overpowering smell of chemicals after the school was fumigated for various outbreaks of communicable diseases; the annual Maypole dance sponsored by the I.O.D.E.; hurtling down the hill on sleds all the way from the school hill down to the lakefront through the village and then, if lucky, hitching a ride back up the hill on the runners of a farmer's sleigh or the town dray; the smell of scorching wool and the pain of thawing fingers as we crowded into the warm-up hut with its red hot stove after "cracking the whip" on the open-air skating rink. An outstanding event in our childhood was the travelling medical clinic from the University of Alberta which set up operating rooms in school classrooms and sick bed accommodation in huge army tents. Many of us had our tonsils and adenoids removed at that time.

We rejoiced in the convenience of electricity when the Calgary Power Company installed its system in central Alberta in the 1930's. Soon after that, we got our first radio and thrilled to hear King George V give his Christmas broadcast. It became part of our family tradition to listen to the Empire broadcast in the wee small hours of Christmas Day when we would hear sheep herders from New Zealand and lonely lighthouse keepers in British Columbia.

When we started school in 1927, it was a two-room building which soon expanded to three. In 1936 a high school building was erected and it was possible to go to the end of grade eleven. At the official opening of the building, the wives of the School Board members catered for a large tea.

Perhaps we remember school activities so well as our father was secretary of the school district from 1934 until his death in May, 1949. As the funeral cortege wound up the hill all the school children stood silently outside the classrooms as a mark of respect.

In the early 1930's our father and his brother, Douglas Walker, bought some acreage on the western outskirts of the village and created the Sylvan Lake Golf Course. For the first few years, it was only nine holes but later it was expanded to eighteen. The small clubhouse was at the top of the course, not too far from the old C.N.R. water tower, but was later moved north to sit beside Highway 11. W. A. Biss, from Outlook, Saskatchewan, bought the course from the Walker brothers.

Soon after that our father became the secretary of the Village of Sylvan Lake after the death of A. W. McCaskill. In 1946, the village was incorporated as a town and he became the first town clerk, serving in that position until his death in 1949.

As there was no grade twelve offered at Sylvan Lake we three girls, Elizabeth, Marjorie and Mildred, attended Camrose Lutheran College at various times to obtain our senior matriculation. The three of us attended Edmonton Normal School. Elizabeth taught for three years at Little Red Deer #2 School District west of Bowden and one year at Springvale School east of Red Deer before joining the R.C.A.F. (WD) in July, 1943. She became an equipment assistant and was stationed at Jarvis, Ontario and at Dayton, Ohio with a lend-lease detachment.

Mildred taught one year at Cottonwood #2 School west of Innisfail and then joined the R.C.A.F (WD) in October, 1943. She served in Air Traffic Control in Edmonton and Vancouver.

Marjorie also joined the R.C.A.F. (WD) in April, 1943 and was in Filter Operations at Prince Rupert and Victoria, B.C.

Elizabeth later attended the Universities of Alberta and McGill and became a librarian at Vancouver Public Library. Mildred worked for the British Columbia Telephone Company as a Service and Marketing Representative and has recently retired. After her discharge, Marjorie worked for the Winnipeg Public Library and later came to the Vancouver Public Library system.

Our mother, who moved to Vancouver in 1951 to be close to her children, died in December, 1972.

The Watkiss Family

In October of 1933, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Watkiss and family, Charles and Shirley, arrived in Sylvan Lake from Carndiff, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Watkiss purchased the theatre in December, 1933, formerly owned and built by Mr. Walter Jackson in 1932, known as the Lakeshore Cinema, later to become the Uptown Theatre.

Ted and Dorothy Watkiss.

Mr. Jackson also owned the adjoining building, a bakery, later to become the Coffee Shop, which Mrs. Watkiss opened in May, 1941 and operated until 1962.

Mr. Watkiss operated the theatre for 34 years until his retirement. He was also a respected member of the Sylvan Lake Town Council for 15 years. Mrs. Watkiss was an active member of the I.O.D.E., serving as regent for 11 years.

In 1945, after the war, their son Charles joined his father in the theatre and was theatre projectionist until 1961. He married Molly Swanson in May, 1948 and they have a son, Dean, and a daughter, Debra.

In 1952, Charles became a funeral director with Mr. Clifford Duffield until 1961 when he managed the funeral home for Eventide Chapels Ltd. In 1966 he left to go to Toronto to take training in Public Health.

Charles and Molly lived in Richmond, B.C., where Charles was Director of Environmental Health for the city until his passing in May, 1982.

Their son Dean is a Fish and Wildlife Officer for the Province of Alberta. He is married and has a son. They are presently living in Valleyview, Alberta.

Debra, their daughter, is married and has two daughters and lives in Mission, B.C.

In 1946, Shirley Watkiss married Roy Cutlan. They reside in Kelowna, B.C. They have three children: a son Ted, married, who has two sons and is living in Alberta; another son Christopher; a daughter Susan who lives in Kelowna.

Mr. Watkiss passed away in Sylvan Lake on February 17, 1968. In 1969, Mrs. Watkiss moved to White Rock, B.C. where she still resides.

Martha Weaver and Elli Douglas
(nee Jarvin)

Martha attended the Sylvan Lake School on the hill when it was first opened. (When the new school was built, this building was moved downtown to Railroad Avenue and renovated to form the existing Town Office.) She recalls the severe winters of 50° and 60° below zero (F) and walking to school on the C.P.R. tracks. Sometimes the section boss would pick up her brother and sister as well as herself and give them a ride home on the speeder.

Martha spent her teenage years at Sylvan Lake

Uptown Theatre and Coffee Shop.

Vern and Martha Weaver beside automobile on lakeshore.

until, in 1932, she married LeVern Weaver and moved to Red Deer.

In 1941, after Vern's discharge from the army for health reasons, they moved to Trail, B.C. where Vern worked for Consolidated Mines and Smelting, now COMINCO. Then in 1969, he retired to Chilliwack, B.C. They have two children, Verna and Barry. Verna is married to Vince Baker (Pro at Marine Drive Golf Club) and lives in Richmond, B.C. They have two daughters, Vicki and Marla. Barry is a graduate of Waterloo University, Doctor of Optometry, and has a business in Kamloops and in Ashcroft, B.C. He resides in Kamloops with his wife, Marnie (nee Dafoe), and two daughters, Renee and Courtenay. Marnie works for Weyerhauser and is the head of teaching and programming for Weyerhauser of Canada.

Martha's younger sister, Elli, started school in Sylvan Lake and lived there until her marriage to Lorne Douglas. They moved to Red Deer and to Stettler, while Lorne worked for Dench Cartage. Then, during the war, they moved to Trail, B.C. where Lorne worked for Consolidated Mining and Smelting until 1948 when they moved to Burnaby and Elli started her Central Park Beauty Salon. She retired after 20 years in business, just months previous to her death from cancer in 1969. They had two children.

Their daughter, Carol, lives in Los Angeles, California with her husband, Roy Sutherland and two daughters, Rona and Jennifer, and one son, Douglas. Their son, Bill, and family live in Delta, B.C. and they have three daughters.

Wester Family
by Mavis Kingsep

In 1944, my dad and mom left their farm west of Bentley and moved to Sylvan Lake. There were five children but my older sisters, Violet and Lila, were married and my brother, Marvin, stayed on the farm, so it was Rodger and myself who came with them to start school here.

Dad worked for the Atlas Lumber Company and mom worked at the hotel in the housekeeping department.

When I first started school, it was in a one-room school by the Varsity Hall. After grade one we were moved up the hill to what is now the H. J. Cody School.

Things were different from today. There were lots of trees, most of the sidewalks were cinder, we used wood and coal stoves and pumped water from the wells.

Rodger became known as a "lake rat" in the summer, only coming home for supper. His best memories are of the wooden pier and the clear water of the lake. As soon as a little ice formed on the lake, he would be skating. All this time spent at the lake made him an excellent swimmer and, in time, a good hockey player, going as far as a team called the "Silver Streaks", which would be triple A league.

Wester family: Lila, Marvin and Violet; Mrs. Wester, Mavis, Rodger and Mr. Wester.

Some of our fond memories of being young were Sunday School and choir and the people who devoted so much of their time, George Schill, Mrs. Martin, the Rev. Roulston and his wife, and many more.

Rodger also enjoyed Scouting with leaders like Chuck Watkiss, Bernard Sjare and Bob Herder.

My parents started "Wester's Cabins" in 1947, beginning with the summer trade and then a year-round business. My mother still owns the cabins and Rodger lives with her. He is a carpenter with Local #2410.

In 1953, I married Robert Kingsep and we have four children and two granddaughters. Our children all went to the H. J. Cody School for their major schooling.

Loree, our only daughter, married Karl Letourneau from Red Deer. Their two daughters are: Devon in grade four at C.P. Blakely School and Auran in grade one.

Donald, our oldest son, lives in Calgary where he is a plumber.

Daniel is married to Cleo Brent and lives in Calgary. He completed a chef's cooking course at S.A.I.T. He works at the Austrian Canadian Club.

Kelly is living at home and works on pipeline construction.

Alpha White
(nee Parke)

The Charles Watson Parke family arrived in Red

Deer in the spring of 1907 from Caledonia, Ontario, on a long pioneer C.P.R. train — no dining car, just a hot gas-plate off the end of the crowded coach we were on. It took us about a week before we reached Red Deer.

My mother, Mrs. C. W. Parke, was probably the first woman to own and drive a car in Red Deer and Sylvan Lake. My father had the McLaughlin (later Buick) Agency.

My parents first bought a cottage at Sylvan Lake in 1910 and we have owned a cottage there ever since. The first was "Uneeda Rest" on the lake front facing the boathouse. Only a few cottages were there then. The G. W. Smith cottage and the Hewson one were to our right and the Wright and Green cottages to our left. We spent two months (July and August) there every summer until the cottage burned down in the early twenties while it was rented for Labour Day weekend.

Some wet summers we had to wait for the road to Sylvan Lake to become passable before we could make it. I still cringe when I think of the gumbo and the corduroy roads. One year, it was near the end of July, we were able to make it with a wagon and two heavy horses. Other years it was in a smaller wagon with one horse. We children would have to get out and help push up Poplar Ridge hill. Our loving horse, Dan, puffed and puffed.

In the summer of 1913, just before World War I started, there was a French-Canadian who had the only motor boat — a big tub — on the lake. He took parties on trips around the lake. My two sisters, Geraldine and Della, and several other teenagers (overcrowded) hired it for the longest tour to first, second and third point, then straight across to the other side over the deepest part of the lake and on to Jarvis Bay. As they were on their way back to the boathouse across from Lower Camp, without any warning, the boat sank. Everyone started to swim to shore, soon discovering they were not over their depth. What a blessing and what could have been! In 1919 we hired canoes from the boathouse and took a jaunt around the full lake. It took us all day and proved to be quite an adventure.

In 1917 my father, Charles Parke, bought property in Lower Camp meaning to build a cottage for each one of us four children so that we could all get together at least once a year. This did not pan out, for Geraldine, Della and Norma married and moved to the United States after graduating from university.

As their first cottage was built it was called "Alpha" after me and was left to me on the death of my parents. The address is 3104-50 A Avenue. Very few cottages were in that area then. Carscallens' "Brownie" cottage was next door to our left.

Alpha Parke and friends.

Studors, Porters, Malcolms, Cornetts and Smiths are all the other cottage owners I remember at this time.

When we first moved to Lower Camp we all understood why Sylvan Lake had originally been named "Snake Lake". The bank on our property next to the shore was alive with garter snakes. It was years before we got rid of them.

Alpha Parke and Jean Stewart (1920).

The early regattas were wonderful events in my life. I entered every event available in my age and class. The tub races were knockouts!

Five generations of Ronald Whites have and are, using and loving the cottage to this day.

Carl Wilde Family

by Jack and Della Wilde

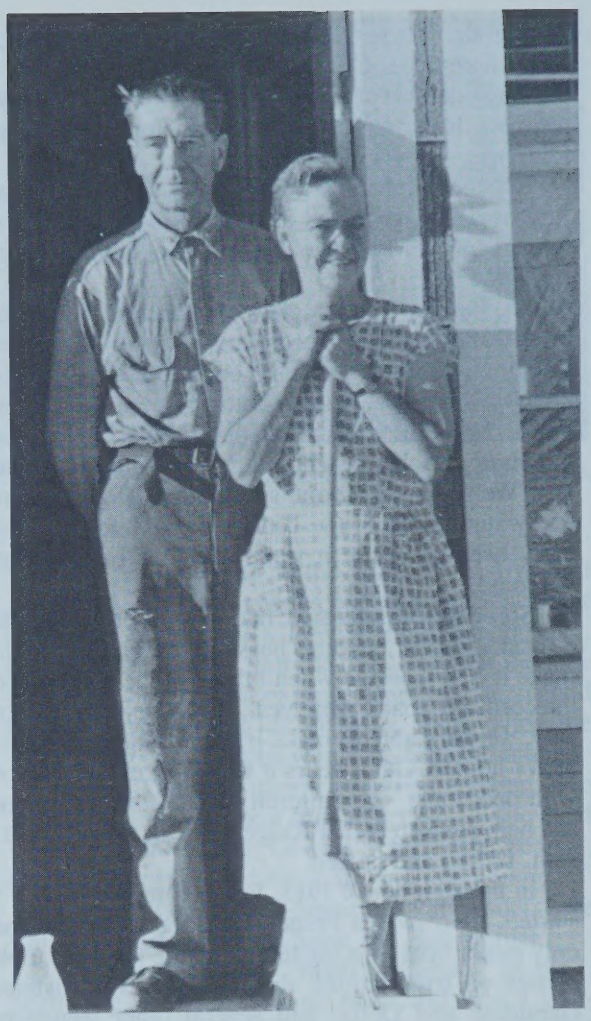
Carl and Dagny Wilde and family moved from the Kuusamo District in 1958 to their home at 4409-48 Avenue, Sylvan Lake. The Wilde residence was a favorite gathering place for friends and relatives, both young and old. Carl and Dagny continued to visit with long-time friends in the Bentley and Kuusamo District, as well as enjoying playing cards, attending dances and social functions.

Carl and Dagny Wilde had four sons: Wayne, Willard, Jack and Howard. Dagny passed away in 1964. Carl continued to reside at his home until moving to the Sylvan Lake Lodge in 1979. He died December 30, 1982 at the age of 86.

Wayne joined the Canadian Armed Forces and, upon his discharge, moved to Saskatchewan where he was employed as a ranch hand. In 1957, he married Phyllis Barrett of Piapot, Saskatchewan. They resided in Maple Creek before moving to their farm southeast of Piapot. Their family consisted of four girls. Jo Ann married Douglas Davidson in 1977 and, at present, they reside in Maple Creek with their two daughters, Kelli Jo and Kendall Rae. Darlene married Scott Shapley in 1980. They made their home in Maple Creek until Scott's sudden passing in the summer of 1980. Darlene is now pursuing her chosen career in Regina. Valerie lived at home with her parents and was attending school at the time of her death in 1980. Rhonda is attending school and lives with her parents in Maple Creek, where the family moved in 1981. Wayne and Phyllis are both employed in Maple Creek.

Willard left home to go to the Okotoks area where he worked on his uncle's farm. He married Ethel Moncrief of Sandy Ridge, Saskatchewan in 1958. Ethel was working in Calgary and Willard was employed as a service station attendant. In 1961, Willard, Ethel and family moved to Okotoks and, in 1966, Willard became manager of the Royalite Service Station on the Macleod Trail, Calgary. This prompted the family to move back to Calgary. In 1973 they took up residence at Sylvan Lake where Willard took over as manager of the Lakewood Service Station. He is an active member of the local fire department. Both Ethel and Willard are involved in various community activities and Willard is a member of the Lions. They have one son and one daughter. Melvin is employed in Sylvan Lake and Deborah works in Red Deer and in Sylvan Lake. Both reside at home.

Jack was employed at Cobb's Limited and, in 1959, married Della Burdick of the Kuusamo District. They lived at Sylvan Lake with their two sons and, in 1964, resided in the Kuusamo area for a short time before taking up residence in their home at 4407-48 Avenue, Sylvan Lake. In 1966, Jack started work for the Red Deer County and Della, a registered nurse, worked at the Red Deer General and Eckville Municipal Hospitals, also at the doctor's office in Sylvan Lake. In 1974, the family moved to Hinton, Alberta, where Jack is employed with Northwestern Utilities. Jack and Della now reside in Jasper where both are employed. Dennis and Jerald Wilde have returned to Sylvan Lake where each is pursuing his chosen career.



Carl and Dagny Wilde.

Howard worked during his auto mechanic apprenticeship at the Lakeview and Lakewood Service Stations in Sylvan Lake. In 1962, he married Paula Nelson of the Rainy Creek District. Paula worked in a dental office in Red Deer. They lived at Sylvan Lake

Wilde family: Jack, Wayne, Mr. Wilde, Willard, Mrs. Wilde, and Howard.

until 1966 when Howard, Paula and family moved to Okotoks. Howard was the mechanic at the Royalite Service Station in Calgary. The family then became residents of Calgary and, in 1973, moved to Sylvan Lake. Howard became head mechanic at the Lakewood Service Station. He is a member of the local fire department and of the Lions' Club. Howard and Paula have three sons: James (Jim) born in the Eckville Hospital, Dwayne born in a Calgary hospital, and Glen born in the Red Deer Hospital. All attend school and live with their parents on an acreage south of Sylvan Lake. As a family they are active in community clubs.

Ken Wilkinson Family

Ken's father, Ogden B. Wilkinson, was born February 10, 1877 in Ripon, Wisconsin and came, at the turn of the century, with his parents to the Burnt Lake District. His mother, Clarina (Clara) Marie (Loiselle) Wilkinson, was born October 12, 1884 in Saginaw, Michigan and came with her parents, Alexander and Adeline Loiselle, and other members of the large family, to the Sylvan Lake area in 1898.

Ogden and Clara were married in the original Roman Catholic Church, built by Clara's father and others, on the site where the present Our Lady of the Assumption Church is now. When they were first married, Ogden and Clara Wilkinson lived on the farm at Burnt Lake (where the Auction Mart is now). A short time later, they moved to Sylvan Lake and took up residence in a building on Main Street which had been moved from Red Deer and soon became "Antler Lodge". Here, Mrs. Wilkinson kept boarders and, for years, members of the bank staff were among her boarders. A portion of the building was set aside for the telephone exchange and either Clara or Ogden manned the switchboard with a part-time operator (day service only, then). Cabins were built on part of the property and rented to summer visitors. Ogden operated a horse-drawn dray which was called upon to haul just about everything. Later, when he also owned a car, it was frequently pressed into taxi service and emergency trips to the hospital.

Jay and Marj Wilkinson with Wesley and Sandy.

Ken and Isobel Wilkinson.

Clara and Ogden became widely known throughout the area and Antler Lodge was a popular boarding house for many years. The telephone service was extended and more operators were employed. (Among these was Angeline (Angie) Karlsen, now Mrs. Jack Edgerton of Rocky Mountain House.) When the time came to retire, the property was sold to Teddy May of Blackfalds. Clara moved to Calgary and passed away there May 10, 1955. Ogden had predeceased her, January 11, 1949. Both were laid to rest in the Sylvan Lake Cemetery.

Clara and Ogden had one son, Kenneth Ogden, who was born on the farm at Burnt Lake but, as an infant, moved with his parents to Sylvan Lake. Ken attended school in Sylvan Lake and, after he left school, he worked for a time helping his father in the draying business.

Through his attendance at the dances in the sum-

mertime, Ken met Isabel Robertson, youngest daughter of Alex and Isabelle Robertson who operated the Balmoral Service Station and Tea Room on Lakeshore Drive. They were married in Ponoka, Alberta July 23, 1934 and resided, at first, in a cabin at Antler Lodge. A building was moved in from Red Deer and renovated into a nice home for them on 50 A Street where they then took up residence.

About this time, Ken began work for the C.P.R. as a switchman. As this proved to be only a part-time job, he gave it up and bought Elmer Kaila's gas and oil business, which was being operated next to Antler Lodge on part of his mother's property. Later, the building that served as an office was moved further back and a new office building was erected in its place.

Ken soon expanded the gas and oil business to include general trucking. During the war, he purchased tank trucks and hauled gasoline, not only for his own business, but also to service stations throughout a large area. His warehouse was located on property now occupied by the Cookson residence on 52 Street. Isabel manned the office, kept the books, and, in general, helped Ken run his expanding business.

After the hardware store on the corner of Main Street and Railway Avenue burned down, Ken and Isabel purchased the property and erected the present building there. Their office was moved to occupy the south portion of the new building and the Post Office happily moved into the other part. The gas pump was moved, and the former office building was rented and became a clothing store.

The Wilkinsons further expanded the business by buying the Jamieson B. A. Bulk Oil warehouse and storage tanks and offering bulk sales of gas and oil to the farmers. When the office was established in the new premises, they started selling paint and, later, were given the Treasury Branch Agency. They were in this business in town for many years, the latter part of which they built a splendid new home on 48 Avenue West.

Ken and Isabel were blessed with one son, Kenneth Jerald (Jay), who was born to them April 17, 1938. Jay attended Sylvan Lake School and furthered his education in a college in Portland, Oregon, where he studied music. Jay's exceptional singing voice has been a joy and inspiration to many for he has performed solo parts in operas, choirs, chorales, etc., as well as being a part of duets and trios that have delighted many an audience. Some of his work is available on records. Jay has always been employed by the Provincial Government and is now Northern Co-Ordinator for Alberta Labor.

In 1965, Jay married a registered nurse, Marjorie Bainbridge, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. Bainbridge. They reside in Edmonton, with their two children, Wesley born January 6, 1966 and Sandy born July 15, 1968.

From the rise to power of the Social Credit Party in 1935, Ken and Isabel were among its faithful supporters and they worked for the Hon. A. J. Hooke in every one of his successful election campaigns.

Isabel was active in the Curling Club, the I.O.D.E. and the Evening Guild of the Memorial Presbyterian Church. She loved to curl and to play bridge. However, her time was largely taken up with the business.

Both Ken and Isabel were long-time members of Memorial Presbyterian Church and Ken was one of the elders. Ken belonged to the Chamber of Commerce, Curling Club, Community Centre Association and the Lions, holding some office in each one, at one time or another. However, this involvement in the community life of Sylvan Lake was far outshadowed by his contribution, over a long period, to the civic administration of the town.

Ken Wilkinson was first elected to the village council in 1946 and, when Sylvan Lake became a town, he was its first mayor. K. O. Wilkinson was mayor from 1947-1955; a councillor from 1959-1968; mayor again 1969-1975; and finally, councillor from 1975-1978. No other Sylvan Lake citizen has, as yet, served as long on council. His contribution, however, was not just in years, but in by-laws passed, in improvements made, and in visiting dignitaries being properly hosted.

After Ken became involved with council, he gave up the trucking and sold his bulk oil and gas business to Peter Arends. In January, 1974, they sold the remainder of their business to Don and Jean May and retired.

Isabel passed away very suddenly October 29, 1974, while she and Ken were in Edmonton attending a provincial municipal convention. Ken remained in his own home until his health began to fail. Then, on April 11, 1983, K. O. Wilkinson passed away peacefully in an Edmonton hospital at the age of 76 years.

John Scott Whyte

John was born in Cuper Angus, Fifeshire, Scotland in 1879. He left Scotland for South Africa at the age of eighteen to work as a tailor.

In 1902 he went back to Scotland after his mother died and later, decided to come to Canada. On arrival, he stayed with a brother for a short time, then went to Pincher Creek, Alberta, where he met and married Susan Barkley.

In 1914 when the war broke out, he joined the army and went overseas as an engineer.

John Whyte, with nephew William.

After the war was over, he and his wife came to Red Deer and, in 1931, they moved to Sylvan Lake. John opened a drycleaning and tailoring shop on Main Street, situated where the Medical Centre now stands.

After his wife died, John retired and in 1947 came to board at the Tooleys', where he stayed until his death in 1959. During the time he stayed with the Tooleys, he was one of the family with his special chair at the long table for festive occasions.

Yoos Family

by Rev. John Yoos

Harla and I have lived in Sylvan Lake from the time we were married, which is a little over twenty-three years; I have lived here since graduating from Seminary, which is over twenty-six years. Harla was born in Beamsville, Ontario, on October 24, 1937, and is the elder daughter of Harland and Florence Stewart. I was born in the city of Saskatoon on July 24, 1931, the only child of Dee and Edith Yoos.

Memories of our early years take us back to two very different areas of this great country of ours. Harla grew up in the beautiful Niagara Peninsula in the midst of lush vegetation and picturesque fruit farms; an area steeped in the history and folk lore of Canada. As a child, Harla attended public school in Beamsville and later, as a teenager, she attended Beamsville High where, along with her academic studies, she enjoyed such extra-curricular activities as cheer-leading, playing drums in the school band, and singing. Besides her school program she took a very active part in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Beamsville, singing in the choir and participating in the youth programme. "Spare time" for Harla was spent clerking in the Punch and Judy, Beamsville's children's and ladies' wear store.

Upon graduation from high school, Harla attended the Presbyterian Christian Education College in Toronto. She graduated from Ewart in the spring of 1959 and worked for Dr. Dean Johnston at First Church, Brantford, that summer. It was while attending Ewart that Harla and I met. I like to say that the greatest thing the Mission Board did in 1957 was appoint Harla to the summer field of Rocky Mountain House. Harla did not know that I knew she was coming to this area; little did she know that something deep within was saying, "John, it is time to prepare that tender trap." I met Harla two days after she arrived; I must confess, and this is a great confession for a Westerner such as I, that "I never dreamed the East could look so good!" I will never forget that summer of '57 and I am sure the congregation will never either. For that summer's courtship and two years of letter writing culminated in our marriage in St. Andrew's, Beamsville, on October 10, 1959, and our move to Sylvan Lake.

Harla, though familiar with the area from her stay at Rocky in 1957, really came as a stranger to Sylvan Lake. However, she did not remain a stranger for long as she became actively involved in the Teens Group, Sunday School, C.O.C., Evening Guild, and

John and Harla Yoos.

Senior Choir. Her life has not only centered in her home and in the church, but also in the community. She has taken part in many community programs and worked for Mr. C. R. Ritz and Ritz Drugstore for nearly twenty years; she is at present still employed at Mr. Ritz's place of business.

I spent the first few years of my life on farms at Hoosier, Saskatchewan, and outside the city of Saskatoon. They were the depression years and, for Saskatchewan, dry and dusty years, but as a child I can only remember that my parents loved me, my old sheep dog was a good friend, and really, the world was a wonderful place in which to live. When it was time for me to attend school, my folks moved into Saskatoon where I attended Pleasant Hill and Mayfair Public Schools, Bedford Road Collegiate, and the University of Saskatchewan.

Most of my public schooling was at Mayfair School; I enjoyed going to school and found my studies interesting. However, I always had the time (sometimes too much time) for extra-curricular programs, especially in the field of sports. In public school, I enjoyed track and field, soccer, softball and hockey. The greatest thrill was playing on the championship team the year I was in grade eight, and then being picked as one of the "All-star" goal-keepers for the annual Westside-Eastside all-star game. While attending high school, I was able to obtain my athletic letter and social letter. The social letter was mainly the result of playing violin in the school orchestra for four years and for being a member of the Student Council in my final year at Bedford Road.

Upon graduation from high school I attended the University of Saskatchewan where I managed to obtain an Arts Degree in preparation for Seminary entrance. Extra-curricular activities here were skipping Greek and Hebrew classes and spending the time in the Arts' Common Room. My athletic activities were confined to a little time as a member of the wrestling club and some intramural football. I entered Knox College, University of Toronto, in the fall of 1953. When I graduated from Knox in the spring of 1956, the Mission Board of our church appointed me to the pastoral charge of Sylvan Lake and Evarts for my ordained mission year. I wondered about Sylvan Lake and its people when I learned of my appointment, and I know that many of the folk wondered about me — who I might be or what I might be. In fact, some of the folk, because of my "odd" name, thought I just might be Chinese.

I arrived in Sylvan Lake on June 1, 1956. The late George Schill, clerk of Session, took me in tow and saw that I was settled, for the first week of my stay, at the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jamieson. The following week, I moved to the old manse, which was being renovated in order that a gas furnace and water system might be installed. Warren Dunford was in charge of renovations; however, it seemed that a lot of Warren's work, because of his own business commitments, had to be done between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 1:00 a.m. As a result, we shared many a cup of coffee and hamburg in the early morning hours that summer at the House of Harvey (Ev Leedham's Centre today). It may have been an odd or peculiar hour for manse renovations, but it led to a close friendship with Warren and his family.

The first year at Sylvan Lake was a real adjustment for me; meeting new people, being at times a little immature, feeling lonely, bearing with frozen water pipes and sometimes, a backed-up sewer, resulted in times that I vowed that I would leave the day my appointment ended. However, I came, during that first year, by the Grace of God, to love the town, the district and its people; I am so thankful that I did not give in to those feelings of loneliness and frustration, for God has truly blessed me and my family as we have endeavored to serve our Lord and Master here in this area.

During my years at Sylvan Lake I have had many thrilling and happy experiences both within the congregation and the community. There has been joy and deep satisfaction in watching the congregation grow and work through two successful building programs under the guidance of God. As a family we remember, in a very special way, how the congregation gave expression to their love and friendship on the occasion of our twentieth and twenty-fifth anniversary in the ministry. Within the community, I have also experienced many joys and blessings. One of the most meaningful experiences was the thrill of being chosen Sylvan Lake's first Citizen of the Year award winner by the Business Association of the town, and to have Harla and John Paul share those moments with me made it even more meaningful. This will be something that I shall always remember.

On October 4, 1960, our son, John Paul, was born; with his birth our home became complete. I still remember the day John Paul arrived — it was early in the morning when Harla began to realize that her wee one was on the way. But how could one be sure? Well, there was always Dr. Spock and "Canadian Child in Training", and so Harla read "The Canadian Child" and I read Dr. Spock. This review lasted about ten minutes when we both, at the same time, thought it would be much better to call "Auntie Helen" (Mrs. Gerry Fisher) and get her advice. Helen was there in minutes and confirmed our suspicions and Harla was on her way to the Red Deer Hospital. We have often talked about that morning

and whenever we do we always are so thankful for Helen and her help. Here I want to say that our town, in those days, depended a great deal on Helen's nursing experience and her abundance of love and compassion for people who needed care and sympathy. A great debt of gratitude is owed by many to Helen and her understanding family.

John Paul Yoos.

John Paul has had a happy time growing up here in Sylvan Lake where he has taken all of his schooling. He graduated from High School in June of 1979, and, in July of that year he became an employee of the Michener Centre. He worked there for over a year and then entered Mount Royal College. After attending Mount Royal for two years, John Paul graduated with a diploma in Therapeutic Recreation. He was also placed on the Dean's Honor Roll for his academic work during the last semester at Mount Royal. Since graduation, he has been employed at the Michener Centre as Rehabilitation Practitioner #1 in the area known as Social Academic.

John Paul has always enjoyed athletics; his present extra-curricular activities are long-distance running, working with his Quarter horse, Martee Embar, and coaching Mite hockey.

Over the years we have lived in Sylvan Lake, life has blessed us with many rich and rewarding experiences. As already mentioned, we have had the joy of being part of a growing and vibrant congregation, and we have also watched the growth of the town itself — a town we feel very much part of. We have been aware of its "growing pains" and we have also shared in the joys of our community. Yes, Harla, John Paul and myself are thankful to God that we have been able to call Sylvan Lake home, and to have been blessed with a great host of friends and acquaintances. Then, too, we are mindful of those who have gone before and who have established this town and pioneered the surrounding districts. Our prayer is that we might continue to build on the foundations that they have laid.

Zieman Family
by Blanche Zieman

The Ziemans: Melvin, Lloyd, Blanche and Annamarie.

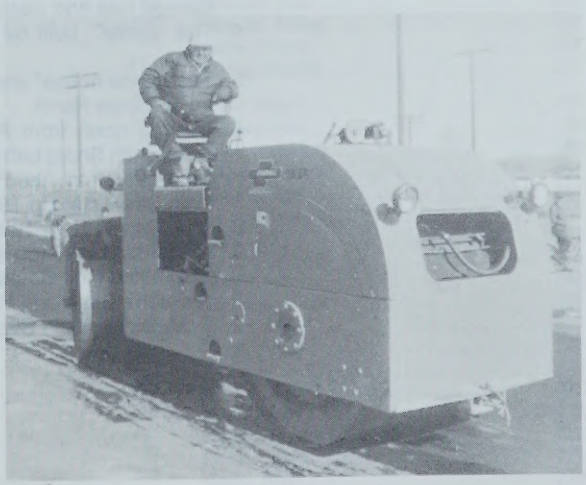
Lloyd and Blanche Zieman came to Sylvan Lake with their two children, Melvin and Annamarie, in November, 1953.

The two children took most of their schooling in Sylvan Lake and then finished in Red Deer. While the children were home, I was in some of the clubs: W.I., Homecraft and the Friendship Club.

Lloyd works on road work for Everall Construction laying asphalt. He operates a big roller. Since the children have grown up I have travelled with him and have seen a lot of the country.

Melvin married Jo Ann Whipton and they live at Lousana with their two children, Jody and Dusty. Melvin works on a big rig. They have lived overseas while working with an oil company. They were in Nigeria, Singapore and Israel.

Annamarie works in Red Deer and lives at home.



Lloyd Zieman on paving roller.

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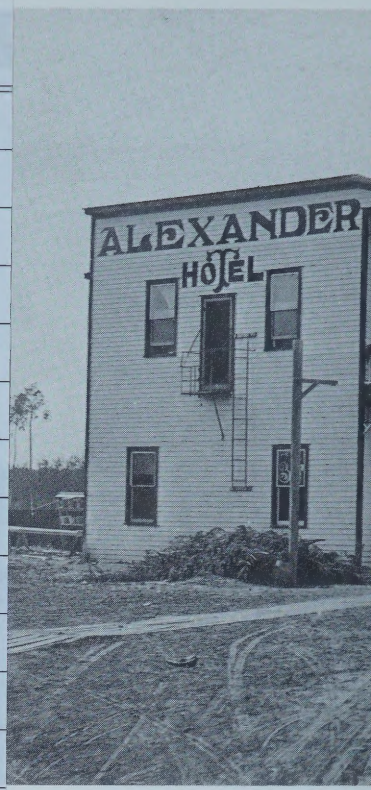

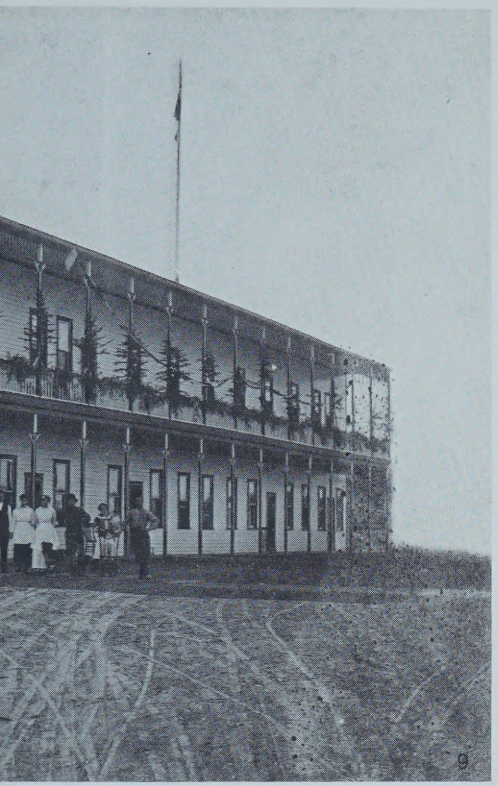
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